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# ANTHOLOGIA POLYGLOTTA.





*W. W. Haynes*

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# ANTHOLOGIA POLYGLOTTA.

A SELECTION

OF

VERSIONS IN VARIOUS LANGUAGES,

CHIEFLY FROM THE

GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

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BY

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LONDON,

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OXFORD, J. H. PARKER.

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE introduction of a few Latin versions from the Greek Anthology into the "*Anthologia Oxoniensis*," and the success of that elegant work, suggested the idea that a more copious publication of similar specimens might second the laudable aim proposed by Mr. Linwood, of promoting, or rather, reviving the taste for Latin verse composition in the University. But the mixed nature of the materials of the Greek Anthology would seem to demand the aid of more than that one vehicle for their due exhibition, and it was thought that the addition of versions in the principal modern languages, whilst it rendered more conspicuous the varied beauties of the Greek originals, would place in an instructive contrast the genius of the classical and living tongues. At a moment too, when every encouragement is needed to the enlarged system of study adopted in this place, the novelty and interest of a selection in which so many writers of our own and other countries will be compared and estimated, according to the laws and principles of translation, might give occasion to much profitable and amusing enquiry. The reader is accordingly here presented not only with translations possessing all requisite fidelity and closeness, but with every variety of version which may reflect the letter, the spirit, the turn of phrase, the train of thought, and the peculiarities of the expression, or the sentiment, including imitations, and adaptations, in the way of parody or paraphrase, and even anticipations, (such as the parallel pas-

sages from Ovid, Tibullus and Petronius,) the object being to illustrate, even through its minor productions, the extensive connexion of Greek poetry with the study of literature in general.

A more limited selection, comprising nothing but the choicest gems, would doubtless have proved more acceptable to the common-place lounge. But every "Delectus" formed on that plan has been found to be comparatively unimproving: it spares the student all exercise of the judgment, and offers him no points of comparison; whereas it is only from a selection sufficiently copious and varied to tax his own faculties of observation and criticism that any useful inductions can be drawn. He is therefore requested to refrain from pronouncing upon the quality of any of the versions in this collection, until he has tested it by a careful reference to the original. The publication of versions unaccompanied by the text not only misleads the judgment of the reader, but has, in too many instances, encouraged a loose and vicious style of translation, of no lasting credit.

In lieu of such insipid though received modern specimens, as well as of those by medieval scholars, the compiler has fortunately been enabled to introduce a large number of inedited and more chastened specimens. For these elegant proofs of taste and skill, and for much valuable advice and assistance, his most grateful acknowledgments are due to the friendship of those distinguished members of the University, the Rev. G. Booth, the Rev. J. W. Burgon, the Rev. G. F. De-Teissier, the Rev. E. Stokes, the Rev. G. C. Swaine, Goldwin Smith, Esq., and in an especial manner to a foreigner of the most eminent attainments in all branches of ancient and modern learning, Count Mortara, now residing among us. Not only have they contributed more exact versions of some of the most popular pieces, but brought forward many which had never been advantageously rendered. Most of the edited specimens with which these are intermixed, derive sufficient interest from their singularity, or from the celebrity of the writers, independently of their intrinsic worth, to justify their re-appearance before the public;

though a larger and better selection might have been formed, had there been leisure from other and graver occupations.

The text of the Anthology, which has been followed, is the Palatine, as exhibited in the Edition of Jacobs, Lips. 1813, 3 vols. 8vo., and in his *Delectus*, Lips. 1826, 8vo., with an occasional departure either at the request of some translator, or when all the versions followed the Planudean. Without access to the original MS. any improvements on the critical labours of Jacobs would be superfluous. No merit of that kind is here offered to the Greek scholar. To him the chief use of this volume will be to remind him of many favourites of his boyhood, perhaps to make him acquainted with new ones. To the general reader it may help to prove how largely at every period the literature of Europe has been indebted to the language of Greece; to that tongue "which has been held one of the best instruments for training the young mind; that tongue which, as the organ of Poetry and Oratory, is full of living force and fire, abounding in grace and sweetness, rich to overflowing, while for the uses of Philosophy it is a very model of clearness and precision; that tongue in which some of the noblest works of man's genius lie enshrined; works which may be seen reflected faintly in imitations and translations, but of which none can know the perfect beauty but he who can read the words themselves, as well as their interpretation." Liddell and Scott's *Lexicon*, p. iii.

NEW INN HALL,  
JUNE, 1849.



# ANTHOLOGIA POLYGLOTTA.

*Σχολαστικὸν ἔργον τοῦ Μαρ. Σχολ. Χ. 561*

## I.

ΜΑΡΙΑΝΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ.

*Eis proástειον ὀνομαζόμενον Ἑρωτα, ἐν Ἀμασίᾳ.*

Δεῦρ' ἴθι, βαιόν, ὀδῖτα, πεσὼν ὑπὸ δάσκιον ἄλσος,  
 Ἄμπαυσον καμάτου γυνῖα πολυπλανέος,  
 Χλωρὸν ὅπου πλατάνων αὐτόρρυντον ἐς μέσον ὕδωρ  
 Καλὰ πολυκρούων ἐκπρορέει στομάτων'  
 Ὅππόθι πορφυρέης ὑπὲρ αὐλακός εἶαρι θάλλει  
 Ἐγγὺς ἴον ῥοδέῃ κιννάμενον κάλυκι.  
 Ἦνίδε πῶς δροσεροῖο πέδον λειμῶνος ἐρέψας  
 Ἐκχυτον εὐχαίτης κισσὸς ἔπλεξε κόμην.  
 Ἐνθάδε καὶ ποταμὸς λασίην παραμείβεται ὄχθην,  
 Πέζαν ὑποξύνων αὐτοφύττοιον νάπησ.  
 Οὗτος ἔρως. τί γὰρ ἄλλο καὶ ἔπρεπεν ὄνομα χώρῃ  
 Πάντοθεν ἡμερτῶν πληθομένην Χαρίτων ;

MARIANI SCHOLASTICI.

Huc ades, et densa paullum sub fronde, viator,  
 Membra leva longæ fessa labore viæ.  
 Hic inter platanos, injusso lapsa meatu  
 Fontibus e multis prosilit unda recens.  
 Mollibus hic semper violis rosa mixta rubescit,  
 Vere novo quoties picta renidet humus.  
 Aspice ! serpentes hederæ per roscida prata  
 Ut pulchrè effusas implicuere comas.  
 Nec procul hirsutas dum ripas præfluit amnis,  
 Nativi nemoris subtrahit usque solum.  
 Hicce Amor est.—Alio num debet nomine dici,  
 Gratia quem late compleat omnis, ager ?

G. S.



Qua vieni, o passeggiar: tra l' ombre grate  
 Entra di questa selva, e dona alquanto  
 Di riposo a tue membra affaticate.  
 Qua de' platani in mezzo è un loco d' onde  
 L' acqua viva sgorgando, in vaga guisa  
 Per più zampilli intorno si diffonde;  
 E qua in purpurei strati l' odorose  
 Molli viole come a primavera  
 Fioriscon miste co' bocciuoi di rose.  
 Ve' come serpe da per tutto, e come  
 Distende su pel rugiadoso prato  
 L' edra le sue lussureggianti chiome.  
 Ed un fiume v' è pur, che s' apre il calle  
 Fra sterpi e bronchi, e degli alberi il piede  
 Rode in passar per la selvaggia valle.  
 Il loco AMOR si chiama: e qual potria  
 Nome aver più conveniente un loco  
 Che ovunque pien di cotai grazie sia?

M.

Komm hierher, o Wandrer, in gründer Haine Beschattung,  
 Gib dem ermüdeten Fuß Ruh von der irrenden Müß',  
 Hier, wo grünlisches Wasser des Bachs mit ergiebiger Mündung  
 Reichlich dem Boden entquillt und die Platanen erfrischt;  
 Wo aus purpurnen Furchen im Lenz feucht duftende Weissen  
 Lächelnd erblühen, mit dem Kelch strahlender Rosen gemischt,  
 Sieh, wie ergießt und verschlingt sich das Haar reichlockigen Epheu's;  
 Und sein grünes Geflecht kränzt die Wiesen umher.  
 Still entgleitet der zögernde Fluß durch buschiges Ufer,  
 Leise benagend den Fuß blühender Bäume des Hains.  
 Groß heisset der Ort. Kein anderer Nahme gebührt dem,  
 Welchen, wohin du nur blickst, liebliche Charis erfüllt.

Jacobs.

Turn, Trav'ler, and beneath this wood's deep shade,  
 Awhile thy way-worn limbs to rest be laid!  
 Here the fresh native rill the planes between  
 Bright welling forth from many a source is seen;  
 Here on the flowery sod in springtide blows  
 The soft-leav'd violet blended with the rose.

Trail'd o'er the dewy mead with clust'ring leaves  
Her lavish tresses lo! the ivy weaves,  
While by their shaggy bank the waters shoot,  
And undermine the self-sown thickets' root.  
'Tis LOVE.—What other name befits the place,  
That teems in every part with every grace?

*vid. Mac. p. 11. G. S.*  
" *Mac. p. 11. G. S.*  
II.

ΘΑΛΛΟΥ ΜΙΑΗΣΙΟΥ. / X. 27.

'Α χλοερὰ πλατάνιστος ἰδ' ὡς ἔκρυψε φιλεύντων  
'Οργια, τὰν ἱερὰν φυλλάδα τεινομένα.  
'Αμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ἀκρεμόνεσσιν ἐοῖς κεχαρισμένοις ὥραις  
'Ημερίδος λαρῆς βότρυς ἀποκρέμαται.  
Οὕτως, ὦ πλατάνιστε, φύοις' χλοερὰ δ' ἀπὸ σείο  
Φυλλὰς αἰεὶ κεύθοι τοὺς Παφίης ἐτάρους.

THALLI MILESII.

Hæc frondens platanus viden! ut bene celat amantum  
Delicias patulis officiosa comis,  
Cui ramos inter gravidis demissa racemis  
Indulget læto pampinus alma Jovi.  
Sic semper vigeas, viridi ut tua protegat umbrâ  
Frons Paphiæ socios, arbor amica, Deæ.

G. S.

Sieh, wie unter dem hehren Gezweig des verbreiteten Laubdachs  
Grünend der Platanos hier heimliche Liebe verbirgt!  
Ranken des Weinstocks schlingen sich an, und die Traube, der Hora  
Lust, süßschwellend von Most, hängt von den Zweigen herab.  
Schmücke nur immer so grün dich, o Platanos! Immer verbirg auch  
Mit dem umschattenden Laub Paphiens süßes Gefos!

Jacobs.

Wide-spreading plane tree, whose thick branches meet  
To form for lovers an obscure retreat,  
Whilst with thy foliage closely intertwine  
The curling tendrils of the cluster'd vine,  
Still mayst thou flourish, in perennial green,  
To shade the vot'ries of the Paphian queen.

W. Shepherd.

" *Paphian Queen* . . .

## III.

Σ Α Π Φ Ο Υ Σ. V. 11. 4 99.

Τιμάδος ἄδε κόνις, τὰν δὴ πρὸ γάμοιο θανοῦσαν  
 Δέξατο Φερσεφόνας κυάνεος θάλαμος,  
 \* Ἀς καὶ ἀποφθιμένας πᾶσαι νεοθᾶγι σιδάρφ  
 " Ἀλικες ἱμερτὰν κρατὸς ἔθεντο κόμαν.

SAPPBUS.

Timadis hic pulvis, quæ dulces ante Hymenæos  
 Excepta est nigro Persephones thalamo.  
 Illius heu fato cunctæ de vertice amatam  
 Æquales ferro subsecuere comam.

Politianus.

Di Timade ecco il fral, di lei, che tolta  
 Di vita anzi le nozze, in fosco letto  
 Dalla cruda Persefone fu accolta.  
 Tutto il drappel delle compagne eletto  
 Al suo ratto sparir recise il caro  
 Del capo onor con affilato acciario.

Pagnini.

Aquí yace de Tímas la ceniza,  
 A quien para sus bodas deseadas  
 Negro thalamo puso Proserpina,  
 Y á su finar cortaba duro hierro  
 De sus amigas las hermosas trenzas.

Conde.

Tíma's Staub ist dieß. Eh Hymens Fackel ihr strahlte,  
 Stieg sie zum dunkeln Gemach Persephoneiens hinab.  
 Als sie verblich, da schnitt mit geschliffenem Erze der Jungfrau  
 Chor von dem Haupt das Gelock über der Lieblichen Grab.

Jacobs.

This dust was Tímas : ere her bridal hour  
 She lies in Proserpina's gloomy bower :  
 Her virgin playmates from each lovely head  
 Clip with sharp steel their locks, the strewments of the dead.

Elton.

IV.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

*Didonius & Isidore, xi. 11.*

Τῶν ἐν Θερμοπύλαις θανόντων  
 Εὐκλεῆς μὲν ἡ τύχα, καλὰς δ' ὁ πότμος,  
 Βωμὸς δ' ὁ τάφος, πρὸ γόων δὲ μνᾶστις, ὃ δ' οἶκτος ἔπαινος.  
 Ἐντάφιον δὲ τοιοῦτον οὔτ' εὐρὺς  
 Οὔθ' ὁ πανδαμάτωρ ἀμαυρώσει χρόνος, ἀνδρῶν ἀγαθῶν.  
 Ὅ δὲ σακὸς οἰκέταν εὐδοξίαν  
 Ἑλλάδος εἴλετο· μαρτυρεῖ δὲ Λεωνίδας  
 Ὁ Σπάρτας βασιλεὺς, ἀρετᾶς μέγαν λελοιπῶς  
 Κόσμον ἀέναόν τε κλέος.

SIMONIDIS.

Nomen iis Fortuna dedit sortemque decoram  
 Queis ad Thermopylas occubuisse dedit.  
 Majorum virtus memor his fuit: ara sepulcrum est,  
 Næniaque, ad lacrymas commemorandus honor.  
 Atqui non tale involucrum sordere veterno,  
 Nec fas est longis cedere temporibus:  
 Namque et erant fortes; et sancto Græcia busto  
 Contulit, in dignos quicquid amoris habet.  
 Testis erit magnum, Spartane Leonida, nomen,  
 Mansurumque tuum, tempus in omne, decus.

G. F. D. T.

Of those who at Thermopylæ were slain,  
 Glorious the doom, and beautiful the lot;  
 Their tomb an altar: men from tears refrain  
 To honour them, and praise, but mourn them not.  
 Such sepulchre nor drear decay,  
 Nor all-destroying time shall waste; this right have they.  
 Within their grave the homebred glory  
 Of Greece was laid; this witness gives  
 Leonidas the Spartan, in whose story  
 A wreath of famous virtue ever lives.

Sterling.

## V.

ΝΙΚΙΟΥ. IX. 427.

Αἶολον ἡμεροθαλὲς ἔαρ φαίνουσα, μέλισσα  
 Ξουθά, ἐφ' ὠραίοις ἄνθεσι μαινομένα,  
 Χῶρον ἐφ' ἡδύπνοον πωτωμένα, ἔργα τίθεσσο,  
 Ὅφρα τεὸς πλήθῃ κηροπαγῆς θάλαμος.

ΝΙΚΙΑ.

O quæ perpetuo florum tentaris amore,  
 Flava renidentis nuntia veris, Apis!  
 Prata supervolitans bene olentia, pone quod hauris,  
 Ut domus æriæ cerea portet opes!

Grotius. IX. 427.

Bräunliche Biene, Verkündigerin süßblühenden Frühlings;  
 Die sich mit taumelnder Lust unter den Blüthen berauscht;  
 Fleuch nun hin zu der duftenden Au, und betriebe die Arbeit,  
 Daß dein wächsern Gemach schwelle vom lieblichen Seim.

Jacobs.

Thou nimble yellow Bee, that bring'st the softly-blooming spring,  
 Thee the love of primy flowers is ever maddening,  
 Flutt'ring o'er sweetly-breathing fields, increase thy honied store,  
 Until the wax-compacted cell at length can hold no more.

Hay.

## VI.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ. IX. 430.

Εἰς ἀρχοντα ἀνάξιον.

Οὐκ ἐθέλουσα Τύχη σε πρόσηγαγεν ἄλλ' ἵνα δείξῃ,  
 Ὡς ὅτι μέχρις σοῦ πάντα ποιεῖν δύναται.

INCERTI.

Non Fortuna sibi te gratum tollit in altum;  
 At docet, exemplo, vis sibi quanta, tuo.

Sam. Johnson. IX. 430.

Te, bone, non Fortuna libens evexit; at omnes,  
 Te quoque, se dominam tollere posse docet.

G.B.

Fortuna t'innalzò, poichè credea  
 Non esser senza ciò, tenuta Dea.

Cerretti.

Der Beförberte.

Nicht aus Gunst erhob das Geschick dich, sondern zu zeigen,  
Dass es sogar aus dir etwas zu machen verstand.

Voss.

Nicht freywillig erhob das Geschick dich; sondern zum Zeugniss,  
Dass es auch selbst aus dir Alles zu machen vermag.

Jacobs.

Not of good-will Dame Fortune honoured you,  
But just to prove there's nothing she can't do.

G. B.

Fortune advanced you, merely to display,  
In doing it to you, her boundless sway.

W.

VII.

Z Ω N A. 1X.312.

Ὀνερ, τῶν βαλάνων τὰν ματέρα φεῖδω κόπτειν  
Φεῖδω, γηραλέαν δ' ἐκκεραίῃζε πίτυν,  
Ἡ πεύκαν, ἥ τάνδε πολυστέλεχον παλίουρον,  
Ἡ πρίνου, ἥ τὰν αὐαλέαν κόμαρον.  
Τηλόθι δ' ἴσχε δρυὸς πέλεκυν κοκῦαι γὰρ ἔλεξαν  
Ἀμὴν ὡς πρότεραι ματέρες ἐντὶ δρύες.

ZONÆ

Matrem glandiferam, frondator, cædere quercum  
Parce: cadet melius falce senex abies.  
Aut tæda, aut multo qui stirpe viret paliurus,  
Arbutus, aut ilex, arida ligna, cadat.  
Sed procul a quercu sit falx tua: quippe ferebant  
Et quercus proavi nos genuisse prius.

G. F. D. T.

Spare the parent of acorns, good wood-cutter, spare!  
Let the time-honour'd Fir feel the weight of your stroke,  
The many-stalk'd thorn, or Acanthus worn bare,  
Pine, Arbutus, Ilex—but touch not the Oak!  
Far hence be your axe, for our grandams have sung  
How the Oaks are the mothers from whom we all sprung.

Merivale.

## VIII.

[Leontius],

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ. ix 616

Εἰς λουτρὸν ἐν Σμύρνῃ.

Ἐνθάδε λουσαμένων Χαρίτων ποτέ, θέσκελα πέπλα  
 Βαῖος Ἔρως ἔκλεψε, καὶ ᾤχετο τὰς δ' ἔλιπ' αὐτοῦ  
 Γυμνάς, αἰδομένας θυρέων ἔκτοσθε φανῆναι.

## INCERTI.

Hoc fonte quondam Gratiis lavantibus  
 Sacras pusillus surripit vestes Amor :  
 Ne prodeant usque obstitit nudis pudor.

G. F. D. T.

Bagnandosi le Grazie entro quest' onde,  
 Tolve lor vesti Amor, fuggissi altronde.  
 Quivi entro ignude abandonolle, ed ora  
 Vergogna lor divieta uscirne fuora.

Pagnini.

Das Bad der Grazien.

Grazien badeten hier; hinzu schlich Amor, und haschte  
 Ihnen die Kleider; beschämt baden sie immer noch hier.

Herder.

Als die Chariten einst hier badeten, raubete heimlich  
 Ihnen die schönen Gewand' Eros der kleine hinweg.  
 Jene, zusammengeschmiegt, die göttlichen Reize verbergend,  
 Blieben zurück, vor Scham, nackt aus der Thüre zu gehn.

Voss.

On a Bath at Smyrna.

While the Graces were taking a bath here one day,  
 Little Love with their Goddess-ships' clothes made away,  
 Then took to his heels, and here left them all bare,  
 Ashamed out of doors to be seen as they were.

W.

*Inscribed on a beautiful Grotto near the Water.*

The Graces sought in yonder stream  
To cool the fervid day,  
When Love's malicious Godhead came,  
And stole their robes away.

Proud of the theft the little God  
Their robes bade Delia wear,  
While they, ashamed to stir abroad,  
Remain all naked here.

T. Warton.

IX.

ΑΙΣΧΥΛΟΥ. *Ant. de. Rel. c. 13. — Athen. xiv. 5. 5.*

Αἰσχύλον Εὐφορίωνος Ἀθηναῖον τόδε κεύθει  
Μνῆμα καταφθίμενον πυροφόροιο Γέλας·  
Ἀλκὴν δ' εὐδόκιμον Μαραθῶνιον ἄλσος ἂν εἴποι,  
Καὶ βαθυχαιτήεις Μῆδος ἐπιστάμενος.

ÆSCHYL.

Atticus hoc tegitur satus Euphorione sepulcro  
Æschylus, herbifera funera dante Gela.  
Dicere tu, Marathon, qualis fuit inclyta virtus,  
Testis et expertus, Mede comate, potes.

G. B.

Æschylus bedet den Sohn des Euphorion, hier in dem Grabmal  
Gelas reiches Gefild, ihn der Erzeugten Athens.  
Seinem gefeyerten Muth zeugt Marathon, zeuget der Meder  
Langumloftes Geschlecht, welches ihn kampfend ersuhr.

Jacobs.

Athenian Æschylus, Euphorion's son,  
Buried in Gela's fields, these lines declare:  
His deeds are registered at Marathon,  
Known to the deep-hair'd Mede who met him there.

C. Merivale.



## X.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ. VII. 67.

Σῆμα καταφθιμένοιο Μεγακλέος εἴτ' ἂν ἴδωμαι,  
Οἰκτεῖρω σέ, τάλαν Καλλία, οἷ' ἔπαθες.

SIMONIDIS.

Ut tumulum specto Megaculis tibi, Callia, ademti,  
Me miseret, quantum passus es ipse, mali.

G. B.

Quando l' arca funerea di Megacle rimiro,  
Quanta pietade, o Callia, sento del tuo martiro !

M.

The tomb of Megacles whene'er I see,  
Unhappy Callias ! then I pity thee.

Sterling. *Ποσειδωνος* xxxvii.

When on Megacles' tomb my eyes repose,  
Poor Callias ! I feel for all thy woes.

W.

## XI.

ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤ.

Εἰς εἰκόνα Θεοδωριάδος.

\*Ομματα μὲν κόρης μόλις ἢ γραφίς, οὔτε δὲ χαίτην,  
Οὔτε σέλας χροῖης ἄκρον ἀπεπλάσατο.  
Εἴ τις μαρμαρυγὴν δύναται φαεινότηδα γράψαι,  
Μαρμαρυγὴν γράψει καὶ Θεοδωριάδος.

PAULI SILENTIARII.

Nulla potest oculos ars efformare puellæ,  
Auratamve comam, purpureasve genas.  
Qui valet igniferi radios depingere Solis,  
Ille tui vultus pingat, amica, jubar.

Averardus Medices.

Her living glance, pure cheek, and golden hair,  
Alas, how dimly these are pictur'd there !  
When thou canst paint a sunbeam in the sky,  
Then hope to match my Helen's beaming eye.

J. W. B.

## XII.

*Lucr. 253* Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Ὅδῖτα μὴ πρόσσερπε πρὸς τὰ κλήματα,  
 Μηδ' αὖ τὰ μῆλα, μηδ' ὅπη τὰ μέσπιλα.  
 Τηνεὶ δὲ πρὸς τὴν σχοῖνον ἐξαμβέβω,  
 Ὡς μὴ τι θράξῃς τῶνδε, μηδ' ἀποθρίσῃς,  
 Ἄ σὺν πόνῳ φυτουργὸς ἔκτεται Μίδων,  
 Ὃς καμὲ θῆκεν ἥν δέ μευ παρακλῦς,  
 Γνώσῃ τὸν Ἑρμῆν, ὥς κακοὺς ἀμβέβομαι.

## INCERTI.

Ad hos viator ne propinqua palmites,  
 Nec ito qua sunt mala, nec qua mespila :  
 Sed recta perge norma quam monstrat viam,  
 Sic nil ut horum demetas, nil vellices,  
 Quæ rustico labore quæsit Mido,  
 Meque hic locavit. Si nec audis, senties,  
 Quam sit scelestis Mercuri nomen grave.

Grotius.

Stay passenger, come not too near  
 The tendrils of the young vines here :  
 Keep off from the apple-trees  
 And the medlars, if you please :  
 Where the rope is set, you see  
 Where your limit ought to be :  
 Lest you break or rend away  
 What cost labour many a day  
 To the vine-dresser Midon, who  
 Put me here to caution you.  
 But if my word you disobey  
 Hermes will shew you soon the way  
 For two at mischief's game to play.

G. C. S.

## XIII.

ΕΡΑΤΟΣΘΕΝΟΥΣ. *Stel. Flac. xviii. 3*

Οἶνός τοι πυρὶ ἴσον ἔχει μένος, εὐτ' ἂν ἐς ἄνδρα  
 Ἔλθῃ κυμαίνει δ' οἷα Λίβυσσαν ἅλα  
 Βορρᾶς ἢ Νότος, τὰ δὲ καὶ κεκρυμμένα φαίνει  
 Βυσσόθεν, ἐκ δ' ἀνδρῶν πάντ' ἐτίναξε νόον.

ERATOSTHENIS.

Invadunt animum, velut ignis, vina ; nec æstus  
 Majores Libyci concitat ira maris.  
 Ima patent penitus turbato pectora fundo,  
 Et mens præcipiti vortice rapta fugit.

G. S.

Il vino ha possa al fuoco ugual se in petto  
 Agli uomini discende. Iv' entro desta,  
 Qual Borea o Noto in grembo al mar tempesta.  
 Ogni pensiero, ogni nascoso affetto  
 Dall' intimo del sen dischiude e versa,  
 E su le menti e i cuor fiero imperversa.

Pagnini.

Wine enters in, a mighty fire,  
 'Tis like the Lybian sea,  
 When gales from North or South conspire  
 To stir it furiously :  
 The depths reveal each hidden thought ;  
 Man's scattered senses come to nought.

W.

## XIV.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ. / X 177

Ἀέναον ΚΑΘΑΡΗΝ με παρερχομένοισιν ὁδίσαις  
 Πηγὴν ἀμβλύζει γειτονέουσα νάπη·  
 Πάντῃ δ' αὖ πλατάνουσι καὶ ἡμεροθηλέσι δάφναις  
 Ἔστεμμαι, σκιερὴν ψυχομένη κλισίην·  
 Τοῦνεκα μή με θέρευς παραμείβεο· δίφῳ ἀλαλκῶν  
 Ἀμπαυσον παρ' ἐμοὶ καὶ κόπον ἡσυχίῃ.

INCERTI.

Quotquot iter facitis, vobis de colle propinquo  
 Perpetui fontis limpida manat aqua.  
 Hinc platanis, illinc laureti fronde coronor,  
 Textaque de ramis porticus umbra mihi est.  
 Ne me præter abi, quoties furit æstus: habebis  
 Unde leves fessum corpus et unde sitim.

Grotius . . . . . 2. p. 477

Hier dieß nimmer versiegende Rass des krySTALLenen Felsbachs  
 Sprudelt das nahe Gebirg durstigen Wandlern hervor.  
 Grünende Lorbern umfränzen mich stets, und des Platanos Laubdach  
 Schatten mir. Kühnend zugleich breitet ein Lager sich aus.  
 Geh' nicht achtlos neben mir hin, und hast du des Durstes  
 Gluten gestillt, so verzieh ruhend im schattenden Sitz.

Jacobs

Pure welling from the glen hard by  
 An ever flowing fount am I  
 For all who this way fare.  
 With shady plane-trees all around  
 And gently-blooming laurels crown'd  
 A cool bed have I there!  
 Then pass me not, this summer's day,  
 But while I drive thy thirst away,  
 Let rest thy toil repair.

E. S.

XV.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ. VII. 257.

Παῖδες Ἀθηναίων Περσῶν στρατὸν ἐξολέσαντες  
 Ἦρκεσαν ἀργαλέον πατρίδι δουλοσύνην.

SIMONIDIS.

Persarum cæsis hic millibus Attica proles  
 Depulit a patria flebile servitium.

G. F. D. T.

*On the Athenians fallen at Salamis.*

The sons of Athens here laid Persia low,  
 And saved their native land from slavery's woe.

Sterling.

## XVI. /X.25.

ΑΡΧΙΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΛΕΟΝΤΙΟΥ.

‘Ο πρὶν ἐπ’ Ἀλφειῷ στεφανηφόρος, ὦ ’νερ, ὁ τὸ πρὶν  
 Δισσάκι κηρυχθεὶς Κασταλῆς παρ’ ὕδωρ,  
 ‘Ο πρὶν ἐγὼ Νεμέῃ βεβοημένος, ὁ πρὶν ἐπ’ Ἴσθμῳ  
 Πῶλος, ὁ πρὶν πτηνοῖς Ἰσα δραμῶν ἀνέμοις,  
 Νῦν ὅτε γηραιός, γυροδρόμον ἡνίδε πέτρον  
 Δινεύω, στεφένων ὕβρις, ἐλαυνόμενος.

ARCHIÆ, VEL LEONTII.

Ille ego Pisææ merui qui præmia palmæ;  
 Ille ego Castaliam bis prope victor aquam;  
 Ille ego jam Nemea, bimari jam clarus in Isthmo;  
 Ille ruens volucris par Zephyro sonipes;  
 Nunc, postquam senui, viden’ ut versatile in orbem  
 Saxum hoc, palmarum dedecus, hospes, ago.

Cunichius.

Io che l’ onor della palestra Achea  
 Con mille serti al crin sostenni altero,  
 Io che col piè balzante il suol premea  
 Come un alato Zeffiro leggero,  
 Or d’ anni carco, macilente, e lasso,  
 Cammino intorno raggirando un sasso.

Roncalli.

Der ich am Alpheus einst, der am Castalischen Quell einst  
 Doppelten Siegesruf, doppelte Kränze bekam,  
 Und in Nemea noch und einst am schallenden Isthmus  
 Schneller als Winde, flog hin zum beneideten Ziel;  
 Jetzt veraltet und schwach, zum schweren Steine verdammet,  
 Treib’ ich die Mühle; Euch, Griechen, zur ewigen Schmach.

Herder

Beside Alpheus victor was I named,  
 And by Castalia’s waters twice proclaimed,  
 Known to the Nemean and the Isthmian course—  
 Not the wing’d wind could match the favourite horse.  
 Now, in my age, I turn this circling stone,  
 And shame the glory of each youthful crown.

G. S.

XVII. VII. 192,

M N A Σ A Λ K O Y.

Οὐκέτι δὴ πτερύγεσσι λυγροφθόγγοισιν αἰεῖσεις,  
'Ακρί, κατ' εὐκάρπους αὐλακας ἔζομένα,  
Οὐδέ με κεκλιμένον σκιερὴν ὑπὸ φυλλάδα τέρψεις,  
Ξουθᾶν ἐκ πτερύγων ἥδ' κρέκουσα μέλος.

M N A S A L C Æ.

Ergo non recines argutis amplius alis,  
Nec te jam capiet sulcus opimus agri,  
Nec me lenibis viridi sub fronde supinum,  
Stridula quæ pennis dulcè, cicada, crepas !

G. F. D. T.

Nicht mehr tönest du nun mit den schwirrenden Flügeln, Cicade ;  
Sitzst nicht mehr wie vordem, sitzend in grünender Flur.  
Auch nicht wirfst du hinfort mich den Rußenden unter des Laubbauchs  
Schatten erfreun mit Gesang, der von den Fittichen rauscht.

Jacobs.

Oh ! never more, thou locust, shalt thou, with shrilly wing,  
Along the fertile furrows sit, and thy gladsome carols sing.  
Oh ! never more thy nimble wings shall cheer this heart of mine,  
With sweetest melody, while I beneath the trees recline.

Hay.

XVIII.

Π Α Λ Λ Α Δ Α. Χ. 1. 2. 3.

Παύλῳ κωμῳδῷ κατ' ὄναρ στὰς εἶπε Μένανδρος·  
Οὐδὲν ἐγὼ κατὰ σοῦ, καὶ σὺ κακῶς με λέγεις.

P A L L A D Æ.

Comædo visus Paulo de nocte Menander,  
Cur me, ait, infamas, qui tibi nil nocui ?

Grotius.

*On a celebrated actor.*

Once, in a fearful vision of the night,  
Lothario seem'd Rowe's frowning ghost to see.  
" I never wrong'd thee " cried the laurell'd sprite,  
" O why, Lothario, dost thou murder me ? "

Merivale

## XIX. V. 11. 552

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ.

Εὐστάθιε, γλυκερὸν μὲν ἔχεις τύπον· ἀλλὰ σε κηρὸν  
 Δέρκομαι, οὐδ' ἔτι σοι κείνο τὸ λαρὸν ἔπος  
 "Ἐξεται ἐν στομάτεσσιν· τεῇ δ' εὐάνθεμος ἦβη,  
 Αἶ, αἶ, μαφιδίῃ νῦν χθονὸς ἐστὶ κόνις.  
 Πέμπτον καὶ δεκάτον γὰρ ἐπιφάσας ἐνιαυτοῦ  
 Τετράκις ἐξ μούνους ἔδρακες ἡελίους.  
 Οὐδὲ τεοῦ πάππου θρόνος ἤρκεσεν, οὐ γενετῆρος  
 "Ολβος. πᾶς δὲ τεῇν εἰκόνα δερκόμενος  
 Τὴν ἄδικον Μοῖραν καταμέμφεται, οὐνεκα τοίην,  
 Ἄ μέγα νηλεὲς, ἔσβεσεν ἀγλαίην.

AGATHIÆ.

Forma quidem, Eustathie, est dulcis tibi, blandula sed non,  
 Ceu prius, in labris illa loquela sedet.  
 Te cerâ pictum video, et de flore juventæ  
 Irritus heu! superest pulvis et umbra tuæ.  
 Quartus enim et decimus modo jam tibi cœperat annus,  
 Et soles tantum sex quater inde vides.  
 Nec te juvat avi solium, tantæve parentis  
 Divitiæ. Effigies cui tua cunque tamen  
 Visa unquam fuerit, Parcam is culpabit iniquam,  
 Sæva quod heu! tantum perdidit illa decus.

G. S.

Sweet, dear Eustathius, is the form I see;  
 Yet 'tis of wax—no phrase of boyish glee  
 Sits on those lips: thy tender prime is fled,  
 And dust, mere dust, remains to us instead  
 Of all thou wert! Scarce of thy fifteenth year  
 Four little weeks had run their brief career;  
 Nor aught avail'd thee, or thy grandsire's throne  
 Or wealth paternal. All, to whom is shewn  
 This thy mere bust, tax Fate's unjust decree,  
 Which merciless could crush such grace in thee!

Wrangham.

XX.  
ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ.

Εἰς εἰκόνα Φιλοκτῆτου.

Οἶδα Φιλοκτῆτην ὁρώων ὅτι πᾶσι φαίνεται  
 Ἄλγος εἶν, καὶ τοῖς τηλόθι δερκομένοις.  
 Ἄγρια μὲν κομόωσαν ἔχει τρίχα· δεῦρ' ἴδε κόρσης  
 Χαίτην τρηχαλέοις χρώμασιν αὐσταλέην.  
 Δέρμα κατεσκληρὸς δὲ φέρει καὶ ῥικνὸν ιδέσθαι,  
 Καὶ τάχα καρφαλέον χερσὶν ἐφαπτομέναις.  
 Δάκρυα δὲ ξηροῖσιν ὑπὸ βλεφάροισι παγέντα  
 Ἰσταται, ἀγρύπνου σῆμα δυνηπαθίης.

JULIANI.

Ecce Philoctetem cerno : satis omnibus, etsi  
 Sis procul, ærumnas indicat ille suas.  
 Aspicias? impexi fluitant per tempora crines :  
 Cæsariem incultam prodit et ipse color.  
 Corpore tum duras toto cutis arida rugas  
 Contrahit ; appositas ureret illa manus.  
 Et quæ luminibus subter stat lachryma siccis  
 Testatur, somno quam vacet iste dolor.

G. S.

Ja ich kenne dich, Armer, dem ersten Blicke verräthst du,  
 Leidender Philoctet, deinen inwendigen Schmerz.  
 Wie sich das Haar ihm sträubt ! wie von der Scheitel die Locke  
 Wilde-verwirret fällt ! auch in der Farbe noch wild.  
 Und voll Furchen des Grams umfleidet dürre die Haut ihn  
 Trocknen, als fühletest du, selber im Blicke sie hart.  
 Sieh und im düstern Auge, da hangen geronnene Thränen  
 Starrend, sie zeigen ach ! seinen unendlichen Schmerz.

Herder.

'Tis Philoctetes' self ! To all how well  
 Does he, though seen from far, his sorrows tell.  
 Wild o'er his forehead waves the matted hair :  
 How dry and rough, its faded hues declare.  
 In the parched skin is many a furrow seen,  
 And, touched, it burns with feverish glow, I ween.  
 Tearless the eye, but many a tear below  
 Hath left its trace—sure sign of sleepless woe.

G. S.

*vid. Mac Gregor's Phœnix*



## XXI.

ΓΛΑΥΚΟΥ.

Eis eikóna Philoktétou.

Καὶ τὸν ἀπὸ Τρηχίνος ἴδ' ὡς πολυώδυνον ἦρω,  
 Τόνδε Φιλοκτήτην ἔγραφε Παρράσιος·  
 Ἐν τε γὰρ ὀφθαλμοῖς ἐσκληκόσι κωφὸν ὑποικεῖ  
 Δάκρυ, καὶ ὁ τρύχων ἐντὸς ἔνεστι πόνος.  
 Ζωογράφων ὦ λῶσθε, σὺ μὲν σοφός, ἀλλ' ἀναπαῦσαι  
 Ἄνδρα πόνων ἦδη τὸν πολύδακρυν ἔδει.

GLAUCI.

Vidit et hunc credo miserum Pæante creatum  
 Parrhasius: forma est tam bene picta viri.  
 Quippe subest oculis arentibus abdita quædam  
 Lachryma, seque dolor tam ferus intus agit.  
 Eximium nemo te, pictor, in arte negabit:  
 Desinere illius sed mala tempus erat.

Grotius.

*On the Picture of Philoctetes by Parrhasius.*

Your art, ingenious painter, can renew  
 The hero's sorrows and his death-like hue;  
 Trace in the hollow eye the lingering tear,  
 That speaks in silence all his inward care.  
 Cease, artist, tho' thy skill we all commend:  
 Must Philoctetes' misery never end?

Ph. Smyth.

## XXII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Eis áγαλμα Πανὸς ἐπὶ πηγῆς ἱστάμενον.

Ἔρχεο, καὶ κατ' ἐμὴν ἕξεν πίτυν, ἃ τὸ μελιχρὸν  
 Πρὸς μαλακοὺς ἤχει κεκλιμένα Ζεφύρους.  
 Ἦνιδε καὶ κρούνισμα μελισταγές, ἔνθα μελίσδων  
 Ἦδὸν ἐρημαίοις ὕπνον ἄγω καλάμοις.

## INCERTI.

Hæc mea te pinus monet hic residere, viator,  
 Quæ blandum Zephyro leniter acta sonat;  
 Et qui tam gratum fons murmurat, et mea somnum  
 Quæ dabit in solis fistula docta locis.

Grotius.

Vieni : riposati,	Limpido e garrulo
O peregrino,	Tra sponda e sponda,
All' ombra placida	Il rio, che mormora,
Di questo pino,	Increspa l' onda :
Che al dolce sibilo	E Pan capripede
D' aura leggiera	Del luogo donno,
Risponde, ed agita	Con rozza fistola
La cima altera.	Invita al sonno.

Felici.

Rest here beneath my shady pine reclin'd,  
 Whose tall top sweetly murmurs to the wind;  
 Here too a brook mellifluous flows along,  
 And woos me with its ever gurgling song;  
 Here on my solitary pipe I play,  
 Or sweetly sleep the tranquil hours away.

Fawkes.

Come sit by the shadowy pine  
 That covers my sylvan retreat,  
 And see how the branches incline  
 The breathing of Zephyr to meet.

See the fountain that flowing diffuses  
 Around me a glittering spray;  
 By its brink as the traveller muses,  
 I soothe him to sleep with my lay.

Moore.

Come stretch thy limbs beneath these shady trees,  
 That wave their branches to the western breeze,  
 Where, by yon limpid stream that gently flows,  
 My rustic pipe shall soothe thee to repose.

W. Shepherd.

*See the Shepherd's Pipe in the...*

## XXIII. X1. / 25:

## Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Ἰητρὸς Κρατέας, καὶ Δάμων ἐνταφιαστῆς  
 Κοινὴν ἀλλήλοις θέντο συνωμοσίην.  
 Καὶ ῥ' ὁ μὲν οὐς κλέπτεσκεν ἀπ' ἐνταφίων τελαμώνας  
 Εἰς ἐπιδεσμεύειν πέμπε φίλῳ Κρατέᾳ  
 Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος Κρατέας εἰς ἐνταφιάζειν  
 Πέμπεν ὅλους αὐτῷ τοὺς θεραπευομένους.

## INCERTI.

Cum medico Cratea pollinctor Damo ligarunt  
 Inter se pacti relligione fidem.  
 Hic quas fasciolas tumulis rapiebat ab ipsis,  
 Has Crateæ, læsis vincla futura, dabat.  
 Qui referens Damoni, vicem mittebat ad ipsum  
 Ægrotos, posset quos sepelire, suos.

Grotius. . . . .

Col becchino Damon cotale avea  
 Patto conchiuso il medico Cratea :  
 Quegli le bende a' tumuli rapite  
 Spediva a questo per fasciar ferite ;  
 Questi in compenso a quel tutti mandava  
 A seppelir gl' infermi che curava.

Pagnini.

Le médecin Cratès, Damon le fossoyeur  
 Entre eux font plaisamment métier de pourvoyeur.  
 Damon vole les draps de tous ceux qu'il enterre,  
 Et pour ses pansemens à Cratès en fait don.  
 Tous ceux que Cratès panse, il les met dans la bière,  
 Et pour les enterrer les envoie à Damon.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

## Die Amtsgehilfen.

Damon und Pythias, der Todtengräber und Doctor,  
 Helfen in ihrer Kunst treulich einander sich aus ;  
 Damon stiehlt dem Begrab'nen die Leichenhemde zu Pflastern  
 Für den Doctor, und Er schafft ihm die Kranken in's Grab.

Herder.

*Art-Union.*

A sexton and a grave physician  
Once made a gainful coalition.  
The sexton gave his friend the garment  
Of each corpse brought him for interment ;  
The doctor all his patients hurried  
Off to the sexton to be buried.

W. Shepherd.

XXIV.

ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΑΡΧΙΟΥ. 1854.

*Eis eikóna 'Hsiódou.*

Αὐταὶ ποιμαίνοντα μεσαμβρινὰ μῆλ' αἰ Μοῦσαι  
Ἔδρακον ἐν κραναοῖς οὔρεσιν, Ἑσίοδε,  
Καὶ σοὶ καλλιπέτηλον, ἐρυσσάμεναι περὶ πᾶσαι,  
ᾠρεξαν δάφνας ἱερὸν ἀκρέμονα.  
Δῶκαν δὲ κράνας Ἑλικωνίδος ἔνθεον ὕδωρ,  
Τὸ πτανοῦ πῶλου πρόσθεν ἔκοψεν ὄνυξ,  
Οὐδ' σὺ κορυσσάμενος μακάρων γένος, ἔργα τε μολπαῖς  
Καὶ γένος ἀρχαίων ἔγραφες ἡμιθέων.

ASCLEPIADIS, VBI ARCHIÆ.

Pascentem te forte pecus per pascua Musæ  
Videre e summis montibus, Hesiode.  
Et decerpentes frondentem ex arbore ramum  
Laurea temporibus sarta dedere tuis.  
Delapsumque Helicone suo tribuere liquorem,  
Bellerophonteus quem pede fecit equus.  
Hoc madidus, Divumque genus, terræque labores,  
Claraque priscorum concinis acta virûm.

Petrus Francius.

The Muses, Hesiod, on the mountain steep  
Themselves at noon thy flocks beheld thee keep.  
The bright-leaved bay they pluck'd, and all the Nine  
Placed in thy hand at once the branch divine.  
Then their own Helicon's inspiring wave,  
From where the wing'd steed smote the ground, they gave.  
Which deeply quaffed, thy verse the lineage told  
Of Gods, and Husbandry, and Heroes old.

G. S

## XXV.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἑρμοῦ ἐν Κήφῳ.

A. Κράμβης ἄψωμαι, Κυλλήνιε ; B. Μή, παροδίτα.

A. Τίς φθόνος ἐκ λαχάνων ; B. Οὐ φθόνος, ἀλλὰ νόμος,  
'Αλλοτρίων ἀπέχειν κλοπίμους χέρας. A. ὦ παραδόξου,  
Μὴ κλέπτειν Ἑρμῆς καινὸν ἔθηκε νόμον.

## PHILIPPI.

Arripio cramben, Cyllenie.—Parce viator.—

Quæ, precor, invidia est?—Non vetat invidia,  
Sed lex, alterius rem tangere.—Lex nova, quam fert  
Mercurius, furto vivere ne liceat.

Grotius.

A. Toccar mi lice un cavolo ?

B. No, passegger, non puoi.

A. Volgare erbaggio ignobile  
Invidiar mi vuoi ?

B. È legge, e non invidia,

Che i furti qui corregge.

A. Ridiamo ; oggi Mercurio  
Impone ai furti legge.

Felici.

A. May I just take a cabbage-plant,  
Cyllenius ? B. No Sir, you sha'nt.A. What, grudge a cabbage ? B. 'Tis not grudge,  
But there's a law the thief to judge.A. Oh miracle beyond belief,  
When Hermes preaches down a thief.

G. C. S.

## XXVI.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΛΙΟΥ.

Πολλὰ τὸ δαιμόνιον δύναται, κὰν ἦ παράδοξα·  
Τοὺς μικροὺς ἀνάγει, τοὺς μεγάλους κατὰγει.

Καὶ σοῦ τὴν ὄφρῖν καὶ τὸν τύφον καταπαύσει,

Κὰν ποταμὸς χρυσοῦ νάματά σοι παρέχῃ.

Οὐ θρόνον, οὐ μαλάκην ἀνεμὸς ποτε, τὰς δὲ μεγίστας

Ἡ δρύας, ἡ πλατάνους οἶδε χαμαὶ κατὰγειν.

LUCILLII.

Multa potest, inopina licet, Fortuna novatrix :  
 Ima levat ; contra, si placet, alta premit.  
 Illa supercilium et fastus cohibebit inanes,  
 Det tibi vel rutilas aurifer amnis aquas.  
 Non humilem gravior malvam juncumque sed altam  
 Sternere vis quercum scit platanumve Noti.

G. B.

Fortune peut beaucoup, voire l'inesperée,  
 Elle abaisse les grands, et hausse les petitz ;  
 Elle rend promptement toute audace atterrée,  
 Ores qu'un fleuve d'or courut en ton logis :  
 Elle est comme le vent lequel tient à mespris  
 D'abattre les rouseaux, et les petites herbes ;  
 Mais il est coustumier de sa fureur épris,  
 Renverser les hautz pins et les chesnes superbes.

Tamisier.

God's providence brings much to pass that's strange,  
 Making the small and great their lot exchange.  
 He'll tame thy haughty brow and swelling pride,  
 Tho' wealth pour on thee with a golden tide.  
 Winds o'er the reed and mallow sweep in vain,  
 But level the tall oak and spreading plane.

W.

XXVII.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ. V. 11. 12.

Ἡ γρῆς Νικὸς Μελίτης τάφον ἐστεφάνωσε  
 Παρθενικῆς. Ἀδὲ, τοῦθ' ὁσίως κέκρικας ;

PHILIPPI, VEL SIMONIDIS.

Marcida anus Nico Melites dat sarta sepulchro  
 Virginis. Hoc ne æquum est, hoc placet, Orce, tibi ?

Grotius.

These garlands aged Nico hung upon the maiden tomb  
 Of Melite,—and call'st thou this, o Grave, a righteous doom ?

W.

## XXVIII.

ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ. V. 7. 7.

*Πέμπω σοι, Ῥοδόκλεια, τόδε στέφος, ἄνθεσι καλοῖς**Αὐτὸς ὑφ' ἡμετέραις πλεξάμενος παλάμαις.**Ἔστι κρίνον, Ῥοδὴ τε κάλυξ, νοτερὴ τ' ἀνεμώνη,**Καὶ νάρκισσος ὑγρὸς καὶ κυανανγὲς Ἴον**Ταῦτα στεφανμένη, λήξον μεγάλανχος ἐοῦσα·**Ἀνθεῖς καὶ λήγεις καὶ σὺ καὶ ὁ στέφανος.*

RUFINI.

*Hanc tibi Rufinus mittit, Rodoclea, coronam,**Has tibi decerpens texerat ipse rosas ;**Est viola, est anemone, est suave-rubens hyacinthus,**Mistaque Narcisso lutea caltha suo :**Sume ; sed aspiciens, ah, fidere desine formæ ;**Qui pinxit, brevis est, sartaque teque, color.*

Th. Gray.

*Mitto tibi hæc, Rodoclea, virentia sarta virenti :**Texuit hæc solo docta ab Amore manus,**Narcissumque rosamque legens, mollemque anemonem, et**Candida cæruleis lilia cum violis.**Indue et hæc, et mitem animum. Florem esse memento,**Pulcrior his qui sit, forsitan et brevior.*

Jortin. . . . .

*Floribus, in pratis legi quos ipse, coronam**Contextam variis do, Rodoclea, tibi :**Hic anemone humet, confert narcissus odores**Cum violis ; spirant lilia mista rosis.**His redimita comas, mores deponere superbos,**Hæc peritura nitent ; tu peritura nites !*

Sam. Johnson. 22. 11. 12. 12. 12. 12.

*Floribus hanc opifex mitto, Rodoclea, venustis**Quæ faciat capiti nexa corona tuo.**Lilia sunt nascensque rosa, et rorans anemone,**Narcissi molles, purpureæ violæ.**His redimita breves fastus dimitte : corona**Florida non aliter quam Rodoclea perit.*

G. F. D. T.

Di eletti fior che di mia man cogliea,  
 T' invio questa ghirlanda, o Rodoclea.  
 È l' anemone quivi, il fiordaliso,  
 L' azzurra violetta, mezzo ascosa  
 Nel suo bocciuol la rosa,  
 Ed il molle narciso.  
 Ne cingi il crine, e cessa  
 D' esser superba; chè se or tu com' essa  
 Di beltà ornata vai,  
 Tu pur com' essa in breve sfiorirai.

M.

Nimm, Rhodoclea, den Kranz von den zierlichsten Blumen gewoben,  
 Den ich mit eigener Hand sorglich geflochten für dich.  
 Lilien hab' ich mit Rosen gepaart, Anemonen und dunkle  
 Weilchen, und allen zuletzt feuchte Narcissen vereint.  
 Schmücke die duftenden Schläfe damit, und entsage dem Hochmuth.  
 Wie dieß Blumengeflecht blüht du und welkest dahin.

Jacobs.

I send thee, my fair one, this garland of flowers,  
 And wove it myself for you :  
 There are lilies, and buds from the rosy bowers,  
 And the wind-flower steep'd in dew,  
 And the languid Narciss, and the purple shine  
 Of the violet of the glade :  
 So wear them, and cease to be haughty and fine,  
 For thou bloom'st, as the wreath, to fade.

G. F. D. T.

XXIX.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ. Χ.Ι.Ι.Ι.

Χαίρει τις, Θεόδωρος ἐπεὶ θάνον ἄλλος ἐπ' αὐτῷ  
 Χαίρήσει· θανάτῳ πάντες ὀφειλόμεθα.

SIMONIDIS.

Quod Theodorus obi, gaudet quis, et alter ob ipsum  
 Gaudebit: morti debita turba sumus.

Grotius.

I Theodorus dying pleased my foe,  
 Whose death will please a third: thus all must go.

Sterling.



## XXX.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ. /X, 453

Τίνας ἂν εἴποι λόγους Μελέαγρος, μέλλοντος βοὸς θύεσθαι τῷ Διὶ, καὶ μυκωμένου.  
 Αὐτὸς ὁ βοῦς ἱκέτης ἐπιβώμιος, αἰθέριε Ζεῦ,  
 Μυκάται, ψυχὴν ῥνόμενος θανάτου.  
 Ἀλλὰ μέθες, Κρονίδη, τὸν ἀροτρεά· καὶ σὺ γὰρ αὐτὸς  
 Πορθμεὺς Εὐρώπης ταῦρος, ἀναξ, ἐγένου.

MELEAGRI.

Ecce tuam supplex taurus moriturus ad aram  
 Mugitu, ut vivat, Jupiter alte, rogat.  
 Parce, et arare sinas. Et tu, Saturnie, quondam  
 Europam advectans per mare, taurus eras.

Averardus Medices.

Questo presso l' altar torello aita  
 Chiede muggliando, e per pietà la vita.  
 Deh tu, Giove immortal, che tutto puoi,  
 Arator lo ritorna ai solchi suoi.  
 Tu pur forma di toro allor pigliasti  
 Che con Europa in dorso il mar solcasti.

Pagnini.

Selber der Stier, o himmlischer Zeus, steht stehend am Altar;  
 Rettung sucht er bey dir, brüllend, vom drohenden Tod.  
 Lass ihn frey, Kronide, den Pflügenden; hast du Europen  
 Einst doch selber entführt, König, in Stieres Gestalt.

Jacobs.

The suppliant Bull, to Jove's high altar led,  
 Bellows a prayer for his devoted head.  
 Spare him, Saturnius!—His the form you wore  
 When fair Europa through the waves you bore.

Merivale.

## XXXI.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ. Ν. Ν. Ν. Ν.

Τύμβος Ἀχιλλῆος ῥηξήνορος, ὃν ποτ' Ἀχαιοὶ  
 Δώμησαν, Τρώων δαίμα καὶ ἐσσομένων  
 Αἰγιαλῷ δὲ νένευκεν, ἵνα στοναχῇσι θαλάσσης  
 Κυδαίνουτο πᾶις τῆς ἁλίας Θέτιδος.

INCERTI.

Hic est Pelidæ tumulus, quem struxerat olim  
Terrorem seris Græcia Dardanidis.  
Litore in Iliaco jacet heros; æquor ubi illum  
Plangit, et ipsa suis mater honorat aquis.

Petrus Francius.

Questa è la tomba del pugnace Achille,  
Che i Greci edificaro, alto spavento  
A' Teucri ancor dopo cent' anni e mille.  
Su questo lido siede incontro al vento,  
Perchè il marino faccia alto fragore  
Della marina Teti al figlio onore.

Pagnini.

Dies ist Achilles Grab: den künftigen Troja zum Schrecken  
Setzten die Griechen es hier an den Trojanischen Strand.  
Sohn der Meeres-Göttin, du liegst am Ufer begraben,  
Dass dir die Welle des Meers rausche dein ewiges Lob.

Herder.

The tomb of brave Achilles, this! which Greeks beside the sea  
Reard' up in ancient days to scare the Trojans yet to be.  
The son of Ocean-Thetis sleeps where Ocean's sleepless surge  
May pour for him all lovingly an everlasting dirge.

J. W. B.

XXXII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ. VII. 13.

Εἰς Πρίαμον.

"Ἡρώς Πρίαμου βαιὸς τάφος, οὐχ ὅτι τοίου  
Ἄξιος, ἀλλ' ἐχθρῶν χερσὶν ἐχωννύμεθα.

ANTIPATRI.

Exiguum en! Priami monumentum; haud ille meretur  
Quale, sed hostiles quale dedere manus.

Sam. Johnson.

Klein ist Priamos Grab; nicht weil er des größern nicht werth war;  
Aber von feindlicher Hand wurde der Hügel gebaut.

Jacobs.

See Priam's lowly tomb! Not such a grave  
As he deserv'd, but—as his foemen gave!

J. W. B.

## XXXIII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ. VI. 11

Τὸν ἔλαφον, Λάδωνα καὶ ἄμφ' Ἐρυμάνθιον ὕδωρ  
 Νῶτά τε θηρονόμου φερβομέναν Φολόας,  
 Παῖς ὁ Θεαρίδew Λασιώνιος εἶλε Λυκόρμας,  
 Πλήξας ῥομβωτῷ δούρατος οὐριάχῳ  
 Δέρμα δὲ καὶ δικέραιον ἀπὸ στόρνυγγα μετώπων  
 Σπασσάμενος κούρα θῆκε παρ' ἀγρότιδι.

ANTIPATRI.

Cervam quæ Pholoës dorso Ladonaque circum,  
 Atque Erymantheas propter agebat aquas,  
 Patre Thearide Lasionius ille Lycormas  
 Cepit, ab hastili cum foret icta suo.  
 At pellem celsæque simul duo cornua frontis  
 Silvarum dominæ donat habere Deæ.

Grotius. 3. 4. 4. 4.

Diesen gewaltigen Hirsch, der am Strom Erymanthos und Ladon,  
 Oder auf Pholoe's Høh' öfters sein Futter gesucht,  
 Traf Lykormas, der Sohn des Thearides, Lasions Bürger;  
 Tödtend mit scharfem Geschoss rauschenden Speeres das Wild,  
 Aber die Haut und das Doppelgeweih von der mächtigen Stirn ihm  
 Streifend, beschenkt er damit, Artemis, deinen Altar.

Jacobs.

By Erymanthus' wave and Ladon's mead  
 And Pholoe's forest ridge this hind did feed,  
 Which, with his spear-butt struck, Lycormas, son  
 Of old Thearides from Lasium, won.  
 The horns he tore from off the brow, and flayed  
 The skin, an offering to the Huntress Maid.

G. S.

## XXXIV.

ΟΙΝΟΜΑΟΥ. X. 11

Εἰς Ἐρωτα ἐν Κανκίῳ γεγλυμμένον.

Ἐν κυάθῳ τὸν Ἐρωτα. τίνος χάριν; ἀρκετὸν οἶνον  
 Αἰθεσθαὶ κραδίην. μὴ πυρὶ πῦρ ἔπαγε.

## OENOMAI.

In cyatho cur sculptus Amor? Vino ardeat ut cor  
Est satis. Ignem igni quis furor adjicere est?

Grotius.

Perchè Amor sovr' un nappo? Arde sì poco  
Il vin, ch' è d' uopo aggiunger foco al foco?

M.

## Amor im Becher.

Apriens Sohn im Becher? Wozu? Genügt Wein zu der Herzen  
Brande nicht schon? Wer bringt Feuer zum Feuer hinzu?

Jacobs.

Love on a Goblet? Ah why so? Inspire  
With wine thy heart; but add not fire to fire.

E. S.

## XXXV.

[Anth. P. 228] ANYTHΣ.

Ξεῖν' ὑπὸ τὰν πέτραν τετρυμένα γυῖ' ἀνάπαισον  
'Αδύ τοι ἐν χλωροῖς πνεῦμα θροεῖ πετάλοις.  
Πῶδάκ' τ' ἐκ παγᾶς ψυχρὸν πίε'· δὴ γὰρ ὀδύταις  
'Αμπαυμ' ἐν θερμῷ καύματι τοῦτο φίλον.

## ANYTES.

Fessa sub hanc rupem declina membra viator:  
Dulce sub hac Zephyri fronde virente sonant.  
Et laticem bibe fontis. Iter facientibus hæc est  
Æstatis calido tempore grata quies.

Grotius.

Unter dem schattenden Fels, o Fremdling, ruh' von Ermüdung.  
Hier in dem grünen Gezweig plaudern die Lüfte so süß.  
Trink aus kühlendem Quell das erquickende Wasser; dem Wandrer  
Ist in sengender Glut dieses die freundlichste Raß.

Jacobs.

## On the entrance to a Cavern.

Stranger, beneath this rock thy limbs bestow—  
Sweet, 'mid the green leaves, breezes whisper here:  
Drink the cool wave, while noontide fervors glow;  
For such the rest to wearied pilgrim dear.

Anon. Bland's Collect.

## XXXVI.

ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΥ. 7. 3. 8.

Χαῖρέ μοι ἄβρ' ἐκύπασσι, τὸν Ὀμφάλη, ἥ ποτὲ Λυδῇ,  
 Λυσαμένη φιλότῃτ' ἦλθεν ἐς Ἑρακλέους·  
 Ὀλβιος ἦσθα, κύπασσι, καὶ ὥς τότε καὶ πάλιν, ὅς νῦν  
 Χρῦσεον Ἀρτέμιδος τοῦτ' ἐπέβης μέλαθρον.

DIOTIMI.

Zona, mihi salve! Nam te regina solutâ  
 Lydia in Alcidis dicitur isse torum.  
 O felix olim, neque nunc minus, aurea quod te  
 Dianæ hæc recipit, zona beata, domus.

G. S.

Seh mir, zarte Rhyppis, begrüßt, die sich Omphale lösend,  
 Lydiens Fürstin einst, Herakles Liebe genoss.  
 Glücklich warst du, Rhyppis, vordem, und auch jetzt noch glücklich,  
 Da dich strahlend von Gold Artemis Tempel bewahrt.

Jacobs.

Hail, pretty Virgin-girdle, hail!  
 From her of Lydia unlaced—  
 From Omphale, (so goes the tale)  
 By loving Hercules embraced.  
 Blest girdle then! blest now again,  
 Here laid in Dian's golden fane.

W.

## XXXVII.

ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ. 7. 24.

Ψυχὴ μοι προλέγει φεύγειν πόθον Ἑλιοδώρας,  
 Δάκρυα καὶ ζήλους τοὺς πρὶν ἐπισταμένη.  
 Φησὶ μὲν ἄλλα φυγεῖν οὐ μοι σθένος· ἡ γὰρ ἀναιδὴς  
 Αὐτὴ καὶ προλέγει, καὶ προλέγουσα φιλεῖ.

PHILODEMI.

Mens ab amore mihi caveam monet Heliodoræ,  
 Conscia quos æstus senserit et lacrymas.  
 Recta monet: sed nulla fuga est: namque absque pudore,  
 Et monet, et contra quam monet ipsa facit.

Grotius.

"Fliehe, sprichst du mein Herz, flieh' der Xenophila Liebe!  
Denk', Unglücklicher, denk' an die vergangene Quaal,  
An die vorigen Thränen." So sprichst du, meine Prophetin;  
Aber wohin denn fliehn? liebst du, Prophetin, nicht selbst?

Herder.

Long school'd by sorrow and alarm  
My Soul forewarns me, "Flee the charm  
Of Heliodora's smile."—  
She bids, but I've no strength to fly,  
For she herself, unblushingly,  
Forewarns, yet loves the while.

W.

*See 'Heliodora's smile' in 'The Poet's Progress'.*

XXXVIII.

ΧΡΗΣΜΟΣ ΤΗΣ ΠΥΘΙΑΣ. χ' ν. 71.

Ἀγνὸς εἰς τέμενος καθαρῷ, ξένη, δαίμονος ἔρχου  
Ψυχὴν, νυμφαίου νόματος ἀψάμενος·  
Ὡς ἀγαθοῖς κείται βαλὴ λιβάς· ἀνδρα δὲ φαῦλον  
Οὐδ' ἂν ὁ πᾶς νύφαι νάμασιν Ὀκεανός.

ORACULUM PYTHIÆ.

Mente piâ sancti lustratus Numinis, hospes,  
Templa subi, castæ flumine tactus aquæ.  
Gutta bono satis una viro; non ipsa sed omnis  
Oceanî maculas eluet unda malo.

G. B.

Rein nur nahe dem Tempel, o Freund, und der heiligen Gottheit  
Schranken, nachdem du das Nass reinen Gewässers berührt.  
Weniges Wasser genügt für den redlichen; aber den Freuler  
Wäsche mit sämtlicher Fluth selber der Ocean nicht.

Jacobs.

Enter the pure God's Temple sanctified  
In soul, with virgin water purified.  
One drop will cleanse the good; the Ocean wave  
Suffices not the guilty soul to lave.

W.

## XXXIX.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ.

Eis tēn 'Aφροδίτην, ἀνερχομένην ἀπὸ θαλάττης.

Τὰν ἀναδυομένην ἀπὸ ματέρος ἄρτι θαλάσσας  
 Κύπριν, Ἀπελλεῖον μόχθον ὄρα γραφίδος,  
 Ὡς χερὶ συμμάρψασα διάβροχον ὕδατι χαίταν  
 Ἐκθλίβει νοτερῶν ἀφρὸν ἀπὸ πλοκάμων.  
 Αὐταὶ νῦν ἐρέουσιν Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἥρῃ  
 Οὐκέτι σοὶ μορφᾶς εἰς ἔριν ἐρχόμεθα.

ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

Emersam pelagi nuper genitalibus undis  
 Cyprin Apellæi cerne laboris opus :  
 Ut complexa manu madidos salis æquore crines,  
 Humidulis spumas stringit utraque comis.  
 Jam tibi nos, Cypri, Juno inquit, et innuba Pallas,  
 Cedimus, et formæ præmia deferimus.

Ausonius. 86. 106.

Fuor dell' onde del mar che vita dielle,  
 Ecco la pur testè sorta Ciprigna,  
 Gentil fatica del pennel d' Apelle.  
 Ve' come il crin pregno di salsi umori  
 Ella distrigne con sua mano, e sprema  
 La schiuma dalle trecce umide fuori.  
 Pallade stessa e la stessa Giunone  
 Diran ora : A contender di bellezze  
 Non venghiam no più teco al paragone.

Pompei.

Triumph and boast of Grecian painter's art,  
 From Ocean's foam see new-born Venus start.  
 Oh, with what grace she waves her hand of pearl  
 And wrings the dew from ev'ry clustering curl !  
 Let Pallas now and Juno's self confess  
 'Twere vain contending with such loveliness.

J. W. B.

XL.

ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤ. V. 279.

Οὔτε ῥόδον στεφάνων ἐπιδέυεται, οὔτε σὺ πέπλων,  
 Οὔτε λιθοβλήτων, πότνια, κεκρυφάλων.  
 Μάργατα σῆς χροῖς ἀπολείπεται, οὐδὲ κομίζει  
 Χρυσὸς ἀπεκτῆτου σῆς τριχὸς ἀγλαῖην·  
 Ἴνδρ' ὃν ὑάκινθος ἔχει χάριν αἴθοπος αἴγλης,  
 Ἀλλὰ τεῶν λογάδων πολλὸν ἀφαιροτέρην.  
 Χεῖλεα δὲ δροσέοντα, καὶ ἡ μελίφυρτος ἐκείνη  
 Ἥθεος ἀρμονίῃ, κεστὸς ἔφυ Παφίης.  
 Τούτοις πᾶσιν ἐγὼ καταδάμναμαι· ὄμμασι μούνοις  
 Θέλωγομαι, οἷς ἐλπίς μείλιχος ἐνδιάει.

PAULI SILENTIARII.

Nec sertis rosa dulcis eget : nec veste decora  
 Gemmiferis opus est nec tibi reticulis.  
 Candidior rubri bacca tu littoris : aurum  
 Provocat impexæ gratia flava comæ.  
 Ardentes spargit radios hyacinthus, ab Indis  
 Qui venit : est oculis sed minor ille tuis.  
 Corporis ætheream compagem et roscida labra,  
 Hæc Veneris cestum, si voco, jure voco.  
 Omnibus his pereo, sed enim solantur ocelli :  
 Constituit sedem spes ubi blanda suam.

Grotius.

No wreath the rose doth need to grace her brow,  
 No broidered robe nor jewelled head-dress thou.  
 Not whitest pearl can with thy skin compare,  
 No gold so bright as thy loose flowing hair ;  
 The loveliest hyacinth of Indian fields,  
 To thy full-beaming pupil's lustre yields.  
 That dewy lip ; that form of melting mould—  
 Thy magic girdle, Venus, here behold.  
 All these undo me ; only in thine eyes  
 Comfort I find ; there sweet hope ever lies.

G. S.



## XLI.

ΑΡΧΙΟΥ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΟΥ. VII. 278.

Οὐδὲ νέκυς, ναυηγὸς ἐπὶ χθόνα Θῆρις ἐλασθεῖς  
 Κύμασιν, ἀγρύπνων λήσομαι ἡϊόνων.  
 Ἥ γὰρ ἀλιβρήκτοις ὑπὸ δειράσιν, ἀγχόθι πόντου  
 Δυσμενέος, ξείνου χερσὶν ἔκρυσά τάφου.  
 Αἰεὶ δὲ βρομέοντα καὶ ἐν νεκύεσσι θαλάσσης  
 Ὅ τλήμων αἶψα δοῦπον ἀπεχθόμενον.  
 Μόχθων οὐδ' Αἰδῆς με κατεύνασεν, ἥνικα μῦνος  
 Οὐδὲ θανὼν λείη κέκλιμαι ἥσυχῇ.

## ARCHIÆ.

Theris ego, fracta projectum puppe cadaver,  
 Insomni nunquam gurgite liber ero.  
 Hic etenim, scopulis ubi frangitur unda, propinquum  
 Condidit invisus hospita dextra fretis.  
 Sic, vel luce carens, pelagi resonantia semper  
 Murmura sollicita, ceu prius, aure bibo.  
 Nec requiem luctus mors attulit ipsa, quod uni  
 Defuncto pacem sors mihi dura negat.

G. S.

I Theris, wreck'd and cast a corse on shore,  
 Still shudder at old Ocean's ceaseless roar;  
 For here beneath the cliffs, where breakers foam,  
 Close on its marge lone strangers dug my tomb.  
 Hence still its roaring, reft of life, I hear;  
 Its hateful surge still thunders in my ear,  
 For me alone by Fate unrespited,  
 Remains no rest to soothe me—even though dead!

Wrangham.

## XLII.

ΔΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ. XI. 254.

Πάντα καθ' ἱστορίην ὀρχούμενος, ἐν τὸ μέγιστον  
 Τῶν ἔργων παριδῶν ἡνιάσας μεγάλως.  
 Τὴν μὲν γὰρ Νιόβην ὀρχούμενος, ὡς λίθος ἔσσης,  
 Καὶ πάλιν ὦν Καπανεύς, ἐξαπίνης ἔπεσες.  
 Ἄλλ' ἐπὶ τῆς Κανάκης ἀφυῶς, ὅτι καὶ ξίφος ἦν σοι,  
 Καὶ ζῶν ἐξήλθες τοῦτο παρ' ἱστορίην.

LUCILLII.

*In Saltatorem ineptum.*

Deceptæ felix casus se miscuit arti.

Histrio, saltavit qui Capanea, ruit.

Idem, qui Nioben saltavit, saxeus, ut tum

Spectator veram crediderit Nioben.

In Canace, visus multo felicior ipsa ;

Quod non hic gladio viscera dissecuit.

Ausonius. *Σ. 4. 34*

Historias gestu bene qui simulare solebas,

Unum, miramur, sed grave crimen habes.

Saltabas Nioben, stabas ut saxeus : idem

Es collapsus, agis dum Capanea ducem.

Sed male processit Canace ; tibi cum foret ensis,

Vivis adhuc, hoc non convenit historiæ.

Grotius. *— Π. 1. 1. 475.*

In historical ballets it's great want of tact

To neglect sticking closely to matter of fact.

In the Niobe dance you stood just like a rock,

And your tumble in Capaneus came with a shock,

But in Canace's part I am forc'd to object,

That to march off *alive*, sword in hand, 's incorrect.

W.

XLIII.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ, οἱ δὲ ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ. *Σ. 1. 7.*

Πάντες ἄπαξ τρώγουσιν ὅταν δὲ τρέφῃ Σαλαμῖνος,

Οἶκαδ' ἀριστῶμεν δεύτερον ἐρχόμενοι.

PALLADÆ, VEL MACEDONII.

Mos semel est prandere, vocat nisi cum Salaminus ;

Altera tunc facimus prandia namque domi.

Grotius.

One dinner's thought enough ; but when I've dined

With Salaminus,

I dine again at home, or else I find

That I am minus.

W.

## XLIV.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ. VII. 175.

Ἀκρίς, ἐμῶν ἀπάτημα πόθων, παραμύθιον ὕπνου,  
 Ἀκρίς, ἀρουραῖή Μοῦσα, λιγυπτέρυγε,  
 Αὐτοφυὲς μέλημα λύρας, κρέκε μοί τι ποθεινόν,  
 Ἐγκρούουσα φίλοις ποσσὶ λάλους πτέρυγας,  
 Ὡς με πόνων ῥύσαιο παναγρύπνοιο μερίμνης,  
 Ἀκρί, μιτωσαμένη φθόγγον ἐρωτοπλάνου.  
 Δῶρα δέ σοι γήτειον ἀειθαλὲς ὀρθρινὰ δῶσω,  
 Καὶ δροσεράς στόμασι σχιζομένας ψακάδας.

MELEAGRI.

O mihi lenimen curæ, somnique creatrix,  
 Rustica nativa prædita Musa lyrâ,  
 Nunc alas pedibus percurre, Cicada, canoras,  
 Dulce aliquid fidibus nunc modulare tuis.  
 Auspice te, vigiles sic possim fallere curas,  
 Auspice te, noster sic requiescat amor.  
 At tibi mane feram gratus viridantia porra,  
 Roris et apta ori frusta minuta tuo.

G. S.

De mis tristes amores,  
 De mis ansias alivio,  
 De mis dolores sueño,  
 Ven, apacible Grillo,  
 Dulce cantor del valle,  
 Que alhagas el oído  
 Del que los campos ara  
 Con tu grigri divino:  
 Tus alitas resuenan  
 Imitando el sonido  
 De la suave lyra,  
 Y nadie te lo ha dicho.

Cántame un dulce tono  
 Bullicioso y festivo,  
 Agitando tus alas,  
 Y tus pies tiernecitos;  
 Y si mis crudos males,  
 Y los amores mios  
 Con blando sueño curas,  
 Y das al dulce olvido,  
 En pago te prometo  
 El mas dulce rocío  
 Que la rosada Aurora  
 En flores ha vertido.

Conde.

## Die Grille.

Gute Grille, die mich um meine sehnenden Sorgen  
 Oft schon täuschte, mir oft brachte den tröstenden Schlaf,  
 Ländliche Ruhe, wohlauf! Schlag' an die hallenden Flügel,  
 Werd' eine Leher dir selbst, singe was Liebliches mir,  
 Daß den Kummer verjage, der mir so lange den Schlaf raubt;  
 Auf! und erwecke den Ton, der mir das Sehnen entnimmt,  
 Meiner Liebe Sehnen.—Ich will auch mit grünen Knospen  
 Dich beschenken; dich soll tränken der zarteste Thau.

Herder.

Thou locust, soother of my love, whose music slumber brings,  
 Thou locust, minstrel of the fields, endow'd with shrilly wings;  
 Thou artless mimic of the lyre, some song of beauty sing,  
 By striking with thy pliant feet each music-speaking wing.  
 Thou locust, trill me from thy chords a love-releasing strain,  
 That thus thou may'st remove my care, my ever-wakeful pain.  
 And I'll the evergreens to thee as morning gifts assign,  
 And the dew-drops split in parts to fit that little mouth of thine.

Hay.

Meadow-cricket, with shrill wing  
 Whiling sorrow slumb'rously:  
 Meadow-cricket, that dost fling  
 Music blithely o'er the lea;  
 Trill me something fond and sweet;  
 Nature's harp thou art to me;  
 With thy prattling wings and feet  
 Strike up some dear melody.

Thus thou may'st avert the pain  
 Of my ever-sleepless care;  
 Ply me then a native strain,  
 Some sweet love-beguiling air:  
 So the freshly-springing leek  
 Shall be thine at early dawn,  
 And to suit thy tiny cheek  
 Cloven dew-drops of the morn.

G. F. D. T.

## XLV.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ. IX. 346.

Πέτρης ἐκ δισσῆς ψυχρὸν καταπάλμενον ὕδωρ,  
 Χαίροις, καὶ Νυμφέων ποιμενικὰ ξόανα,  
 Πέτραι τε κρηνέων, καὶ ἐν ὕδασι κόσμια ταῦτα  
 Ὑμέων, ὦ κόῦραι, μυρία τεγγόμενα,  
 Χαίρετ'. Ἀριστοκλῆς δ' ἴδ', ὁδοιπóρος ἥπερ ἀπῶσα  
 Δίψαν βαψάμενος, τοῦτο δίδωμι κέρας.

LEONIDÆ TARENTINI.

Unda vale, bifidæ saliens de vertice rupis,  
 Et sibi quas finxit rustica dextra, Deæ.  
 Et fontes, et saxa, et quas circum undique, Nymphæ,  
 Vos sacra veneres mille lavatis aqua.  
 Hoc dat Aristoclees vobis cornu ecce viator,  
 Quo sua demisso est ante levata satis.

G. S.

Der du herab dich ergießt von dem doppelten Felsen, o Kùhlhorn,  
 Heil dir! Nymphen auch euch, ländlicher Hände Gebild.  
 Ihr auch, Felsen am Quell, und der freundlichen Ufer umgebung,  
 Welche mit ewigem Rausch süßes Gewässer bespült,  
 Seyd mir gegrüßt! Euch weiht Aristokles, welcher den Durst hier  
 Wandernd gestillet, das Horn, das er zum Schöpfen gebraucht.

Jacobs.

Farewell, cool rills, that from the cleft rock start,  
 And fountain-heads, and carved by rustic art  
 Your forms, sweet maiden Nymphs, who own this wave,  
 Adieu! th' unnumber'd charms your waters lave!  
 The cup of horn, he dipp'd there to relieve  
 His thirst, from Aristoclees receive.

W.

## XLVI.

ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ. IX. 344.

Τὸν γαίης καὶ πόντου ἀμειφθείσαισι κελεύθοις,  
 Ναύτην ἠπείρου, πεζοπόρον πελάγους,  
 Ἐν τρισσαῖς δοράτων ἑκατοντάσιν ἔστεγεν ἄρης  
 Σπάρτης· αἰσχύνεσθ' οὔρεα καὶ πελάγη.

PARMENIONIS.

Qui mutare vias ausus terræque marisque,  
Trajecit montes nauta, fretumque pedes,  
Xerxi tercentum Spartæ Mars obstitit acris  
Militibus; terris sit pelagoque pudor!

Sam. Johnson

Qui mare, qui terram mutato more viarum  
Transiit, in terra nauta, pedesque mari;  
Obstitit huic hastis Lacedæmon sola trecentis:  
Montibus æternum sit pelagoque pudor!

G. B.

Que' che con novo ardir poteo varcare  
In nave i monti e a piede asciutto il mare,  
Da trecento Spartan fu rotto in guerra.  
Oh vergogna dell' acqua e della terra!

Paolini.

Him who revers'd the laws great nature gave,  
Sail'd o'er the continent and walk'd the wave,  
Three hundred spears from Sparta's iron plain  
Have stopp'd. Oh blush ye mountains, and thou main!

Merivale

That wondrous path-changer of sea and land,  
Who sailed through hills, and marched from strand to strand,  
Sparta with her three hundred lances braves.  
Hide your diminished heads, mountains and waves!

W.

XLVII.

ΑΠΟΛΛΙΝΑΡΙΟΥ. Χ.

\**Ἄν μὲν ἀπόντα λέγῃς με κακῶς, οὐδὲν μ' ἀδικεῖς σύ*  
\**Ἄν δὲ παρόντα καλῶς, ἴσθι κακῶς με λέγων.*

APOLLINARIUM.

Si de me absenti loqueris male, nil nocet: at si  
Præsentem laudas, te male scito loqui.

Grotius.

Wenn ich nicht da bin, Thar, so tadl' und schelte mich immer:  
Nur verbitt' ich mir auch, bin ich zugegen, dein Lob.

Herder.

You harm me not whom absent you traduce:  
Praise in my presence is the true abuse.

E. S.

## XLVIII.

ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤ.Υ. 266.

Ἀνέρα λυσσητῆρι κυνὸς βεβωλημένον ἰὼ  
 Ὅδασι θηρείην εἰκόνα φασὶ βλέπειν.  
 Λυσσῶων τάχα πικρὸν Ἔρως ἐνέπηξεν ὀδόντα  
 Εἰς ἐμέ, καὶ μανίαις θυμὸν ἐλήϊσατο.  
 Σὴν γὰρ ἐμοὶ καὶ πόντος ἐπήρατον εἰκόνα φαίνει,  
 Καὶ ποταμῶν δῖναι, καὶ δέπας οἰνοχόων.

PAULI SILENTIARII.

Qui rabido, fert fama, canis sunt dente petiti,  
 His in aquis sese monstrat imago canis.  
 Credo, furens in me crudeli dente venenum  
 Exspuit, atque animo me spoliavit Amor.  
 Quippe tuos vultus referunt mihi pontus et amnes,  
 Et quæ vite sato pocula rore madent.

Grotius. *Met. lib. 3, 411.*

Chi da rabbioso can morso sia stato  
 Dicon che ognora dentro l' acqua vede  
 L' immagin di quel can che l' ha piagato.  
 Forse preso da rabbia Amore anch' esso  
 Ha me col suo crudel dente trafitto,  
 E il mio cervel tutto a soquadro messo;  
 Poich' io pur, Dori, il volto tuo divino  
 Veggo in mare, ne' vortici de' fiumi,  
 E persin ne' bicchier colmi di vino.

M.

They say that one who hath chanced to suffer  
 The venomous bite of a rabid hound,  
 Will see a creature of horrible feature  
 Imaged on all the waters round:  
 So me hath rabid Cupid bitten,  
 And smitten my soul with his raging bane;  
 And an image I trace on the river's face,  
 In the glistening wine, on the level main;  
 But the image which wakens my soul's distress  
 Is an image of exquisite loveliness.

G. C. S.

**XLIX.**

ΚΛΕΟΒΟΥΛΟΥ ΑΙΝΙΓΜΑ. Χ/Υ. 13'

Εἰς ὁ πατήρ, παῖδες δυοκαίδεκα· τῶν δέ θ' ἑκάστω  
Παῖδες τριήκοντα διάνδιχα εἶδος ἔχουσαι·  
Αἱ μὲν λευκαὶ ἔασιν ἰδεῖν, αἱ δ' αὖτε μέλαινα·  
Ἀθάνατοι δέ τ' εὐῶσαι, ὑποφθνύθουσιν ἅπασαι.

CLEOBULI ÆNIGMA.

Est unus genitor, cujus sunt pignora bis sex ;  
His quoque triginta natæ, sed dispare formâ,  
Aspectu hinc niveæ, nigris sunt vultibus inde :  
Sunt immortales omnes moriuntur et omnes.

Jacobus Pontanus

**Dodici figli ha un solo padre, e ognuno  
Di lor ne ha trenta d'inequal colore,  
In viso parte bianco e parte bruno :  
Tutti questi hanno fine, e nessun muore.**

Pagnini.

### *L' Enigme de Cleobule.*

Un père douze enfans porte,  
Qui en ont trente chacun,  
Tous de différente sorte ;  
Si l'un est blanc, l'autre est brun ;  
On les voit tous un à un,  
Jamais deux ni trois ensemble ;  
Et sans qu'il en meure aucun,  
Tous les jours meurent, ce semble.

Jean Doublet.

### *Cleobulus's Enigma.*

Twelve sons there are, whose father is but one,  
And sixty are the daughters of each son,  
Of twofold aspect to the eye,  
Half of them dark, the other thirty fair ;  
And though immortal each and all they are,  
Yet, each and all they fade and die.

G. F. D. T.



## L.

ΜΑΚΗΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΥΠΑΤ. V. 73.

Δάφνις ὁ συρικτὰς τρομερῶ περὶ γήραϊ κάμνων,  
 Χειρὸς ἀεργηλᾶς τάνδε βαρυνομένης  
 Πανὶ φιλαγραύλῳ νομίαν ἀνέθηκε κορύναν,  
 Γήραϊ ποιμενίων παυσάμενος καμάτων.  
 Εἰσέτι γὰρ σύριγγι μελίσδομαι, εἰσέτι φωνὰ  
 Ἄτρομος ἐν τρομερῶ σώματι ναιετάει.  
 Ἀλλὰ λύκοις σύντησιν ἂν οὔρεα μή τις ἐμεῖο  
 Αἰπόλος ἀγγείλῃ γήραος ἀδρανίην.

## MACEDONII.

Daphnis amans calami, confecta gravantibus annis  
 Membra tremunt quoniam, deficiuntque manus,  
 Pastorale pedum, quo jam non amplius utar,  
 Custodi dono ruris habere Deo.  
 Fistula sed notum reddit melos, et mea, ut olim,  
 Vox, licet infirmo corpore, firma manet.  
 At ne forte gravi me sic torpere senectâ  
 Audiat ex illo monte, bubulce, lupus.

G. S.

Offre a Pan Dafnide  
 L' antica clava,  
 Che d' anni logoro  
 Troppo or lo grava.  
 Ritien la cetera ;  
 Chè serba ancora

In membra fievoli  
 Voce canora.  
 Ah de' famelici  
 Lupi all' orecchio  
 Rumor non penetri  
 Che Dafni è vecchio.

Felici.

Daphnis the piper trembling 'neath the load  
 Of years this crook, his feeble hand no more  
 Had force to wield, to Pan the shepherd's god  
 Here offers up—his shepherd labours o'er.  
 His pipe he still can sweetly sound, and still  
 Strong is his voice, although his body's weak.  
 But look ye, swains, yon wolves upon the hill  
 Ne'er of my feebleness o'erhear ye speak.

G. S.

## LI.

ΙΣΙΔΩΡΟΥ. VII. 293.

Οὐ χεῖμα Νικόφημον, οὐκ ἄστρον δύσει  
 Ἄλως Διβύσσης κύμασιν κατέκλυσεν  
 Ἄλλ' ἐν γαλήνῃ, φεύ τάλας, ἀννέμῳ  
 Πλόφ' πεδηθεῖς, ἐφρύγη δίψης ὕπο.  
 Καὶ τοῦτ' ἄητεων ἔργον· ἃ πόσον κακὸν  
 Ναύταισιν, ἡ πνέοντες, ἡ μεμυκότες.

ISIDORUS ÆGEATES.

Hunc Nicophemum non hyems, non siderum  
 Occasus, Afri non furor mersit sali;  
 Sed per serenam (quis putet?) pellaciam  
 In nave captus arsit insana siti.  
 Et hoc patravit ventus. Is nautis malum  
 Immane seu flat, sive sopitus silet.

Grotius. *Isid. C. 2. p. 160.*

Non hiems gravis, et cadens Orion  
 Merse runt sale Nicophemon Afro;  
 Omni sed male destitutus aura  
 In puppi miser est siti peremptus.  
 Ventorum hoc etiam est opus: frementes  
 Nautis fata ferunt, ferunt silentes.

Cunichius.

Non spinto in mar da turbini furenti,  
 Ma per troppa quiete,  
 In sulla poppa Alcon perì di sete:  
 Tutta vostr' opra, o venti;  
 Fatali se fremete,  
 Fatali se tacete.

Roncalli.

No equinoctial gales, no tempest high  
 Whelm'd Nicophemus in the Libyan tide:  
 Poor wretch! becalm'd beneath a breathless sky,  
 A parching thirst came o'er him, and he died.  
 Ye winds, woe worth your luckless gales, that e'er  
 In sleep, or strength, such ills to sailors bear.

T. P. R.

## LII.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ. Χ'. 254.

Δυσκώφῳ δύσκωφος ἐκρίνετο· καὶ πολὺ μᾶλλον  
 Ἦν ὁ κριτὴς τούτων τῶν δύο κωφότερος·  
 Ὦν ὁ μὲν ἀντέλεγεν τὸ ἐνοίκιον αὐτὸν ὀφείλειν  
 Μηνῶν πένθ'· ὁ δ' ἔφη νυκτὸς ἀλληλεκέναί·  
 Ἐμβλέψας δ' αὐτοῖς ὁ κριτὴς λέγει· ἐς τί μάχεσθε ;  
 Μήτηρ ἐσθ' ὑμῶν· ἀμφότεροι τρέφετε.

NICARCHI.

Lis erat inter se surdis sub judice surdo ;  
 Actor se memorat tecta locasse sua ;  
 Mercedemque petit menses in quinque, sed omnem  
 Respondet noctem se moluisse reus.  
 At judex, "Facilis sententia," dixit, "alenda  
 "Est vobis pariter, cum sit utrique, parens."

Grotius. *de lib. Ser. l. p. 1.*

Un sourd fit un sourd ajourner  
 Devant un sourd en un village,  
 Et puis s'en vint haut entonner  
 Qu'il avoit volé son fromage :  
 L'autre répond du labourage.  
 Le juge étant sur ce suspens,  
 Declara bon le mariage,  
 Et les renvoya sans dépens.

Pelisson.

A deaf man cited his deaf neighbour  
 Before a judge as deaf, to ground  
 A debt unpaid for quarter's labour.  
 Defendant swore, so far from sound,  
 That mites were swarming in the cheese.  
 The judge, whose mind suspended stood,  
 At last decreed the marriage good,  
 And then dismiss'd them both, to pay the fees.

Bland

Defendant and plaintiff were deaf as a post,  
And the judge in the cause was deafer almost ;  
The plaintiff he sued for a five-month's rent ;  
The defendant thought something different meant,  
And answer'd, " By night I did grind the corn ;"  
And the judge he decided with anger and scorn,  
" The woman's the mother of both—why then,  
" Maintain her between you, undutiful men."

G. C. S.

LIII.

~~ΛΕΟΝΤΙΟΥ~~ ~~ΑΔΕΛΦΟΤΟΝ~~ ~~ΙΧΘΥ~~  
ΛΕΟΝΤΙΟΥ  
Εἰς Βαλανεῖον ἐν Βυζαντίῳ.

Λατὸν ἐρεπτομένους προτέρων οὐ ψεύσατο μῦθος·  
Πίστιν ἀληθείης τοῦτο τὸ λουτρὸν ἔχει.  
Εἰ γὰρ ἅπαξ καθαροῖσι λοέσσεται ὕδασιν ἀνὴρ,  
Οὐ ποθέει πάτρην, οὐκ ἐθέλει γενέτας.

INCERTI.

Non est falsa vetus gustatæ fabula loti :  
Balnea fecerunt vatibus ista fidem.  
Non meminit patriam, nec avet spectare parentes,  
Membra semel puris qui madefecit aquis.

Grotius.

Ciò che del loto antica voce attesta,  
Non è menzogna ; e prova manifesta  
N' è questo bagno, ove chi dentro stia  
E patrio suolo e genitori obblia.

Pagnini.

The tasted lotus is no fabled lore ;  
This bath confirms its truth, we doubt no more.  
Plunge but in these clear streams, and you'll forget  
Your native land, nor parents dear regret.

W.

## LIV.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ. /X. 22.

Μεμφομένη Βορέην ἐπεπωτόμην ὑπὲρ ἄλμης  
 Πνεῖ γὰρ ἐμοὶ Θρήκης ἥπιος οὐδ' ἄνεμος.  
 Ἀλλὰ με τὴν μελλήγηρυν ἀηδόνα δέξατο νότοις  
 Δελφίν, καὶ πτηνὴν πόντιος ἡνιόχει.  
 Πιστοτάτῃ δ' ἐρέτῃ πορθμευομένη, τὸν ἄκωπον  
 Ναύτην τῇ στομάτων θέλγον ἐγὼ κιθάρῃ,  
 Εἰρεσίην δελφίνες αἰεὶ Μούσῃσιν ἄμισθον  
 Ἦνυσαν. οὐ ψεύστης μῦθος Ἀριόνιος.

PHILIPPI THESSALON.

Causabar Boream, volitans super æquora salsa :  
 Nam mihi nec ventos Thracia dat faciles.  
 Tergore sed Delphin philomelam suavè canentem  
 Excipit æquoreus, fertque natans volucrem.  
 Remige sic fido sine remis acta per undas  
 Ipsa meæ nautam mulceo voce lyræ.  
 Navita fit Delphin nulla mercede Camœnis,  
 Fabula ne cui sit nomen Arioneum.

G. F. D. T.

Boreas Stürme zu fliehn entschwang ich mich über die Meerfluth ;  
 Denn aus Thrazien wehn nimmer die Lüfte mir milde.  
 Sieh, da erbot der Delphin Philomelen sich freundlich zum Fahrzeug,  
 Und der Bewohner des Meers trug die Genossin der Luft.  
 Während ich also die Fluth durchsegelte, ohne des Ruders  
 Beystand, lohnte Gesang flötend dem treuen Pilot.  
 Stets vollbrachten die Fahrt auf dem Meer Delphine den Mäusen  
 Solblos. Unwahr nicht zeigt sich Arions Geschick.

Jacobs

Blaming Boreas, o'er the sea  
 I was flying slowly,  
 For the wind of Thrace to me  
 Is a thing unholy,  
 When his back a dolphin showed  
 Bending with devotion,  
 And the child of æther rode  
 On the child of ocean.

I am that sweet-chaunting bird  
Whom the night doth smile at;  
And like one that kept his word  
Proved my dolphin pilot.

As he glided onward still  
With his oarless rowing,  
With the lute within my bill  
I would cheer his going.

Dolphins never ply for hire  
But for love and glory,  
When the sons of song require:  
Trust Arion's story.

G. C. S.

LV.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν . V 95

*Τέσσαρες αἱ Χάριτες, Παφίαι δύο, καὶ δέκα Μοῦσαι·  
Δερκυλλὶς ἐν πάσαις Μοῦσα, Χάρις, Παφίη.*

INCERTI.

Bina Venus, Musæque decem, bis Gratia bina;  
Dercylis est etenim, Gratia, Musa, Venus.

Grotius.

Quattro le Grazie son, le Muse diece,  
E le Veneri due. Dercili in tutte  
E Grazia e Musa e Venere si fece.

Pompei.

Bier sind Grazien, zwey Amathusien, zehn Pierinnen;  
Grazie, Paphia, Muß', jegliche, Doris, bist Du.

Erichson.

Two Goddesses now must Cyprus adore;  
The Muses are ten, the Graces are four:  
Stella's wit is so charming, so sweet her fair face;  
She shines a new Venus, a Muse, and a Grace.

Jonathan Swift.

Cyprus must now two Venuses adore;  
Ten are the Muses; and the Graces four:  
So charming Flavia's wit, so sweet her face,  
She's a new Muse, a Venus, and a Grace.

Anon. Lond. Mag. 1737.

## LVI.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ. Vll. 471.

Εἶπας, ἭΑΙΕ ΧΑΪΡΕ, Κλεόμβροτος ὦ ἄμβρακιώτης  
 "Ἢλατ' ἀφ' ὑψηλοῦ τείχεος εἰς Ἄϊδαν,  
 "Ἄξιον οὐδὲν ἰδὼν θανάτου κακόν, ἢ τὸ Πλάτωνος  
 "Ἐν, τὸ περὶ ψυχῆς, γράμμ' ἀναλεξάμενος.

CALLIMACHI.

Jusso sole valere Cleombrotus Ambraciota  
 Mœnibus e summis in Styga desiliit,  
 Dignum morte nihil passus: sed nempe Platonis  
 De natura animi legerat ille librum.

Grotius. *Opusc. 2. p. 311.*

Ambraciota, "Vale, lux alma," Cleombrotus inquit,  
 Et saltu e muro Ditis opaca petit:  
 Triste nihil passus, animi at de sorte Platonis  
 Scripta legens, solâ vivere mente cupit.

Sam. Johnson. *Opusc. 2. p. 311.*

Addio, Sol, disse, e giù da un alto muro  
 Cleombroto lanciai entro l' oscuro  
 Regno di Pluto. Ad affrettar sua morte  
 Non lui spinse rigor d' avversa sorte,  
 Ma d' alma non mortal sublime idea,  
 Che da' libri di Plato appresa avea.

Pagnini.

'Farewell thou Sun!' Cleombrotus, the bold Ambraciot, cried,  
 And he hurled himself, impetuous, from the lofty rampart's side:  
 Yet nought there was on all the earth to urge him to the deed,  
 Save Plato's matchless 'Phædon' which 'twas known he lov'd to read.

J W. B.

LVII.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Ο Υ . Χ . / .

Ὁ πλόος ὥραϊος· καὶ γὰρ λαλαγεῦσα χελιδὼν  
 Ἦδη μέμβλωκεν, χὼ χαρίεις Ζέφυρος·  
 Λειμώνες δ' ἀνθεῦσι, σεσίγηκεν δὲ θάλασσα  
 Κύμασι καὶ τρηχεῖ πνεύματι βρασσομένη.  
 Ἀγκύρας ἀνέλοιо, καὶ ἐκλύσαιо γύαιа,  
 Ναυτίλε, καὶ πλώοις πᾶσαν ἐφεῖς ὀθόνην.  
 Ταῦθ' ὁ Πρίηπος ἐγὼν ἐπιτέλλομαι, ὁ λιμενίτας,  
 Ἀνθρῶφ, ὡς πλώοις πᾶσαν ἐπ' ἐμπορίην.

L E O N I D Æ.

Hora vocat navem : jam garrula venit hirundo,  
 Blandaue jam Zephyris mollibus aura tepet.  
 Purpureis rident vestiti floribus agri,  
 Horrida nec turbant flabra, nec unda mare.  
 Littore decedat jam funis et anchora fundo :  
 Et quot habes plenos, navita, tende sinus.  
 Hæc ego do, portus custos, præcepta Priapus,  
 Qui merces alio quæris in orbe, tibi.

Grotius.

Alles beruſet zur Fahrt; ſchon tönet der plaudernden Schwalbe  
 Früher Geſang; ſchon weht lieblich des Zephyros Hauch.  
 Düſtende Blumen entſprießen der Au; und es ſchweiget die Meerfluth,  
 Die von Orkanen gepeitscht, ſchäumende Wellen erhob.  
 Bindet die Anker denn auf und enſtrickt, o Schiffer, das Tauwerk;  
 Richtet die Maſten empor, gebet die Segel dem Wind.  
 Solches ermahnet euch hier der Beſchützer des Hafens Priapos,  
 Daß ihr ſicher die Fahrt lenket zu frohem Gewinn.

Jacobs.

'Tis time to sail. Soft blows the breeze,  
 The twittering swallow now is heard,  
 The fields are green, and still the seas  
 By no rough blast or billow stirred.  
 Cut cable! Mariner, aboard!  
 Weigh anchor, set thy canvass free.  
 Priapus bids, the harbour's lord;  
 Off, off, with every argosy.

G. S.

G



## LVIII.

ΔΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ. Χ. 41.

Πλούτος ὁ τῆς ψυχῆς πλούτος μόνος ἐστὶν ἀληθής.

Τάλλα δ' ἔχει λύπην πλείονα τῶν κτεάνων.

Τὸν δὲ πολυκτέανον καὶ πλούσιόν ἐστι δίκαιον

Κλῆζειν, ὃς χρῆσθαι τοῖς ἀγαθοῖς δύναται.

Εἰ δέ τις ἐν ψήφοις κατατήκεται, ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ

Σωρεύειν αἰεὶ πλούτον ἐπειγόμενος,

Οὗτος ὅποια μέλισσα πολυτρήτοις ἐνὶ σίμβλοις

Μοχθήσει, ἐτέρων δρεπτομένων τὸ μέλι.

LUCIANI.

Divitias mentis solas pete; cætera curas

Majores lucro qualiacunque ferunt.

Audiet hic vere dives, sapienter opimis

Qui didicit rebus, dum sinit hora, frui.

Calculus at si quem vexat sine fine paratis

Instantem nummos accumulare novos,

Luditur ille, cavas multo ceu vana labore

Fingit apis cellas, mella ferunt alii.

G. S.

Nur Reichthümer des Geistes, o Freund, sind wirklicher Reichthum;

Weniger Lust als Schmerz bieten die übrigen dar.

Reich fürwahr und Güter begabt heißt einer mit Recht nur,

Wenn er die Gaben des Glücks recht zu gebrauchen versteht.

Aber wer selbst sich verzehrend nur quält, und zählt und rechnet,

Haufen auf Haufen nur thürmt, Schätze zu Schätzen gesellt,

Diesen vergleich' ich der Biene, die stets in den zelligen Waben

Emsig bereitet den Seim, dessen sich andre erfreun.

Jacobs.

Only the riches of the mind I prize

As real riches. All the rest are nought;

Cares to the worldly; follies to the wise.

Him only rich, him only lord of aught,

We justly term, who knows to use his store

As one who having much, is worthy more;

Whilst he who wears his aged eyes away

'Mid dusty ledgers, heaping night and day

Thousands on thousands in his reckonings vain,  
Is like the bee, who gathers to the hive  
The honied store—the busiest fool alive—  
That wiser drones the luscious hoard may drain.

Merivale.

The riches of the mind alone are true :  
All other wealth only more trouble brings.  
To him the title of a rich man's due  
Who's able to make use of his good things ;  
But whoso's mind on calculations dwells,  
Intent on heaping money upon money,  
He, like the bee, adds to the hive new cells,  
Out of which others will extract the honey.

W.

LIX.

ΣΙΜΟΝΙΔΟΥ. Χ.ΙΙ. 26.

*Μνήσομαι, οὐ γὰρ ἔοικεν ἀνώνυμον ἐνθάδ' Ἀρχεναύτεω  
Κεῖσθαι θανούσαν ἀγλαὴν ἄκοιτιν,  
Ξανθίππην Περιάνδρου ἀπέκγονον, ὃς ποθ' ὑψηπύργου  
Σήμαινε λαοῖς τέρμ' ἔχων Κορίνθου.*

SIMONIDIS.

Commemoro, obscuram nec enim decet Archenautis istic  
Jacere claram conjugem sepultam,  
Xanthippen, Periandro ortum genus, imperabat olim  
Qui summus altæ turribus Corinthi.

G. B.

Deiner gedenkt mein Lied ; nicht ziemt es sich, daß du, Archonautes  
Glorreiche Gattin, ruhmlos liegt im Grabe.  
Du Periandros Tochter Xanthippion, der des hochgethürmten  
Korinthis Völker fest in Macht gegründet.

Jacobs.

I will record,—for 'twere no seemly doom  
Had Archenautes' wife a nameless tomb,—  
Xanthippe, sprung from Periander's race,  
Who held 'mid Corinth's towers the ruler's place.

Sterling.

## LX.

ΣΤΑΤΥΛΔΙΟΥ ΦΛΑΚΚΟΥ.

*Ανθ. Παρ. Δ', 14, 212. 7, 1, 63. [Ανθ. Παρ. 212]*

Εἰς Ἔρωτα κοιμώμενον.

Εὐδεις ἀγρύπνους ἐπάγων θνητοῖσι μερίμνας,  
 Εὐδεις ἀτηρῆς, ἃ τέκος Ἀφρογενοῦς,  
 Οὐ πεύκην πυρόεσσαν ἐπηρμένος, οὐδ' ἀφύλακτον  
 Ἐκ κέραος ψάλλων ἀντιτόνοιο βέλος.  
 Ἄλλοι θαρσεύωσαν· ἐγὼ δ', ἀγέρωχε, δέδοικα,  
 Μή μοι καὶ κνώσσω πικρὸν ὄνειρον ἴδης.

STATYLLII FLACCI.

*In amorem dormientem.*

Docte puer vigiles mortalibus addere curas,  
 Anne potest in te somnus habere locum?  
 Laxi juxta arcus, et fax suspensa quiescit,  
 Dormit et in pharetrâ clausa sagitta suâ;  
 Longè mater abest; longè Cythereia turba:  
 Verùm ausint alii te prope ferre pedem,  
 Non ego: nam metui valdè, mihi, perfide, quiddam  
 Forsan et in somnis ne meditare mali.

Th. Gray.

Der schlummernde Amor.

Schläfst du, Amor? o du, der sterblichen Menschen den Schlummer  
 Raubet und ihnen so oft Nächte voll Sorgen gewährt;  
 Schläfst du?—Nein! ich rühre nicht an die brennende Fackel,  
 Rühre den Bogen nicht an und den gefiederten Pfeil.  
 Wag' es ein anderer; ich scheu' auch den schlummernden Amor,  
 Wenn er im Traum auch nur meiner unfreundlich gedenkt.

Herder.

And thou, that bid'st us mortals wake to weep,  
 Fell child of sea-born Venus, dost thou sleep?  
 No torch flames in thy hand; upon thy string  
 No fatal arrow now is quivering.  
 Others may courage take. Dread boy, for me  
 E'en in thy sleep some dream of woe thou'lt see.

G. S.

LXI.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ. V. 5.

Εἰμὶ μὲν οὐ φιλόοινος· ὅταν δ' ἐθέλῃς με μεθύσσαι,  
 Πρῶτα σὺ γενομένη πρόσφερε, καὶ δέχομαι·  
 Εἰ γὰρ ἐπιψαύσεις τοῖς χείλεσιν, οὐκέτι νήφειν  
 Εὐμαρές, οὐδὲ φυγεῖν τὸν γλυκὺν οἶνοχόον·  
 Πορθμεύει γὰρ ἔμοιγε κύλιξ παρὰ σοῦ τὸ φίλημα,  
 Καί μοι ἀπαγγέλλει τὴν χάριν, ἣν ἔλαβεν.

AGATHIÆ.

Non sum vinosus. Si vis tamen ebrius ut sim,  
 Da mihi, sed labris pocula tacta tuis.  
 Hoc tu si facias, non possum sobrius esse,  
 Nec fugere est adeo dulce ministerium.  
 Namque accepta mihi de te fert basia, quæque  
 Gaudia decerpſit, nuntiat ista calix.

Grotius. . . . .

Wenig nur trinf' ich des Weins; doch willst du mich etwa berauscht sehn,  
 Holde, so reiche zuerst nippend den Becher mir dar.  
 Hat dein Mund ihn berührt mit den rosigten Lippen, so ist's mir  
 Nicht leicht, nüchtern zu sehn, und den Verführer zu fliehn.  
 Denn mir bringt ja von dir der Pokal den begeisterten Kuss zu,  
 Und selbst froh im Genuß reicht er mir, was er empfing.

Jacobs.

I love not wine, but thou hast power  
 To make me drunk at any hour;  
 But touch the cup with thy red lip,  
 Then hand it up for me to sip,  
 And Temperance at once gives way;  
 My sweet cup-bearer wins the day.  
 That cup's a boat that ferries over  
 Thy kiss in safety to thy lover,  
 And tells by its delicious savour,  
 How much it glories in thy favour.

G. C. S.

## LXII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ. VII. 2/6.

Κύματα καὶ τρηχὺς με κλύδων ἐπὶ χέρσον ἔσυρεν  
 Δελφῶνα, ξείνης καινὸν ὄραμα τύχης.  
 Ἄλλ' ἐπὶ μὲν γαίης ἑλέω τόπος· οἱ γὰρ ἰδόντες  
 Εὐθύ με πρὸς τύμβους ἔστεφον εὐσεβέες·  
 Ἥ δὲ τεκοῦσα θάλασσα διώλεσε. τίς παρὰ πόντῳ  
 Πίστις, δς οὐδ' ἰδίης φείσατο συντροφίης;

ANTIPATRI THESSALON.

Me delphina, novi exemplum miserabile casus,  
 Admovit terræ tristis hyems pelagi.  
 Sed miserata tamen terra est, pietasque videntum  
 Actutum mota me tumulavit humo.  
 Nulla fides pelago: genitrix me perdidit unda,  
 Parcere quæ generi nescit acerba suo.

Flor. Christianus.

Me Delfino in terra spinsero  
 Onde irate e nembî fieri;  
 Insepolto io fui spettacolo  
 Di fortuna ai passeggiieri.  
 Ma cortese e nobil animo  
 Sul mio caso lagrimò;  
 Ricopersemi d' un tumulo,  
 E di fior mi coronò.  
 Mi dier vita, e poi m' uccisero  
 L' onde barbare ed infide.  
 Or chi al mar sarà più credulo,  
 S' anche i figli il mare uccide?

Felici.

Sturm und brausender Wellen Gewalt trieb hier zu dem Festland  
 Mich, den heftenden Delfhin, seltenen Geschickes ein Spiel,  
 Mitleid ward mir zu Theil auf dem Land; denn freundliche Menschen,  
 Als sie am Ufer mich sahn, deckten mit Erde mich zu.  
 Ach nicht mütterlich war mir das Meer! Wer möchte dem Meer wohl  
 Traun, das Schonung selbst seinem Erzeugten versagt?

Jacobs.

Here by rude waves and wintry blast  
A Dolphin I, strange lot! was cast,  
And here found pity, in the sand  
Straightway entombed by pious hand.  
To trust the sea who now may dare,  
That would not its own offspring spare?

G. S.

LXIII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ. Ὕμνος εἰς Λεωνίδα.

Εὐκλέας αἶα κέκευθε, Λεωνίδα, οἱ μετὰ σέο  
Τῇδ' ἔθανον, Σπάρτης εὐρυχόρου βασιλεῦ,  
Πλείστων δὴ τόξων τε καὶ ὠκυπόδων σθένος ἵππων  
Μηδείων τ' ἀνδρῶν δεξάμενοι πολέμῳ.

SIMONIDIS.

Qui tecum hinc claram, Spartane Leonida, mortem  
Oppetiere, viros inclyta terra tegit.  
Innumeros arcus, celerumque hi robur equorum  
Medorum et bello sustinuerunt manus.

G. F. D. T.

Ruhmvoll stiegen zum Grab, o Leonidas, deine Genossen,  
König der spartischen Flur, kämpfend in blutiger Schlacht.  
Denn sie bestanden der Pfeile Gewölk, schnellfüßiger Rosse  
Sturmkraft, und die Gewalt medischer Männer mit Muth.

Jacobs.

*On those who fell with Leonidas.*

This, O Leonidas! the glorious grave  
Of those who fell with thee, wide Sparta's king,  
'Gainst countless shafts, and rushing horses brave,  
Of Media's host, they stood unwavering.

Sterling.

## LXIV.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν . / Χ . / 32 .

Σωφροσύνη καὶ Ἔρως κατεναντίον ἀλλήλοισιν  
 Ἐλθόντες ψυχὰς ὤλεσαν ἀμφοτέροι.  
 Φαίδρην μὲν κτείνειν πυρόεις πόθος Ἴππολύτοιο  
 Ἴππόλυτον δ' ἀγνὴ πέφνε σαοφροσύνη.

## INCERTI.

Absumsere duas, ineunt dum prælia, vitas,  
 Hæc Amor, hæc Pudor, heu ! durus uterque Deus.  
 Fervidus incesto Phædram abstulit igne Cupido ;  
 Hippolytum castus perdidit ipse Pudor.

G. F. D. T.

*D' Amour et Chasteté.*

En mesme instant Amour et Chasteté  
 Se recontrans en contrariété,  
 Dans les enfers deux ames envoyèrent :  
 D' Amour cruel les brulantes ardeurs,  
 La pauvre Phèdre, et les trop chastes meurs  
 Leur Hippolyt diversement tuerent.

Baif.

Once Love and Virtue stood opposed in fight,  
 And either fell before the other's might.  
 Fond Phædra died, Hippolytus, for thee—  
 A victim, thou, to thine own chastity !

R. C. C.

## LXV.

Σ Ι Μ Ω Ν Ι Δ Ο Υ . V I I . 514 .

Αἰδὼς καὶ Κλεόδημον ἐπὶ προχοῇσι Θεαίρου  
 Ἀενάου στονόεντ' ἤγαγεν εἰς θάνατον.  
 Θρηϊκίῳ κύρσαντα λόχῳ πατὴρ δὲ κλεινὸν  
 Διφίλου αἰχμητῆς υἱὸς ἔθηκ' ὄνομα.

SIMONIDIS.

Occubuit rigui Cleodemus ad ora Theæri,  
 Ingenuus vetuit quem dare terga pudor,  
 Obvius insidiis Thracum: bellantis honestum,  
 Diphile, de nati nomine nomen habes.

G. B.

By shame of flight was Cleodemus led  
 At deep Theærus' mouth to mournful doom,  
 Surprised by ambushed Thracians; so he spread  
 His fame to Diphilus, his father's, tomb.

Sterling

LXVI.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΠΟ ΥΠ. ΑΙΓ. VII. 503.

A. Ἀγρίος ἐστι Χάρων. B. πλεον ἥπιος. A. ἤρπασεν ἦδη  
 Τὸν νέον. B. ἀλλὰ νόφ τοῖς πολιοῖσιν ἴσον.  
 A. Τερπωλῆς δ' ἀπέπαυσεν. B. ἀπεστυφέλιξε δὲ μόχθων.  
 A. Οὐκ ἐνόησε γάμους. B. οὐδὲ γάμων ὀδύνας.

JULIANI.

Non fera, sed mitis potius mors: scilicet annis  
 Ille puer, sed mens vel sene digna fuit.  
 Gaudia rapta simul vitæ, vitæque dolores,  
 Nec fuerat notus, nec male notus Hymen.

G. S.

A. Crudo è Caronte. B. Anzi umano è. A. Rapito  
 Ha un giovin. B. Ma però giovine ch'era  
 Egual di senno ad uomo incanutito.  
 A. I piacer gli troncò. B. Ma lungi pure  
 Dagli stenti il sospinse. A. Non conobbe  
 Egli Imeneo. B. Nè d' Imeneo le cure.

Pompei.

Cruel is Death? Nay kind. He that is ta'en  
 Was old in wisdom, though his years were few.  
 Life's pleasure hath he lost—escaped life's pain—  
 Nor wedded joys—nor wedded sorrows knew.

G. S.

H



## LXVII.

ΕΥΤΟΛΜΙΟΥ. Ψ. 558.

Τίεος ὠκυμόρου θάνατον πενθοῦσα Μενίππη  
 Κωκυτῷ μεγάλῳ πνεῦμα συνεξέχεεν  
 Οὐδ' ἔσχευ παλινρσσον ἀναπνεύσασα γοῆσαι,  
 Ἄλλ' ἅμα καὶ θρήνου παύσατο καὶ βίотου.

EUTOLMII.

Nati fata sui dum luget acerba Menippe,  
 Dum grave suspirat, spiritus ipse fugit.  
 Nec revocare animam potuit, lugeret ut ultra,  
 Sed defecerunt vita dolorque simul.

Grotius. . . . .

Piangea Menippa il caro figlio estinto ;  
 E fuor lo spirto per gran dogliá spinto  
 Dal petto, eterna fe' da lei partita :  
 Così in un punto finì pianto e vita.

Pagnini.

Menippé watch'd her darling infant die,  
 Then pour'd her soul in one heart-rending sigh :  
 Nor sorrow'd more ! that burst of inward strife  
 Ended at once her anguish and her life.

J. W. B.

## LXVIII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ. Ψ. 72.

Εὐκόλος Ἑρμείας, ὃ ποιμένες, ἐν δὲ γάλακτι  
 Χαίρων, καὶ δρυῖν σπενδόμενος μέλιτι  
 Ἄλλ' οὐχ Ἑρακλέης· ἓνα δὲ κτίλον ἢ παχὺν ἄρνα  
 Αἰτεῖ, καὶ πάντως ἐν θύοις ἐκλέγεται.  
 Ἄλλὰ λύκους εἶργει. τί δὲ τὸ πλεόν, εἰ τὸ φυλαχθὲν  
 Ὀλλυται εἴτε λύκοις, εἴθ' ὑπὸ τοῦ φύλακος ;

ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

Mercurius, pueri, minimo placabilis. Ille  
 Lacte, vel agresti melle litatus erit.  
 Non sic Alcides. Aries, aut agnus opimus  
 Poscitur, aut aliquo de grege lecta pecus.  
 Dicis : At ille lupos arcet ; quasi referat, utrum  
 Custos, an rapax perdat ovile lupos.

Jos. J. Scaliger.

Dono a Mercurio ben accetto e grato  
 È latte e mel di querce a lui libato.  
 Ercole un gran montone e un pingue agnello  
 Vuole e quanto la mandra ha di più bello.  
 Ei caccia i lupi; ma che val che il gregge  
 Si divorino i lupi, o chi 'l protegge?

Pagnini.

Un peu de miel, un peu de lait  
 Rendent Mercure favorable.  
 Hercule est bien plus cher, il est moins traitable :  
 Sans deux agneaux par jour il n'est point satisfait.  
 On dit qu'à mes moutons ce Dieu sera propice ;  
 Qu' il soit béni : mais, entre nous,  
 C' est un peu trop en sacrifice :  
 Qu' importe qui les mange, ou d' Hercule ou des loups ?

Voltaire

Das Hirtenopfer.

Leicht wird Hermes gespeis't: er nimmt, ihr Hirten, mit wenig  
 Süßer Milch und des Baums rinnendem Honig verlieb.  
 Aber Heracles nicht! den statlichsten Widder der Heerde,  
 Oder das fetteste Lamm wählt sich der Ledre zum Schmaus.  
 "Aber den Wolf verscheucht er!" — was frommet es, wenn das Bewachte  
 Umkommt, ob es der Wolf, ob's der Bewachende raubt?

Voss.

Imitation.

When hungry wolves had trespass'd on the fold  
 And the robb'd shepherd his sad story told;  
 "Call in Alcides," said a crafty priest;  
 "Give him one half, and he'll secure the rest."  
 No! said the shepherd, if the Fates decree,  
 By ravaging my flock to ruin me,  
 To their commands I willingly resign,  
 Power is their character, and patience mine;  
 Though, troth! to me there seems but little odds,  
 Who prove the greatest robbers, wolves or gods!

Prior. 2r. 7. 2. 2. 2.

## LXIX.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ. V. 1. 253.

Εἰ τὸ καλῶς θνήσκειν ἀρετῆς μέρος ἐστὶ μέγιστον,  
 'Ημῖν ἐκ πάντων τούτ' ἀπένειμε Τύχη'  
 'Ελλάδι γὰρ σπεύδοντες ἐλευθερίαν περιθεῖναι  
 Κείμεθ' ἀγηράντῳ χρώμενοι εὐλογίῃ.

SIMONIDIS.

Maxima virtutis si pars, bene ponere vitam,  
 Nobis præcipuum fata dedere decus.  
 Dum properamus enim, fieret ne Græcia serva,  
 Hic sumus æterna non sine laude siti.

Grotius. *Antiqu. Græc. 2, p. 35.*

Ist ein rühmlicher Tod das erhabenste Erbe der Tugend,  
 So hat uns das Geschick dieses vor allen gewährt.  
 Eifernd im Kampf das Hellenische Land zu befränzen mit Freiheit,  
 Starben wir; aber uns schmückt nimmer veraltender Ruhm.

Jacobs.

If well to die be valour's noblest part,  
 In this with us no mortal men may vie:  
 Freedom for Greece we sought with fearless heart,  
 And here in undecaying fame we lie.

Sterling. *Antiqu. Græc. 2, p. 35.*

If nobly dying man fulfils  
 The highest lot that valour wills,  
 To us above all human kind  
 Fate surely hath this meed assigned:  
 For as we fought with heart and hand  
 For freedom to the Grecian land  
 We fell—and now in death we lie  
 Begirt with fame that ne'er shall die.

T P. R.

If to perish gloriously  
 Valour's consummation be,  
 Then to us of all mankind  
 Fortune hath the prize assigned—  
 Oh deathless eulogy!—to die  
 Striving for Greece's liberty.

W.

## LXX.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ. V. 2/5

Αίσσομ' Ἔρως, τὸν ἄγρυπνον ἐμοὶ πόθον Ἥλιοδώρας  
 Κοίμισσον, αἰδεσθεῖς Μοῦσαν ἐμὴν ἱκέτιν.  
 Ναὶ γὰρ δὴ τὰ σὰ τόξα, τὰ μὴ δεδιδαγμένα βάλλειν  
 Ἄλλον, αἰεὶ δ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ πτηνὰ χέοντα βέλη,  
 Εἰ καὶ με κτείναις, λείψω φωνὴν προιέντα  
 Γράμματ' Ἐρωτος ὄρα, ξεῖνε, μαιφονήν.

MELEAGRI.

*Ad Amorem.*

Te per ego nostræ supplex rogo carmina Musæ,  
 Heliodora, meo pectore cedat Amor.  
 Perque tuos arcus, qui jam petiere nec ullum,  
 Tantum in me dociles mittere tela sua.  
 Si pereo, vocem testantia carmina linquam:  
 Aspicias, ut morti me dedit, hospes, Amor.

Jos. Scaliger.

Paulisper vigiles, oro, compesce dolores,  
 Respue nec musæ supplicis aure preces;  
 Oro brevem lacrymis veniam, requiemque furori:  
 Ah, ego non possum vulnera tanta pati!  
 Intima flamma, vides, miseros depascitur artus,  
 Surgit et extremis spiritus in labiis:  
 Quòd si tam tenuem cordi est exsolvere vitam,  
 Stabit in opprobrium sculpta querela tuum.  
 Juro perque faces istas, arcumque sonantem,  
 Spiculaque hoc unum figere docta jecur;  
 Heu fuge crudelem puerum, sævasque sagittas!  
 Huic fuit exitii causa, viator, Amor.

Th. Gray.

Spare, Cupid, spare for shame my suppliant muse,  
 And give my love for Heliodora rest.  
 For by thy bow, whose winged shaft pursues  
 No other quarry now but this poor breast,  
 Die if I must—I'll leave a line to say,  
 Stranger, this man did felon Cupid slay.

G. S.

## LXXI.

ΜΑΡΙΑΝΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ. 18.

Τῶδ' ὑπὸ τὰς πλατάνους ὑπαλῶ τετρυμένος ὕπνῳ  
 Εὐδεν' Ἔρως, Νύμφαις λαμπάδα παρθέμενος.  
 Νύμφαι δ' ἀλλήλησι, τί μέλλομεν ; αἶθε δὲ τούτῳ  
 Σβέσσαμεν, εἰπον, ὁμοῦ πῦρ κραδίης μερόπων.  
 Λαμπὰς δ' ὥς ἔφλεξε καὶ ὕδατα, θερμὸν ἐκείθεν  
 Νύμφαι Ἐρωτιάδες λουτροχεῦσιν ὕδωρ.

MARIANI SCHOLASTICI.

*In balneum, quod vocabatur Cupido.*

Has subter platanos molli dans membra sopori  
 Tradiderat Nymphis lampada parvus Amor.  
 Una facem rapiens, Quin hanc extinguimus, inquit,  
 Cedat ut ex hominum pectore flamma vorax.  
 Traxerunt etiam latices incendia. Nymphæ  
 Hinc fundunt calidas munus Amoris aquas.

Grotius.. 1. 1. 2. 2. 2. 2.

*In Fontem aquæ calidæ.*

Sub platanis puer Idalius prope fluminis undam  
 Dormiit, in ripâ deposuitque facem.  
 Tempus adest, sociæ, Nympharum audentior una,  
 Tempus adest ; ultra quid dubitamus ? ait.  
 Ilicet incurrit, pestem ut divûmque hominumque  
 Lampada collectis exanimaret aquis :  
 Demens ! nam nequit sævam restinguere flammam  
 Nympha, sed ipsa ignes traxit, et inde calet.

Th. Gray.

Sopito in dolce sonno Amor giacea  
 A piè di questi platani, e la face  
 Alle Ninfe in balia lasciata avea.  
 Queste dicean : Che più s' indugia ? Ah spento  
 Sia quel degli uman cuor foco vorace  
 In seno all' onde ! E l' onde in un momento  
 La face infiammò sì che di là fuore  
 Versano ognor le Ninfe un caldo umore.

Pagini.

Er dem Ahorn hier lag einst im lieblichen Schlummer  
 Amor: die Fackel lag neben die Quelle gesenkt.  
 Sie, da sprachen die Nymphen: "was sollen wir thun mit der Fackel?  
 Wäſchen wollen wir sie! fühlen der Sterblichen Herz!"  
 Sie tauchten sie nieder; da mischten sich Wellen und Liebe;  
 lebende Nymphen ihr strömt selber nun wallende Gluth.

Herder.

A little love-god lying once asleep,  
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,  
 Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep  
 Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand  
 The fairest votary took up that fire  
 Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;  
 And so the general of hot desire  
 Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.  
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,  
 Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,  
 Growing a bath and healthful remedy  
 For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,  
 Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,  
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

Shakspeare.

## LXXII.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν.

Ἥλθες ἐμῆς ζωῆς γλυκερώτερος, ὅς μ' ἀπέλυσας  
 Νούσων, καὶ καμάτων, καὶ μογερᾶς ποδάγρας.

INCERTI.

Venisti tandem vita mihi dulcior, et me  
 Solvisti morbis tristibus, et podagra.

Sirmondus.

O vitâ mutata meâ bene, quæ mihi morbi  
 Luctûsque, et podagræ perfugium, alma, venis.

G. S.

*To Death.*

Sweeter than life thou com'st, who from disease,  
 From painful gout, and trouble giv'st me ease.

W.

*Anth. Mus. Lib. IV. Tit. 31. § 6. in. 6. [A. 1. 2. 3187]*  
LXXIII.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Εἰς εἰκόνα ῥήτορος ἀφυσούς.

Τίς σέ τὸν οὐ λαλέοντα τύπῳ ῥητῆρος ἔγραψε ;

Συγᾶς, οὐ λαλέεις, οὐδὲν ὁμοιότερον.

INCERTI.

Elinguem quis te dicentis imagine pinxit?

Dic mihi, Rufe: taces: nil tibi tam simile est.

Ausonius. *S. 46.*

Che bel ritratto! È proprio somigliante:

Ha un sol difetto; d'essere parlante.

Pananti.

*Of the Picture of a vaine Rhetorician.*

This Rufe his table is;

Can nothing be more true:

If Rufus holde his peace, this peece

And hee are one to vewe.

Turberville

*Anth. Mus. Lib. IV. Tit. 31. § 6. in. 6. [A. 1. 2. 3187]*  
LXXIV.  
Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Εἰς εἰκόνα Μαρίνου ῥήτορος.

Εἰκόνες ἀνθρώποισι φίλον γέρας· ἀλλὰ Μαρίνῳ

"Τβρις, ἐλεγχομένης εἶδος ἀπρεπείης.

INCERTI.

Id quod honos aliis, infamia magna Marino est:

Nesciri quam sit turpis imago vetat.

Grotius.

A tutt' altri, o Marin, decoro e pregio

I lor ritratti o simulacri danno;

Ma i tuoi recano a te scorno e dispregio,

Perch' essi fe' di tua bruttezza fanno.

Paggini.

Grato onore è un ritratto, ma è un' offesa

A Marin, che sì brutto l' appalesa.

W.

Portraits bring honour, or, like thine, disgrace:

The proof's as plain, Marinus, as thy face.

W.

LXXV.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ. VI. 76

Δράγματά σοι χώρου μικραύλακος, ὦ φιλόπυρε  
 Διοῖ, Σωσικλέης θῆκεν ἀρουροπόνος,  
 Εὔσταχυν ἀμήσας τὸν νῦν σπóρον· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὶς  
 ἼΕκ καλαμητομῆς ἀμβλὺν φέροι δρέπανον.

PHILIPPI.

Hæc tibi, magna Ceres, Daphnis jam messe peractâ  
 Affixit foribus spicea dona tuis.  
 Tu, Dea, fac illi jacto de semine rursus  
 Falcem hebetent validâ gramina secta manu.

Fr. Mar. Molsa.

Hunc tibi, parva soli genuit quem gleba, manipulum  
 Sosiclees ruris dat sator, alma Ceres;  
 Messe recens facta; sed tu, Dea, sæpius illi  
 Fac hebetet falcem spicea secta seges.

Grotius. *Stato di nuovo, o di nuovo*

Questi manipoli  
 Che in mano serra,  
 Sosicle povero  
 Cultor di terra,  
 In dono recati,  
 Cerere bionda,  
 Poichè il suo piccolo  
 Campo ne abbonda.

Tu, Dea, concedigli  
 Che un'altra volta  
 Stanco dal mietere  
 Lunga raccolta,  
 Con falce logora  
 A' tuoi onori  
 Ritorni, e rechiti  
 Doni maggiori.

Felici.

Garben des engumgrenzten Gefilds, Fruchtgeberin Deo,  
 Emsiger Mühen Ertrag widmet Sosiklees dir,  
 Viel abmähend der Frucht von dem Feld. O brächt' er die Sichel  
 Doch auch künfftig, wie jetzt, stumpf von dem Aefer zurück.

Jacobs.

Take, from Sosiclees, who till'd this field,  
 Ceres! the samples its small furrows yield.  
 Rich was the harvest! may he bear again  
 His sickle blunted with like crops of grain.

W.



## LXXVI.

ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ.

Καὶ κλαίῃ, καὶ στέναζε, συσφίγγων χερσὶν  
 Τένοντας, ὦ 'πίβουλε' τοῖά τοι πρόπει.  
 Οὐκ ἔσθ' ὁ λύσων μὴ 'λεεῖν' ὑπόβλεπε.  
 Αὐτὸς γὰρ ἄλλων ἐκ μὲν ὀμμάτων δάκρυ  
 Ἔθλιψας, ἐν δὲ πικρὰ καρδίᾳ βέλη  
 Πήξας, ἀφύκτων ἰὼν ἔσταξας πόθων,  
 Ἔρωσ' τὰ θνητῶν δ' ἐστὶ σοι γέλως ἄχρη.  
 Πέπονθας οἱ' ἔρεξας. ἘΣΘΑΛΟΝ Ἡ ΔΙΚΗ.

CRINAGORÆ.

Emitte fletus, et geme, et torque manus :  
 Sunt digna factis ista, fraudator, tuis.  
 Tuêre quamvis triste, te nemo eruet.  
 Tu namque multis excitasti lacrymas  
 Ex ore, multis tela fixisti fera  
 In corde, miscens virus insanabile,  
 Cupido, ridens in malis mortalium,  
 Quæ perpetrasti patere. Jus, res optima est.

Grotius.

Ja, weine nur und seufze ; ringe kläglich nur  
 Die Hände, Freuler ! Solche Strafen ziemen dir.  
 Kein Retter löst dich. Schaue nicht nach Mitleid auf.  
 Denn selber hast du andrer Augen Thränen oft  
 Erpreßt, und bittre Pfeile mit dir Liebe Gift  
 Getränkt, unfehlend, andern in die Brust gesenkt.  
 Der Menschen Jammer, Groß, ist dir Lust und Scherz.  
 Du büssest, was du selbst verbrachst. Heil, Dife, dir !

Jacobs.

Perfidious wretch, you now may cry,  
 And wring your hands, and sob and sigh :  
 Who now your advocate will be ?  
 Who now from chains will set you free ?  
 You oft, by causeless doubts and fears,  
 From others' eyes have forc'd the tears,

And, by your bitter-biting darts,  
 Instill'd love's poison into hearts.  
 O Love, who laugh'd at human bail,  
 Now all your arts elusive fail,  
 And justice will at last prevail.

Fawkes.

Ay weep, and moan, and wring thy hands,  
 Hand-cuffs besit thee charmingly,  
 Sly urchin : none shall loose thy bands—  
 Nay look not up beseechingly.  
 Tears thou hast wrung from others' eyes,  
 While from thy piercing shafts exprest  
 Sure venom strikes each love-sick breast ;  
 Thy pastime in men's tortures lies.  
 Love ! if thy sufferings be cruel,  
 So were thy deeds :—" Fair play's a jewel."

*See "Bibliotheca Universalis," vol. 22, p. 235.* W.

## LXXVII.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

*Ἀνθεα πολλὰ γένοιτο νεοδμήτῳ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ,  
 Μὴ βάτος αὐχμηρή, μὴ κακὸν αἰγίπυρον,  
 Ἄλλ' ἴα, καὶ σάμψυχα, καὶ ὑδατίνη νάρκισσος,  
 Οὐίβιε, καὶ περὶ σοῦ πάντα γένοιτο ῥόδα.*

## INCERTI.

Plurimus hunc tumulum flos induat, inque recentem  
 Haud rubi horrentes, ægipyrusque mala,  
 Sed properent violæque, et amaracus, et narcissus,  
 Vibi, atque omnis humus te prope jam rosa sit.

Scip. Maffei.

May many a flower, o Vibius, bedeck thy burial-place,  
 Nor bramble rude, nor hurtful weed the chosen spot deface,  
 But may the soft narcissus bloom upon the new-rai'd mound,  
 With marjoram, and violets, and roses all around.

W.

## LXXVIII.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ ἢ ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ. γ' α. 170.

Τὸν τριετὴ παίζοντα περὶ φρέαρ Ἀρχιάνακτα  
 Εἶδωλον μορφᾶς κωφὸν ἐπεσπάσατο.  
 Ἐκ δ' ὕδατος τὸν παῖδα διάβροχον ἄρπασε μάτηρ,  
 Σκεπτομένα ζωᾶς εἴ τινα μοῖραν ἔχει.  
 Νύμφας δ' οὐκ ἐμήνηεν ὁ νήπιος, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ γούνων  
 Μαρὸς κοιμαθεὶς τὸν βαθὺν ὕπνον ἔχει.

POSIDIPPI, VEL CALLIMACHI.

Trimulus Astyanax putei ludebat in ora,  
 Cum miserum formæ traxit imago suæ.  
 Educit sed mater aquis, et scire laborat  
 Anxia, pars vitæ num foret ulla super.  
 Atque ita vos, Nymphæ, non polluit ille, soporem  
 Sed longum matris dormiit in genibus.

Grotius. *Asiat. Res.* 2. p. 93.

Perspicui puerum ludentem in margine rivi  
 Immersit vitreæ limpidus error aquæ:  
 At gelido ut mater moribundum e flumine traxit  
 Credula, et amplexu funus inane foveit;  
 Paulatim puer in dilecto pectore, somno  
 Languidus, æternum lumina composuit.

R. West.

Hier am Brunnen erschah Archianax spielend des stummen  
 Bildes Gestalt, und folgt kindisch dem lieblichen Bild.  
 Aber die Mutter entreißt den besucheten Knaben dem Wasser,  
 Schauend, ob irgend ein Nest blühenden Lebens ihm blieb.  
 Keine Befleckung brachte das Kind dem Gewässer der Nymphen;  
 Sondern der Mutter im Schooß schlief es den ewigen Schlaf.

Jacobs.

Archianax was three years old,  
 When playing round a well,  
 Lured by his lifeless image there  
 He on its bosom fell.  
 The mother snatch'd her drowning child  
 From out the ruthless wave:

If some light sign of life might be,  
 E'en yet her boy to save.  
 Oh! he would not,—that infant child—  
 The Nymphs' fair homes defile :  
 But slumbering on his mother's knees  
 He slept in death the while.

T. P. R

LXXIX.

ΙΟΥΔΑΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ. VII. 200.

A. Κλεινὸς Ἰωάννης· B. θνητός, λέγε. A. γαμβρὸς ἀνάσσης.  
 B. Θνητὸς ὅμως. A. γενεῆς ἄνθος Ἀναστασίου.  
 B. Θνητοῦ κακείου. A. βίον ἔνδικος. B. οὐκέτι τοῦτο  
 Θνητὸν ἔφη. ἀρετὰ κρείσσονές εἰσι μόρον.

JULIANI ÆGYPTII.

*De Johanne genero Euphemiæ uxoris Justinī.*

Clarus Joannes.—Mortalis dic tamen.—Idem  
 Et gener Augustæ, stirps et Anastasii.—  
 Mortales sed et hi.—Vita justissimus.—Hoc non  
 Mortale est : virtus nam negat una mori.

Grotius . . . . .

Clarus Joannes, reginæ affinis, ab alto  
 Sanguine Anastasii ; cuncta sepulta jacent ;  
 Et pius et recti cultor : non illa jacere  
 Dicam ; stat virtus non subigenda neci.

Sam. Johnson . . . . .

Cy git l' illustre Jean.—Dites Jean le mortel.  
 —Prince du Sang.—Mortel malgré ce rang suprême.  
 —Rejeton d' un grand roi.—Qui fut mortel lui-même.  
 —Il fut bon.—Je me tais. Le juste est éternel.

Jean-Saint-Simon.

A. John the illustrious. B. John the mortal, say.  
 A. The son-in-law to the Queen's Highness. B. Nay,  
 Mortal again. A. Of Anastasius  
 Descendant prime. B. Mortal like all of us.  
 A. Of virtuous life. B. Ay, this doth never die ;  
 Virtue is mightier than mortality.

W

See "The History of the English Language" by John Walker

## LXXX.

ΓΛΑΥΚΟΥ. VII. 225.

Οὐ κόνης, οὐδ' ὀλίγον πέτρης βάρος, ἀλλ' Ἐρασίππου  
 Ἦν ἐσορᾷς αὐτῇ πᾶσα θάλασσα τάφος.  
 Ὡλετο γὰρ σὺν νηϊ· τὰ δ' ὅστέα ποῦ ποτ' ἐκείνου  
 Πύθεται, αἰθυλαῖς γνωστὰ μόναις ἐνέπειν.

GLAUCI.

Pulvere non, saxi tegitur neque pondere parvo,  
 Sed mare pro tumulo totum Erasippus habet.  
 Cum rate nam periit: nunc illius ossa sub undâ  
 Putrescunt—mergus fors tibi dicat, ubi.

G. S.

È ad Erasippo tumulo

Non polve, non di pietra il lieve peso,  
 Bensì il mar tutto che quì vedi steso.  
 Ei perì col navigio;  
 Ma dove a marcir sien l' ossa, potranno  
 Sol dir gli smerghi, ch' essi soli il sanno.

W.

No dust, no paltry marble for his grave  
 Has Erasippus, but the wide sea wave.  
 For with his ship he sank. His bones decay—  
 But where, the cormorant alone can say.

G. S.

## LXXXI.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ. V. 50.

Καὶ πενίη καὶ ἔρως δύο μοι κακά· καὶ τὸ μὲν οἶσω  
 Κούφως· πῦρ δὲ φέρειν Κύπριδος οὐ δύναμαι.

INCERTI.

Paupertas me sæva domat, dirusque Cupido:  
 Sed toleranda fames, non tolerandus amor.

Claudianus.

Esuriens pauper telis incendor Amoris:  
 Inter utrumque malum diligo pauperiem.

Claudianus.

Due mali, Povertade e Amor, ho addosso :  
L' uno di leggier tollero,  
Ma il fuoco sopportar d' Amor non posso.

M.

La dura povertade e il crudo amore  
Hanno le forze mie già vinte e dome :  
Quella soffrir si può, ma non amore.

Bianchi.

Two evils, Want and Love, my spirits tame ;  
The hunger I can bear, but not the flame.

W.

LXXXII.

ΣΙΜΟΝΙΔΟΥ.

Κρῆς γενεὰν Βρόταχος Γορτύνιος ἐνθάδε κείμει,  
Οὐ κατὰ τοῦτ' ἐλθὼν, ἀλλὰ κατ' ἐμπορίην.

SIMONIDIS.

Cres genus, hac jaceo Brotachus Gortynius ora :  
Non fuit hoc, merces sed mihi causa viæ.

G. B.

Here I, Gortynian Brotachus, am laid  
In death, for which I came not, but for trade.

Sterling. *Here I am laid, for trade.*

LXXXIII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Ὅτως δὲ Χαρίτων λουτρὸν τόδε· οὐδὲ γὰρ ἄλλους  
Πλείους χωρῆσαι τοῦτο τριῶν δύναται.

INCERTI.

Huicce suum merito nomen dat Gratia trina  
Balneolo : plures non capit unda tribus.

G. S.

Il Bagno delle Grazie  
Chiamasi questo, e bene,  
Chè per non più di tre, posto contiene.

W.

This is the Graces' Bath ; for, see,  
It has no room for more than three.

W.

## LXXXIV.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν. / Χ. / Δ

Εἰς ἐλαίαν βαστάζουσιν ἄμπελον.

Παλλάδος εἰμὶ φυτὸν· Βρομίου τί με θλίβετε κλώνες ;  
 Ἄρατε τοὺς βότρυας· παρθένος οὐ μεθύω.

INCERTI.

Quid me implicatis, palmites,  
 Plantam Minervæ, non Bromii?  
 Procul racemos tollite,  
 Ne virgo dicar ebria.

Politianus.

Cui me onerant Bacchi frondes? Sum Palladis arbor.  
 Hinc uvæ este procul: non bibo virgo merum.

Commirius.

L' Ulivo.

Sono di Pallade:  
 Or coll' ingrate  
 Viti di Bromio  
 Che m' intrecciate?

Lungi quei grappoli  
 Da casta Diva:  
 Austera vergine  
 Di Bacco è schiva.

Felici.

Pourquoi, seps vineux, et toi treille aussi,  
 Venez-vous charger mes branches ainsi?  
 Je suis de Pallas la plante sacrée;  
 Otez-moi d'ici vostre ente pamprée,  
 Esloignez de moi sa grappe enyvrant;  
 La pucelle au vin son plaisir ne prend;  
 L'olive aussi bien sans vin se conserve;  
 Et bien ne s'accouple à Bacchus Minerve.

Antoine Mago.

Πάλλας Ἰστανδε ἕν ἰχ: νὰς ἀσλῖνγτ ἰχρ, τρυνφενε Τραυθεν  
 Ἐχθ ὁμ die Jungsfräu? Ἰχ flich' auch im Bilde den Hausch.

Herder.

I am Minerva's sacred plant,  
 Press me no more, intruding vine!  
 Unwreath your wanton arms! Avaunt!  
 A modest maiden loves not wine.

Merivale.

## LXXXV.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ. V. 1. 1. 1. 1.

Ξεῖνε, Συρακόσιός τοι ἀνὴρ τόδ' ἐφίεται Ὀρθων,  
 Χειμερίας μεθύων μηδαμὰ νυκτὸς τοῖς·  
 Καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ τοιοῦτον ἔχω μόρον, ἀντὶ δὲ πολλῆς  
 Πατρὶδος, ὀθνεῖαν κείμεν ἐφεσσάμενος.

LEONIDÆ TARENTINI.

Præcipit hoc Orthon Siculus : ne forte viator  
 Ebrius hybernæ tempore noctis eas :  
 Namque ego sic jaceo : pro pulvere nempe paterno  
 Externa peregre contumulatus humo.

Dan..Heinsius.

O forestier, il Siracusio Ortone  
 T' esorta a osservar questa ammonizione.  
 Nel verno nottetempo, ove tu sia  
 Cotto dal vin, mai non ti porre in via ;  
 Chè fu mia morte, ond' or lungi mi serra  
 Dalla gran patria mia straniera terra.

M.

Höre den Rath, o Wandrer, des Syrakusanischen Orthon :  
 Niemals wandle von Wein trunken in stürmischer Nacht.  
 Denn dieß gab mir den Lob. Nun lieg ich im Grabe, der Heimath  
 Räumigen Fluren so fern hier in der Fremden Gebiet.

Jacobs.

*Orthon's Epitaph.*

To every toping traveller that lives,  
 Orthon of Syracuse this warning gives ;  
 With wine o'erheated, and depriv'd of light,  
 Forbear to travel on a winter's night ;  
 This was my fate ; and for my native land  
 I now lie buried on a foreign strand.

Fawkes.

Stranger, the Syracusan Orthon prays  
 You walk not forth drunk in the night ; but says  
 That he by such misfortune was undone,  
 And sleeps in death beneath a foreign stone.

C. Merivale



## LXXXVI.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ. χ. 114.

Ἐρμogeneὺν τὸν ἱατρὸν ὃ ἀστρολόγος Διόφαντος  
 Εἶπε μόνους ζωῆς ἐννέα μῆνας ἔχειν.  
 Κάκεϊνος γελάσας, τί μὲν ὃ Κρόνος ἐννέα μηνῶν,  
 Φησί, λέγει; σὺ νόει· τὰμὰ δὲ σύντομά σοι·  
 Εἶπε, καὶ ἐκτείνας μόνον ἤψατο, καὶ Διόφαντος  
 Ἄλλον ἀπελπίζων, αὐτὸς ἀπεσκάρισεν.

## NICARCHI.

Languenti Marco dixit Diodorus haruspex,  
 Ad vitam non plus sex superesse dies.  
 Sed medicus Divis fatisque potentior Alcon,  
 Falsum convicit illico haruspiciū :  
 Tractavitque manum victuri, ni tetigisset,  
 Illico nam Marco sex periere dies.

Ausonius. 84. 73.

## IMITACION.

*De un Médico, y un Adivino.*

Seis dias un adivino  
 Daba de vida á un enfermo,  
 Y un médico hacia apuesta  
 A' que erraba en el agüero.  
 Y á fe la hubiera ganado;  
 Pues con un medicamento  
 Le envió ántes de tres dias  
 A' la region de los muertos.

Arroyal.

Nur neun Monden zu leben, gestand Diophantos, der Sterne  
 Kundiger Deuter, dem Arzt, unserm Hermogenes, zu.  
 Lächelnd versetzte der Arzt: Das nenn' ich was Rechtes, wenn Kronos  
 So viel Monden sich sezt! Kürzer verfahr' ich mit dir.  
 Sprach's, und rührt mit dem Finger ihn an, und sieh, Diophantos,  
 Welcher dem andern gedroht, zittert und röchelt und stirbt.

Jacobs.

*Of a Phisition and a Soothsayer.*

Marcke fealt himselfe diseasde,  
 The Soothsayer sayd : There bee  
 Sixe yet remaynder daies of life  
 No mo (friend Marcke) to thee.  
 Then skilfull Alcon came,  
 He felt the pulses beate :  
 And out of hande this Marcus dide,  
 There Phisick wrought his feate.  
 This showes Phisition doth  
 The Soothsayer farre excede :  
 For th' one can make a short dispatch,  
 When th' other makes no speede.

Turbervile.

LXXXVII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ. VII. 77.

*Μνήμα τόδε κλεινοῖο Μεγιστία, ὃν ποτε Μῆδοι  
 Σπερχεῖον ποταμὸν κτεῖναν ἀμειψάμενοι,  
 Μάντιος, ὃς τότε Κῆρας ἐπερχομένας σάφα εἰδὼς,  
 Οὐκ ἔτλη Σπάρτης ἡγεμόνας προλιπεῖν.*

SIMONIDIS.

Inclutus imposita jacet hic sub mole Megistias  
 Thessala quem leto cis vada Persa dedit.  
 Tristia qui vates instantia fata monebat,  
 Noluit et Spartæ deseruisse duces.

G. B.

*Hier ruht herrlich gepriesen Megistias, welchen der Meder,  
 Als er Spercheios Gestad kämpfend beschritten, erschlug.  
 Klar wohl kannte der Seher die drohenden Loose der Schicksals;  
 Doch nicht mied er den Kampf und das Spartanische Heer.*

Jacobs.

Of famed Megistias here behold the tomb,  
 Him on this side Spercheus slew the Medes ;  
 A seer who well foresaw his coming doom,  
 But would not lose his share in Sparta's deeds.

Sterling.

## LXXXVIII.

ΗΡΑΚΛΕΙΔΟΥ. VII. 281.

Ἄπισχ', ἄπισχε χεῖρας, ὦ γεωπόνε,  
 Μηδ' ἀμφίταμνε τὰν ἐν ἡρίῳ κόνιν.  
 Αὐτὰ κέκλαινται βῶλος· ἐκ κεκλαυμένας δ'  
 Οὔτοι κοματὰς ἀναβαλήσεται στάχys.

HERACLIDIS.

Ab hac, arator, abstine terra manum,  
 Nec, quos sepulchrum condit hoc, cineres seca.  
 Hæc terra fletu maduit, at nunquam seges  
 De lachrymata sustulit terra comam.

Grotius. *Ant. Græc. 2. p. 184.*

Die Grabstätte.

Halt' ein, o Pflügender, halt' ein den Pflug  
 Und wühle nicht des Grabes Asch' hinauf.  
 Mit Thränen ist die Erde hier bethäut,  
 Und aus bethränkter Erde wächst dir  
 Kein glücklicher, kein ährenvoller Haalm.

Herder.

Stay, ploughman ! stay thy hand !  
 In severing the dust that moulders there,  
 Thou plougest through a grave.  
 Tears have bedewed that land :  
 And o'er the sorrow-moisten'd glebe may ne'er  
 The joyous harvest wave.

W.

## LXXXIX.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ. VII. 37.

Εἰς Αἴαντα.

Ἐκτῶρ Αἴαντι ξίφος ὥπασεν Ἐκτορι δ' Αἴας  
 Ζωστήρ· ἀμφοτέρων ἡ χάρις εἰς θάνατος.

INCERTI.

Ajax Priamidæ cinctum dedit, Hector at illi  
 Ensem : causa necis munus utrique fuit.

Grotius. *Ant. Græc. 2. p. 184.*

Hector dat gladium Ajaci, dat balteum et Ajax  
Hectori, et exitio munus utrique fuit.

Sam Johnson. *2<sup>o</sup> c. 11. b. 419.*

Ettorre un brando diè ad Ajace, e questi  
Un cinto a Ettor; doni ad ambo funesti.

M.

Hector bestow'd on Telamon the brave  
A sword; the Greek to god-like Hector gave  
A radiant belt: each gift was stamp'd with woe,  
And prov'd alike destructive to the foe.

Fawkes.

*Ant. Plaut. 288. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848. 849. 850. 851. 852. 853. 854. 855. 856. 857. 858. 859. 860. 861. 862. 863. 864. 865. 866. 867. 868. 869. 870. 871. 872. 873. 874. 875. 876. 877. 878. 879. 880. 881. 882. 883. 884. 885. 886. 887. 888. 889. 890. 891. 892. 893. 894. 895. 896. 897. 898. 899. 900. 901. 902. 903. 904. 905. 906. 907. 908. 909. 910. 911. 912. 913. 914. 915. 916. 917. 918. 919. 920. 921. 922. 923. 924. 925. 926. 927. 928. 929. 930. 931. 932. 933. 934. 935. 936. 937. 938. 939. 940. 941. 942. 943. 944. 945. 946. 947. 948. 949. 950. 951. 952. 953. 954. 955. 956. 957. 958. 959. 960. 961. 962. 963. 964. 965. 966. 967. 968. 969. 970. 971. 972. 973. 974. 975. 976. 977. 978. 979. 980. 981. 982. 983. 984. 985. 986. 987. 988. 989. 990. 991. 992. 993. 994. 995. 996. 997. 998. 999. 1000.*

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Δίρφυος ἐδμήθημεν ὑπὸ πτυχι, σῆμα δ' ἐφ' ἡμῶν  
Ἐγγύθεν Εὐρίπου δημοσίᾳ κέχυται,  
Οὐκ ἀδίκως ἐρατὴν γὰρ ἀπωλέσαμεν νεότητα,  
Τρηχεῖαν πολέμου δεξάμενοι νεφέλην.

SIMONIDIS.

Dirphyos occidimus subter juga, bustaque nobis  
Non procul Euripo publica cura dedit:  
Et merito: periit nobis nam nostra juvenus,  
Horrida dum belli nubila sponte subit.

Grotius.

Unter des Dirphys Schluchten erlagen wir; aber ein Denkmal  
Steht am Euripus uns nach der Gemeinde Beschluß;  
Wahrlich mit Recht! uns ward der Genuß holdblühender Jugend  
Durch feindseligen Kriegs grausende Stürme geraubt.

Jacobs.

At Dirphys' foot we fell; and o'er us here  
Beside Euripus' shore this mound was piled;  
Not undeserved; for youth to us was dear;  
And that we lost in battle's tempest wild.

Sterling.

## XCI.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΙΓΥΠΤ. V. 11. 482.

Χαῖρε μοι, ὦ ναυηγέ, καὶ εἰς Ἀῖδαο περήσας  
 Μέμφεο μὴ πόντου κύμασιν, ἀλλ' ἀνέμοις.  
 Κεῖνοι μὲν σ' ἐδάμασσαν ἀλὸς δέ σε μέλιχον ὕδωρ  
 Ἐς χθόνα καὶ πατέρων ἐξεκύλισε τάφους.

JULIANI.

Nauta, vale ! Ditisque domos ubi veneris, undā  
 Omissā in meritos crimina verte Notos.  
 Exitium ventus, terram patriumque sepulchrum  
 Huc maris advecto mitior unda dedit.

G. S.

Naufrago, salve. Infra le morte genti  
 Non del mar l' onda accusar dei, ma i venti.  
 Questi tua morte fur : l' onda cortese  
 Te al patrio suolo, al patrio avello rese.

Paghini.

Sei mir im Staube gegrüßt, Schiffbrüchiger ! Kommst du zum Ais,  
 Nicht die Wogen des Meers tadelst, sondern den Wind.  
 Nur des Windes Gewalt entseelte dich ; aber die Meerfluth  
 Hat, wo die Deinigen ruhn, freundlich an's Land dich gedrückt.

Voss.

Hail, shipwreck'd corse ! accuse not from the grave,  
 The ocean, but the winds, that wrought thy doom :  
 They wreck'd thee ; while the gentle salt-sea wave  
 Bore thee to land, to thy parental tomb.

W.

## XCII.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ. X. 77.

Σκηνὴ πᾶς ὁ βλος, καὶ παίρνιον ἢ μάθε παίζειν,  
 Τὴν σπουδὴν μεταθεῖς, ἢ φέρε τὰς ὀδύνας.

PALLADÆ.

Vita hominum scena est lususque : aut ludere discas,  
 Sepositis curis, aut miseranda feras.

J. Secundus.

Vita omnis scena est ludusque : aut ludere disce  
Seria seponens, aut mala dura pati.

Sam. Johnson. *2<sup>da</sup>. xi. p. 411.*

Scena e scherzo è la vita.

O tu a scherzare impara,  
Ogni grave da te cura sbandita ;  
O a mille doglie e affanni il cor prepara.

Pagnini.

Spiel ist unser Leben und Schauspiel. Murrenber, lerne  
Spielen oder du trägst Schmerzen und Schaden davor.

Herder.

Since life is a scene, and we players at best ;  
Either suffer like men, or give into the jest.

W. F.

### XCIII.

ΔΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ. *xi. 430.*

*Εἰ τὸ τρέφειν πάγωνα δοκεῖ σοφίαν περιποιεῖν,  
Καὶ τράγος εὐπώγων εὖστοχός ἐστι Πλάτων.*

LUCIANI.

Si promissa facit sapientem barba, quid obstat  
Barbatus possit quin caper esse Plato?

T. Morus.

Se lunga barba è segno  
Di sapere e d'ingegno,  
Un barbuto caprone  
Può tenersi un Platone.

M.

Si nourrir grand' barbe au menton  
Nous fait philosophes paroître,  
Un bouc barbu pourroit bien être  
Par ce moyen quelque Platon.

Ronsard.

If beards long and bushy true wisdom denote,  
Then Plato must bow to a hairy he-goat.

D.

## XCIV.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ. VII. 22.

Ἄρτι λοχευομένην σε μελισσοτόκων ἔαρ ὕμνων,  
 Ἄρτι δὲ κυκνείῳ φθεγγομένην στόματι,  
 Ἦλασεν εἰς Ἀχέροντα διὰ πλατὺ κῦμα καμώντων  
 Μοῖρα, λινοκλώστου δεσπότης ἡλακάτας·  
 Σὸς δ' ἐπέων, Ἥρινα, καλὸς πόνος οὐ σε γεγωνεῖ  
 Φθίσθαι, ἔχειν δὲ χοροὺς ἄμμιγα Πιερίσιν.

## INCERTI.

Dum paris æternum mellitis carminibus ver,  
 Fundit olorinos dum tua lingua sonos,  
 Regna per umbrarum te fert Acherontis ad undas  
 Parca colus vitæ pensa trahentis hera.  
 Sed doctus labor ille tuus te vivere clamat,  
 Erinna, et Musas inter habere choros.

Grotius. *Antic. 3. 62. 268.*

Während du, Biene der Musen, den Lenzschmuck süßer Gesänge  
 Vildetest, während du noch töntest den Schwanengesang,  
 Trieb dich spindelregierend die Hand der gewaltigen Moira  
 Durch die Lethäische Fluth unter die Toden hinab.  
 Doch entreißt dein Süßes Bemühen dich, Erinne, dem Hades;  
 Und mit den Musen vereint schreitest du tanzend einher.

Jacobs.

The strains of swan-like song were on thy tongue,  
 And in thy heart with honied flowers had sprung  
 The sweet spring-tide of poesy:  
 When Fate—dread sovereign of life's distaff thread—  
 Forth drove thee o'er the wide stream of the dead  
 Afar to sullen Acheron.  
 Yet thee, Erinna, thy sweet toils declare  
 Not dead, but leading with the Muses there  
 The dance in mingling revelry.

T. P. R.

XCV.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ. V. 11. 257.

Ναυτίλοι, ἐγγὺς ἄλὸς τί με θάπτετε; πολλὸν ἄνευθε  
 Χῶσαι ναυηγού τλήμονα τύμβον ἔδει.  
 Φρίσσω κύματος ἤχον, ἐμὸν μόρον. ἀλλὰ καὶ οὕτως  
 Χαίρετε, Νικήτην οἴτινες οἰκτίρετε.

POSIDIPPI.

Quid prope me pelagus nautæ sepelitis? ab undis  
 Debueram longe naufragus esse situs.  
 Horresco mea fata, sonum maris; attamen et sic  
 Queis Niceta fui cura, valere volo.

Grotius. *Antiquæ Græcæ*

Perchè sì presso al mare,  
 Nocchier, vi piace a me la tomba alzare?  
 Lungi di qua vorria  
 Un naufrago giacer: troppo ho in orrore  
 Del pelago il fragore,  
 Che fu la morte mia.  
 Pure a voi prego ore serene e liete  
 Per la pietà che di Niceta avete.

Pagnini.

Schiffer, weshalb so nah bey dem Meer hier? Fern von der Salgfluth  
 Bauet dem Armen das Grab, welchen die Wellen ertränkt.  
 Hier ach! heb' ich dem Wogengeräusch.—Doch danket Niketas  
 Euch auch dieses Geschenk, das ihr erbarmend ihm gabt.

Jacobs.

Why, sailors, bury me so near the shore?  
 The shipwreck'd mariner's sad grave should be  
 Far from the echoing breakers; in their roar  
 Shudd'ring I hear my fate: yet oh! all ye,  
 Farewell, and blessings for your pity take,  
 Who even this have done for poor Nicetas's sake.

W.

L



## XCVI.

Π Α Δ Δ Α Δ Α. Χ. 84

Δακρυχέων γενόμην, καὶ δακρύσας ἀποθνήσκω  
 Δάκρυσι δ' ἐν πολλοῖς τὸν βίον εὖρον ὅλον.  
 ὦ γένος ἀνθρώπων πολυδάκρυτον, ἀσθενές, οἰκτρόν,  
 Συρόμενον κατὰ γῆς, καὶ διαλυόμενον.

PALLADÆ.

Natus eram lachrymans, lachrymans e luce recedo :  
 Sunt quibus a lachrymis vix vacat ulla dies.  
 Tale hominum genus est, infirmum, triste, misellum,  
 Quod mors in cineres solvit, et abdit humo.

Sam. Johnson. Gr. Χ. 84.

Weinend betrat ich die Erde zuerst, und verlasse sie weinend ;  
 Nichts auf irdischer Bahn fand ich als Thränen und Schmerz.  
 Thränenbegabtes Geschlecht, so Jammerbelastet und kraftlos  
 Steigest du nieder zur Gruft, wo du in Asche zerfällst.

Jacobs.

Tears were my birth-right ; born in tears,  
 In tears too must I die ;  
 And mine has been, through life's long years,  
 A tearful destiny !  
 Such is the state of man ! from birth  
 To death all comfortless :  
 Then swept away beneath the earth,  
 In utter nothingness !

E. S.

## XCVII.

Λ Ο Υ Κ Ι Α Ν Ο Υ. Χ. 85

Ἀνθρώπους μὲν ἴσως λήσεις, ἄτοπόν τι ποιήσας.  
 Οὐ λήσεις δὲ Θεός, οὐδὲ λογιζόμενος.

LUCIANI.

Impia facta patrans, homines fortasse latebis ;  
 Non poteris, meditans prava, latere Deos.

Sam. Johnson. Gr. Χ. 85.

Oprando cosa rea, forse ti puoi  
 Agli uomini celar, ma nol potresti  
 Ai Numi già, nè pur co' pensier tuoi.

Pompei.

Glaubst du Freuler, du könnst mit Thaten dem Auge der Menschen  
 Fliehn? Den Gedanken an sie schauen die Götter in dir.

Herder.

Sterblichen Blicken entziehst du vielleicht die Thaten der Bosheit,  
 Göttlichen Augen verbirgt selbst der Gedanke sich nicht.

Jacobs.

Man may not see thee do some impious deed;  
 But God thy very inmost *thought* can read.

J. W. B.

XCVIII.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ. V. 146.

*Τέσσαρες αἱ Χάριτες· ποτὶ γὰρ μία ταῖς τρισὶ κείναις*  
*Ἄρτι ποτεπλάσθη, κῆρι μύροισι νοτεῖ*  
*Εὐαίων ἐν πᾶσιν ἀρίζαλος Βερενίκα,*  
*Ἄς ἄτερ οὐδ' αὐταὶ τὰι Χάριτες Χάριτες.*

CALLIMACHI.

Tres quæ fuerunt, quatuor sunt Gratiae;  
 Accessit etenim odoribus madens adhuc  
 Berenice ad illas, mulierum pulcherrima,  
 Sine qua fuissent Gratiae non Gratiae.

G. S.

Quattro sono le Grazie; or s'è creata  
 Oltre le prime tre Grazia novella  
 Rugiadosa d'unguenti. Oh fortunata  
 E a tutte invidia Berenice bella,  
 Chè le Grazie non son Grazie senz'ella.

Ugo Foscolo.

The Graces, three erewhile, are three no more:  
 A fourth is come, with perfume sprinkled o'er.  
 'Tis Berenice blest and fair; were she  
 Away, the Graces would no Graces be.

G. S.

## XCIX.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ. 18. 372.

Οὐκ ἐμὰ ταῦτα λάφυρα· τίς ὁ θρυγκοῖσιν ἀνάψας

Ἄρῃος ταύταν τὰν ἄχαριν χάριτα;

Ἄκλαστοι μὲν κῶνοι, ἀναίμακτοι δὲ γανῶσαι

Ἀσπίδες, ἄκλαστοι δ' αἱ κλαδαραὶ κάμακες.

Αἰδοῖ πάντα πρόσωπ' ἐρυθαίνομαι, ἐκ δὲ μετώπου

Ἰδρὼς πιδύων στήθος ἐπισταλάει.

Παστάδα τις τοιοῖσδε, καὶ ἀνδρειῶνα, καὶ αὐλὰν

Κοσμεῖτω, καὶ τὸν νυμφίδιον θάλαμον

Ἄρεος δ' αἱματόεντα διωξίπποιο λάφυρα

Νηὸν κοσμοίη· τοῖς γὰρ ἄρεσκόμεθα.

LEONIDÆ TARENTINI.

Non mea sunt spolia ista: quis, ad fastigia Martis

Figere cum vellet grata, molesta dedit?

Firmus enim galeis conus, lita sanguine nullo

Scuta nitent; fragilis, firma sed hasta manet.

Tota pudore rubet facies mihi, fronte calenti

Pectora proruptus sudor anhela rigat.

Talibus aut decoret quisquam conclave, vel aulam,

Vestibulum, aut thalamum, molle cubile nurus.

Martis at aurigæ spolia uncta cruoribus ædem,

Apta viris, decorent: hæc mihi dona placent.

G. B.

Nicht mein ist dieß Waffengeräth! Wer heftete solch' ein

Unverdanktes Geschenk hier an die Pfosten des Mars?

Glänzende Schilde, von Blut nicht befleckt, und die Helme von keinem

Streiche verlegt, und des Speers nimmer beschädigten Schaft.

Schaamroth glüht mir das ganze Gesicht, und es strömt von der heißen

Stirn abrieselnd der Schweiß bis zu dir Brust mir herab.

Schmückt das Speisegemach und die bräutliche Kammer mit solchem

Glänzenden Spielwerk aus, oder die Hallen des Hofs.

Aber dem Rossantreiber gebührt und den Tempeln des Ares

Blutige Zier. Nur die mag ich mit Freude beschau'n.

Jacobs.

These are no spoils of mine ! Who dares to place  
Such offerings here, and thinks this fane to grace ?  
Unbroken is each helmet's crest, and clear  
Each bloodless shield, unscathed each fragile spear.  
With shame my face is fired, and from my brow  
Down to my breast big drops of anger flow.  
Hence ! With such trophies deck thy porch, thy hall,  
The courtyard of thy house, thy chamber wall ;  
But Mars—besprent with gore the arms must be  
That deck his temple : such are dear to me !

G. S.

C.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ. V. 11. 5/2.

Τῶνδε δι' ἀνθρώπων ἀρετὰν οὐχ ἵκετο καπνὸς  
Αἰθέρα, δαιομένης εὐρυχόρου Τεγέης,  
Οἱ βούλονται πόλιν μὲν ἐλευθερίᾳ τεθαλυῖαν  
Παισὶ λιπεῖν, αὐτοὶ δ' ἐν προμάχοισι θανεῖν.

SIMONIDIS.

Fumus ab his erat ut vacuas non iret in auras,  
Nec latum Tegeæ flamma forum caperet.  
Scilicet hi patriam voluere relinquere natis  
Liberam, et in mediis hostibus oppetere.

G. F. D. T.

Dan' es der Kampfbenden Muth, o Tegea, dass sich von deinen  
Zinnen der wirbelnde Rauch nicht zu dem Aether erhob ;  
Blühend in Freyheit wollten die Stadt sie den Kindern verlassen,  
Selber mit Ruhme geschmückt fallend im vordersten Glieb.

Jacobs.

*Inscription for those who saved Tegea.*

Through these men's valour into stainless air  
The smoke of Tegea's ruin did not burst :  
They chose their sons should dwell in freedom there,  
And they themselves should fall amid the first.

Sterling.

## CI.

ΣΑΠΦΟΥΣ. VII. 505.

Τῷ γριπεῖ Πελάγωνι πατὴρ ἀνέθηκε Μενίσκος  
Κύρτον καὶ κώπαν, μνᾶμα κακοζῶτας.

SAPPHUS.

Fiscellam remumque pater Pelagoni Meniscus  
Ponit, ei fuerit quam mala vita docens.

Grotius. *Ant. X. 2. p. 2.*

Al morto Pelagon pescatore  
Nassa e remo Menisco il genitore  
Per ricordo ponea  
Della misera vita ch'ei traea.

M.

A Pelagon el pescador, Menisco  
Su caro padre puso en el sepulcro  
La nasa, y redes, el garlito y cañas,  
De su misero afan triste memoria.

Conde.

Dessus le monument du pescheur Pelagon  
A esté apposé par Menisque son père,  
Une nasse, un filé, un petit aviron,  
Marques de son mestier, pauvre et plein de misère.

Tamisier.

Pelagon, dir auf das Grab hat hier dein Vater Meniskos  
Ruder und Reusen gestellt, dürftigen Lebens Symbol.

Jacobs.

Meniscus, mourning for his hapless son,  
The toil-experienc'd fisher, Pelagon,  
Has plac'd upon his tomb a net and oar,  
The badges of a painful life and poor.

Fawkes.

## CII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ. IX. 133.

Εἴ τις ἄπαξ γήμας πάλι δεύτερα λέκτρα διώκει,  
Ναυηγὸς πλώει δις βυθὸν ἀργαλέον.

INCERTI.

Qui capit uxorem, defunctâ uxore, secundam,  
Naufragus in tumido bis natat ille freto.

Th. Morus.

Quisquis adit lectos elata uxore secundos,  
Naufragus iratas ille retentat aquas.

Sam. Johnson. 3rd, XI. 6. 42

He that hath lost a wedded wife,  
Yet fain would wed again,  
Like sailor wrecked, twice tempts the strife  
Of storms upon the main.

T. P. R.

### CIII.

ΠΑΓΚΡΑΤΟΥΣ. ΥΙ. 117.

Ἐκ πυρὸς ὁ ραιστήρ, καὶ ὁ καρκίνος, ἥ τε πυράγηρ  
Ἀγκεινθ' Ἠφαίστω, δῶρα Πολυκράτεος,  
Ἦ πυκνὸν κροτέων ὑπὲρ ἄκμονος εὖρετο παισὶν  
Ὀλβον, οἷζυρον ὥσάμενος πενίην.

**PANCRA TIS.**

Malleus hic, cancer, forcepsque, Polycrate dante,  
 Ignipotens, tibi sunt ecce dicata, pater.  
 Illo sæpe super feriens incude, fugavit  
 Pauperiem, et natis arte paravit opes.

Grotius. . . . .

**Martel, tanaglie e forcipe ha sacrato  
Policrate a Vulcan ; con che indefesso  
Travagliando all' incude, in fuga ha messo  
Povertade, e agi ai figli ha procacciato.**

**M.**

*The Blacksmith's Offering.*

These tongs and pincers, and this hammer stout,  
Polycrates in Vulcan's temple lays ;  
Toiling with which, he barr'd grim hunger out,  
Nor vainly strove his children's lot to raise.

C. Merivale.

Tongs from the forge, hammer and pincers, these  
Are gifts to Vulcan from Polycrates.  
With these he plied his anvil many a day,  
To feed his babes, and drive grim want away.

W.

## CIV.

ΙΟΥΔΙΑΝΟΥ. /X. 554.

Εἰς ἀφύλακτον οἶκον τωθαστί.

Κερδαλέους δίζεσθε δόμους, ληϊστορες, ἄλλους  
 Τοῖσδε γάρ ἐστι φύλαξ ἔμπεδος ἡ πενίη.

JULIANI ÆGYPTII. ;

Ite aliò, fures, nulla hîc occasio lucri;  
 Nam fida est custos addita, pauperies.

Politianus.

Latrones, alibi locupletum quærite tecta;  
 Assidet huic custos strenua pauperies.

Sam. Johnson. 1773. X. 1. 2. 3.

Altra casa miglior, ladri, cercate :  
 Fida guardia di questa è Povertrate.

M.

Voleurs, allez plus loin. J' ai pour ma sûreté  
 La perle des gardiens.—Et qui ?—La pauvreté.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Auf die Hütte des Trus.

Vorbeh, verwegner Dieb ! denn unter diesem Dache,  
 In jedem Winkel hier, hält Armuth treue Wache.

Lessing.

Such't euch, Räuber, ein anderes Haus, das bessern Gewinn bringt ;  
 Hier bey dem Reinigen steht immer die Durftigkeit wach.

Jacobs.

On a Cottage.

Robbers, avaunt ! Beneath this thatch  
 Stern Poverty keeps strictest watch.

Anon. Translations from Lessing. 1825.

Seek a more profitable job,  
 Good house-breakers, elsewhere :  
 These premises you cannot rob ;  
 Want guards them with such care.

VV.

CV.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ. VII. 670.

Ἀστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἑλαμπες ἐνὶ ζωοῖσιν Ἔφος,  
 Νῦν δὲ, θανὼν, λάμπεις Ἐσπερος ἐν φθιμένους.

PLATONIS.

Stella prius superis fulgebas Lucifer, at nunc  
 Extinctus cassis lumine Vesper eris.

Ausonius. 2 xxviii. 27

Olim inter vivos fulgebas Lucifer; Hesper  
 Morte obitâ fulges nunc apud exanimos.

Pierius Valerianus

Eri fra noi la Stella alma e gradita  
 Che in oriente al sol fiammeggia innanti:  
 Espero or sei, che i tuoi bei raggi santi  
 Nascondi a questa, e scopri all' altra vita.

Corpetta

Der Morgen-und Abendstern.

Wie der glänzende Stern des Morgens, waneſt du Jüngling  
 Uns; den Todten anseht gehſt du, ein Hesperus, auf.

Herder.

Unter den Lebenden strahltest du sonst als Morgen-Gestirn uns;  
 Hesperus glänzeſt du jezt unter den Schatten im Tod.

Jacobs.

In life thou wert my morning star;  
 But now that death hath quench'd thy light,  
 Alas! thou shinest, dim and far,  
 Like the pale beam that weeps at night.

Moore.

To Stella.

Thou wert the morning star among the living,  
 Ere thy fair light had fled;  
 Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving  
 New splendour to the dead.

Shelley.

M



## CVI.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ. 711. 32.

Οὐ γάμον, ἀλλ' Ἀῖδαν ἐπινυμφίδιον Κλεαρίστα  
 Δέξατο, παρθενίας ἄμματα λυομένα.  
 Ἄρτι γὰρ ἐσπέριοι νύμφας ἐπὶ δικλίσιν ἄχεν  
 Λωτοί, καὶ θαλάμων ἐπλαταγεῦντο θύραι·  
 Ἡῶι δ' ὀλολυγμὸν ἀνέκραγον, ἐκ δ' Ὀρμέναιος  
 Συναθεὶς γοερὸν φθέγμα μεθαρμόσατο.  
 Αἰ δ' αὐταὶ καὶ φέγγος ἑδαδούχουν παρὰ παστῶ  
 Πεύκαι, καὶ φθιμένα νέρθεν ἔφαινον ὁδόν.

MELEAGRI.

Non tulit amplexum sponsi Clearista, sed Orci,  
 Cum foret in socio zona soluta toro.  
 Vespere namque nurus sonuit tibicine limen,  
 Et thalami plausæ concrepuere fores;  
 Mane sed exoritur plangor, pavidusque silescens  
 Vertitur in luctum nœnia factus hymen:  
 Ipsaque fax eadem quæ lumen prætulit aulæ,  
 Ducit ad infernas heu! minus apta! domos.

G. B.

El horroroso Dite,  
 No la boda festiva  
 En esponsales dones  
 Recibió Clearista  
 Al deslazar la vanda  
 Entre dulces caricias.  
 A los umbrales cantan  
 Al acabar el día  
 Las alegres canciones  
 Las entonadas Ninfas;

Del thalamo las puertas  
 Sus cantos aplaudian;  
 Mas al alba sonáron  
 Las voces matutinas  
 Con fúnebre alarido  
 Por nupcial armonía,  
 Y las festivas teas  
 Que al thalamo servian,  
 Antorchas que alumbráron  
 La obscura infernal via.

Conde.

*Upon a Maid that died the day she was married.*

That morne which saw me made a bride  
 That evening witnest that I dy'd.  
 Those holy lights, wherewith they guide  
 Unto the bed the bashful bride,

Served but as tapers for to burne  
And light my reliques to their urne.

The Epitaph, which here you see,  
Supply'd the Epithalamie.

Herrick. J. E. 1, p. 146.

The cruel fates to Clearista gave,  
Alas ! no husband,—but a wedded grave !  
Erewhile, at eve there reigned the bridal hour,  
And lute and jocund din assailed her bower :  
The dawn brings shrieks ! that hymeneal song  
Is hushed : sad strains the dirge of woe prolong.  
The selfsame torch that lit the nuptial dome,  
Shews the drear passage to her last long home.

G. B.

CVII.

ΑΡΧΙΟΥ. V. 59.

Φεύγειν δὴ τὸν Ἑρωτα κενὸς πόνος· οὐ γὰρ ἀλύξω,  
Πεζὸς ὑπὸ πτηνοῦ πυκνὰ διωκόμενος.

ARCHIÆ.

**A Veneris puero nulla est fuga. Quo miser ibo,  
Perpetuo peditem cum premat ales Amor?**

Grotius, §

Quid fugis, ah ! demens ? Vanus labor est fuga Amoris,  
Effugere alatum non potes ipse pedes.

Th. Farnaby,

A che giova da Amor fuggir, mortali?  
Voi a piedi fuggir da lui che ha l' ali?

W.

Que veut dire, Catin, cette fuite frivole ?  
Crois-tu qu' Amour ne te puisse attraper ?  
Tu vas à pied, et ce Dieu vole ;  
Penses-tu pouvoir échapper ?

Jean Doublet.

Of shunning Love 'tis vain to talk,  
When he can fly and I but walk.

Fawkes.

## CVIII.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ. VII. 52.

Ἀστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς Ἀστὴρ ἐμός. εἶθε γενοίμην  
Οὐρανός, ὥς πολλοῖς ὀφθαλμοῖς εἰς σέ βλέπω.

PLATONIS.

Astra vides, utinam fiam, meus Aster, Olympus;  
Ut multis sic te luminibus videam.

Apuleius. *Apul.*

Stella meus, stellas dum suspicis ipse utinam sim  
Cælum, oculis ut te pluribus aspiciam.

Muretus.

Stella mea, observans stellas, Dii me æthera faxint  
Multis ut te oculis sim potis aspiciere.

Sam. Johnson. *S. J. X. 2. 22.*

Mentre, mia stella, miri  
I bei celesti giri,  
Il cielo esser vorrei,  
Perchè negli occhi miei

Fiso tu rivolgessi  
Le tue dolci pupille,  
Io vagheggiar potessi  
Mille bellezze tue con luci mille.

Torquato Tasso.

Dein Blick weist an den Sternen, mein Aster; o daß ich der ganze  
Uranos wäre, mit viel Augen den Liebling zu schaun.

Erichson.

*The Lover to his Ladie that gazed much up to the skies.*

My girle, thou gazest much  
Upon the golden skies:  
Would I were heauen, I would behold  
Thee then with all mine eies.

Turbervile.

“Would I were yon blue field above,”  
(Said Plato, warbling am’rous lays)  
“That with ten thousand eyes of love  
“On thee for ever I might gaze.”

My purer love the wish disclaims,  
For were I, like Tiresias, blind,  
Still should I glow with heavenly flames,  
And gaze with rapture on thy mind.

Sir W. Jones

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?  
Oh that I were yon spangled sphere!  
Then every star should be an eye  
To wander o'er thy beauties here.

Moore.

Dost scan the stars? O would I were those skies,  
To gaze upon thee with their myriad eyes.

G. S.

CIX.

ΠΑΥΔΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤ. Χ. 74.

Μήτε βαθυκτεάνοιο τύχης κουφίξω ροίζω,  
Μήτε σέο γνάμψη φροντὶς ἐλευθερίην,  
Πᾶς γὰρ ὑπ' ἀσταθέεσσι βίος πελεμίζεται αὔραις,  
Τῇ καὶ τῇ θαμνῶς ἀντιμελεγκόμενος.  
'Η δ' ἀρετὴ σταθερόν τι καὶ ἄτροπον, ἧς ἐπὶ μούνης  
Κύματα θαρσαλέως ποντοπόρει βίτου.

PAULI SILENTIABII.

Prospera sors nec te strepitoso turbine tollat,  
Nec mente injiciat sordida cura jugum;  
Nam vita incertis incerta impellitur auris,  
Omnesque in partes tracta, retracta fluit.  
Firma manet virtus; virtuti innitere, tutus  
Per fluctus vitæ sic tibi cursus erit.

Sam. Johnson.

Be not elate with Fortune's whirling gale,  
Nor under slavish apprehensions bend.  
Through life, athwart the shifting winds contend,  
And with incessant change its course assail.  
Virtue alone is firm and changeless; she  
Will bear thee o'er life's surges gallantly.

W.

## CX.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ. VII. 577.

Ἴφῳι Μελάνιππον ἐθάπτομεν, ἥελου δὲ  
 Δυομένου Βασιλᾷ κάθθανε παρθευικὴ  
 Αὐτοχερὶ. ζῶειν γάρ, ἀδελφεὸν ἐν πυρὶ θεῖσα,  
 Οὐκ ἔτλη. δίδυμον δ' οἶκος ἐσεῖδε κακὸν  
 Πατρὸς Ἀριστίπποιο· κατήφησεν δὲ Κυρήνη  
 Πᾶσα, τὸν εὐτεκνον χῆρον ἰδοῦσα δόμον.

CALLIMACHI.

Mane sepultus erat Melanippus, et, occidit ut sol,  
 Virgo suâ Basilo concidit icta manu :  
 Nam non sustinuit fratri superesse cremato ;  
 Atque ita Aristippi bis fuit orba domus.  
 Cum mœrore gravi Cyrene cernit inanes,  
 Qui modo felices prole fuere, lares.

Grotius

Fu Menalippo sul mattin sepolto ;  
 E la sorella sul cader del sole  
 Suo vital nodo ha di sua man disciolto,  
 Chè dopo lui restar le pesa, e duole.  
 Oh quanto il doppio mal che a soffrir ebbe  
 La casa d' Aristippo, a tutti increbbe !

Pagnini.

At dawn we look'd on Menalippus dying ;  
 At eve, self-slain, his sister's form was lying.  
 'How shall this loving heart alone live on,'  
 (The maiden cried) 'my Menalippus gone?'  
 A parent's hope was laid for ever low,  
 And all Cyrene wept the double woe.

J. W. B.

## CXI.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Αἱ Χάριτες τέμενός τι λαβεῖν, ὅπερ οὐχὶ πεσεῖται,  
 Ζητοῦσαι, ψυχὴν εὖρον Ἀριστοφάνους.

PLATONIS.

Cum sibi mansurum Charitum chorus undique templum  
 Quæreret, invenit pectus Aristophanis.

G. B.

Non perituro tempio  
Le Grazie aver cercarono,  
E alfine d' Aristofane  
Nel petto il ritrovarono.

M.

Einen Tempel, der nimmer veraltete, suchten der Anmuth  
Schwestern und fanden ihn—in Aristophanes Geist.

Herder.

The Muses seeking for a shrine  
Whose glories ne'er should cease,  
Found, as they stray'd, the soul divine  
Of Aristophanes.

Merivale.

CXII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ.

Τῆνος ὄδε Ζήνων Κιτίω φίλος, ὃς ποτ' Ὀλυμπόν  
ἔδραμεν, οὐκ Ὀσση Πήλιον ἀνθέμενος,  
Οὐδὲ τὰ γ' Ἑρακλῆος ἀέθλεε· τὰν δὲ ποτ' ἄστρο  
Ἀτραπιτὸν μούνας εὖρε σαοφροσύνας.

ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

*De Zenone Citiensi.*

Hic Citio gratus Zeno est, qui scandit Olympon,  
Impositum non quod Pelion Ossa tulit,  
Alcidæ neque per certamina: solus ad astra  
Repperit ex sanctis moribus ille viam.

Grotius.

Il buon Zenon di Cizio  
Quest' è, che al cielo ascese  
Senza ad Ossa impor Pelio,  
Senza d' Alcide rinnovar le imprese.  
Alle stelle la via  
Colla virtù soltanto egli si aprì.

M.

Here lies the Citian Zeno: Heaven he won,  
But not by Ossa piled on Pelion,  
Nor as the meed of feats Herculean; nay!  
He mounted to the stars by Virtue's way.

G. S.

## CXIII.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ. Χ'./102.

Ὀργευντής, Ἐπικυδὲς, ἐν οὔρεσι πάντα λαγῶν  
 Διφῶ, καὶ πάσης ἔχνια δορκαλίδος,  
 Στίβῃ καὶ νιφετῷ κεχρημένος, ἦν δέ τις εἶπη,  
 Τῇ, τόδε βέβληται θηρίον οὐκ ἔλαβεν.  
 Χοῦμός ἔρως τοιόσδε· τὰ μὲν φεύγοντα διώκειν  
 Οἶδε, τὰ δ' ἐν μέσσω κείμενα παρπέταται.

CALLIMACHI.

Venator leporem quemvis, Epicydes, in altis  
 Montibus atque omnem persequitur capream,  
 In nive pressa legens vestigia : si quis at illi  
 Dixerit, en jacet hīc hęc fera, non capiat.  
 Plane talis amor meus est : fugientia captat :  
 In medio cernit quę sita, transvolitat.

Grotius. *Vindob. 3. p. 411.*

Il cacciator va su pe' monti in traccia  
 Di lepri e damme ove piu neva e ghiaccia.  
 Se a lui dice talun : Prendi la degna  
 Preda c'hai fatta, ei la rifiuta e sdegnà :  
 Tale il mio amor ciò che sen fugge apprezza,  
 E ciò ch'è presto a' suoi desir, disprezza.

Pagnini.

*The Chace.*

Mark, Epicydes, how the hunter bears  
 His honours in the chace, when timid hares  
 And nobler stags he tracks through frost and snow,  
 O'er mountains echoing to the vales below.  
 Then if some clown halloos : " Here, master, here  
 Lies panting at your feet the stricken deer,"  
 He takes no heed, but starts for newer game.  
 Such is my love, and such his arrow's aim  
 That follows still with speed the flying fair,  
 But deems the yielding slave below his care.

Merivale.

The hunter, used to frost and snow,  
 Tracks o'er the mountains every roe  
 And every timid hare :  
 But say to him, " Ho ! there !  
 Look to your stricken game," he takes no heed !  
 My passion, Epicydes, is the same :  
 I chase each flying nymph with eager speed,  
 But pass with disregard the yielding dame.

W.

## CXIV

ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ. vi. 27.

Δούρας Ἀλεξάνδροιο λέγει δέ σε γράμματ' ἐκείνων  
 Ἐκ πολέμου θέσθαι σύμβολον Ἀρτέμιδι,  
 Ὅπλον ἀνικητοιο βραχίονος. ἂ καλὸν ἔγχος,  
 ὦνι πόντος καὶ χθὼν εἶκε κραδαιομένῳ.  
 Ἰλαθι δούρας ἀταρβές· αἰεὶ δέ σε πᾶς τις ἀθρήσας  
 Ταρβήσει, μεγάλης μνησάμενος παλάμης.

## ANTIPHILI.

Inclyta, Pellæus quam dux fortissimus, hasta,  
 Ut fertur, templum vovit ad Artemidos,  
 Indomitæ telum dextræ, quo bella movente,  
 Terra, fretumque tuum cessit in arbitrium ;  
 Sis bona ; nam quanta metuet formidine quisquis  
 Te memor invictæ viderit, hasta, manus !

Averardus Medices.

'Twas Alexander's lance—those letters say—  
 By him to Dian given in victory's day,  
 Th' unconquered arm's own weapon. Glorious spear !  
 Whose quivering erst filled earth and sea with fear.  
 O spare thy terrors ! Whoso looks on thee  
 Must tremble at thy lord's dread memory !

G. S.



## CXV.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ. VII. 80.

Εἰπέ τις, Ἡράκλειτε, τεον μόρον, ἐς δέ με δάκρυ  
 Ἦγαγεν, ἐμνήσθην δ' ὅσσ' αἰς ἀμφοτέροι  
 Ἦλιον ἐν λέσχη κατεδύσαμεν· ἄλλα σὺ μέν που,  
 Ξεῖν' Ἀλικαρνησεῦ, τετράπαλαι σποδιή·  
 Αἰ δέ τεαὶ ζώουσιν ἀηδόνες, ἦσιν ὁ πάντων  
 Ἀρπακτὴρ Αἶδης οὐκ ἐπὶ χεῖρα βαλεῖ.

CALLIMACHI.

Te tristi mihi nuper, Heraclite,  
 Fato succubuisse nunciatum est;  
 Quo rumore misellus impotentes  
 Fui in lacrimulas statim coactus:  
 Recordabar enim, loquelâ ut olim  
 Dulci consuëramus ambo longos  
 Soles fallere, fabulisque crebris.  
 Verum tu, vetus hospes, O ubinam—  
 Ah dudum—in cineres redactæ dudum!  
 Nunc jaces, vetus hospes, urbe Carûm!  
 Tuæ lusciniæ tamen supersunt;  
 Illis, omnia qui sibi arrogavit,  
 Haud Pluto injiciet manus rapaces.

T. Warton.

Cum mihi te, Heraclite, aliquis narrasset ademtum,  
 Lacryma per memores fluxit oborta genas;  
 Dum repeto, quoties solem sermone morati  
 Condidimus, grata fatus uterque vice.  
 Jampridem tamen, hospitii mihi fœdere quondam  
 Juncte Halicarnasseu, tu cinis ipse jaces;  
 Usque tuæ vivunt sed ædones; hisque nec Orcus  
 Omnia prædantes afferet ipse manus.

G. B.

I wept, my Heraclitus, when they told  
 That thou wert dead; I thought of days of old,  
 How oft, in talk, we sent the sun to rest:  
 Long since hast thou; my Halicarnassian guest,  
 Been dust; yet live thy nightingales; on these  
 The all-plundering hand of death shall never seize.

Hay.

They told me, Heraclitus, thou wert dead ;  
And then I thought, and tears thereon did shed,  
How oft we two talk'd down the sun : but thou,  
Halicarnassian guest ! art ashes now.  
Yet live thy nightingales of song ; on those  
Forgetfulness her hand shall ne'er impose.

H. Nelson Coleridge.

CXVI.

ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ. V. 25, 7

*Εἶταρος ἦνθαι μὲν τὸ πρὶν ῥόδα, νῦν δ' ἐνὶ μέσσω  
Χείματι πορφυρέας ἐσχάσαμεν κάλυκας,  
Σὴ ἐπιμειδήσαντα γενεθλίῃ ἄσμενα τῇδε  
Ῥοῖ, νυμφιδίων ἀσσοτάτη λεχέων.  
Καλλίστης ὀφθῆναι ἐπὶ κροτάφοισι γυναικὸς  
Δάϊον, ἣ μίμνειν ἥρινόν ἥελιον.*

CRINAGORÆ.

Vere rosæ quondam solitæ florere, rubentes  
Nunc hyeme in media pandimus ecce sinus.  
Natalis tua lux nobis lætissima venit  
Scilicet : et prope nunc ipse Hymenæus adest.  
Dulce foret solem æstivum zephyrosque manere,  
Dulcius est frontem sic redimire tuam.

G. S.

To deck the honours of thy natal day,  
Soon to be follow'd by thy nuptial lay,  
We roses, wont in early spring to blow,  
Expand our beauties midst the winter's snow ;  
More pleased thy lovely tresses to adorn,  
Than wait the splendours of the summer's morn.

W. Shepherd.

## CXVII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ. VII. 513.

Φῆ ποτε Τίμαρχος, πατὴρ περὶ χεῖρας ἔχοντας,  
 'Ηνίκ' ἀφ' ἡμερτὴν ἔπνεεν ἡλικίαν  
 ὦ Τιμνορίδην, παιδὸς φίλου οὐποτε λήσῃ  
 Οὐτ' ἀρετὴν ποθέων, οὔτε σαοφροσύνην.

SIMONIDIS.

Cum vitam efflaret juvenis Timarchus amœnam,  
 Hæc ait, amplexu colla tenente patre :  
 O Timenoride, castumque bonumque requirens,  
 Non poteris nati non memor esse tui.

G B.

Timarchus, circled in his sire's embrace,  
 Exclaimed, while breathing out his latest breath :  
 Timenor's son, henceforth in thought retrace  
 The strength and calm of soul I keep in death.

231.

Sterling / 1820

## CXVIII.

ΑΡΧΙΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ. IX. 27.

Εὐφημος γλώσση παραμείβεο τὴν λάλον Ἥχώ,  
 Κού λάλον ἦν τι κλύω, τοῦτ' ἀπαμειβομένην.  
 Εἰς σὲ γὰρ δν σὺ λέγεις στρέψω λόγον ἦν δὲ σιωπᾶς,  
 Σιγήσω. τίς ἐμεῦ γλώσσα δικαιότερη ;

ARCHIÆ, VEL PARMENIONIS.

Lingua fave celebraque tuis me vocibus Echo :  
 Garrula sum, nec sum garrula : reddo sonos.  
 Si loqueris, simul ipsa loquor, taceoque tacenti :  
 Vox an mente capi justior ulla potest ?

Grotius. 1613. 1614.

To Echo, mute or talkative,  
 Address good words, for she can give  
 Retorts to those who dare her :  
 If you provoke me I reply,  
 If you are silent, so am I ;  
 Can any tongue speak fairer ?

W.

CXIX.

ΔΙΟΓΕΝΟΥΣ ΛΑΕΡΤΙΟΥ. VII. 129.

Ἥθελες, ὦ Ζήνων, καλὸν ἦθελες, ἄνδρα τύραννον  
 Κτείνας ἐκλύσαι δουλοσύνης Ἑλέαν·  
 Ἄλλ' ἐδάμης· δὴ γάρ σε λαβὼν ὁ τύραννος ἐν ὄλμῳ  
 Κόψε· τί τοῦτο λέγῃ; σῶμα γάρ, οὐχὶ δὲ σέ.

DIOGENIS LAERTII.

*De Zenone Veliensi.*

Servitium Velia depellere cæde tyranni  
Propositum fuerat, Zeno, virile tibi.  
Victus es, inque pila te contudit ille tyrannus :  
Non te, sed corpus dicere debueram.

Grotius. . . . .

Zeno, a noble aim was thine, to slay  
The tyrant, and to set thy Elea free.  
Thee in a mortar did the tyrant bray—  
Thee, said I?—No—thy body, but not thee.

G. S.

Auth. Man. Lib. <sup>CXX</sup> [1914]  
Z H N O Δ O T O Y.

*Τίς γλύψας τὸν Ἑρωτα παρὰ κρήνησιν ἔθηκεν ;  
Οἶόμενος παύσειν τοῦτο τὸ πυρ ὕδατι.*

ZENODOTI.

Vicinum gelido fonti quis finxit Amorem?  
Sedatur nullis illius ignis aquis.

Petrus Francius.

**Quis sculptum posuit latices ad fontis Amorem?  
Restingui hunc ignem posse putavit aqua?**

G. F. D. T.

Chi scolpíó già fra queste fonti Amore,  
Pensò spegner con l'acque il suo calore?

L. Alamanni.

Wer nur stellte den Sohn Amathusiens hier an dem Bach auf?  
Groß flammenden Brand löschet das Wasser nicht aus.

Jacobs.

Who sculptured Love beside this fountain?—Fool,  
To think with water such a flame to cool.

W

## CXXI.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛ. V. 227.

Ἡθέοις οὐκ ἔστι τόσος πόνος, ὅππόσος ἡμῖν  
 Ταῖς ἀταλοφύχοις ἔχραε θηλυτέραις.  
 Τοῖς μὲν γὰρ παρέασιν ὁμήλικες, οἷς τὰ μερίμνης  
 Ἄλγεα μυθεῖνται φθέγματι θαρσαλέω,  
 Παίγνιά τ' ἀμφιέπουσι παρήγορα, καὶ κατ' ἀγνιάς  
 Πλάζονται γραφίδων χρώμασι ῥεμβόμενοι·  
 Ἡμῖν δ' οὐδὲ φάος λεύσσειν θέμις, ἀλλὰ μελάθροισι  
 Κρυπτόμεθα, ζοφεραῖς φροντίσι τηρόμεναι.

AGATHIÆ SCHOLASTICI.

Coelibibus non tanta viris mala, quanta puellas,  
 Pectora sint quamvis mollia nostra, gravant.  
 His chorus æqualis juvenum, quibus anxia mentis  
 Prodit fidenti pondera voce levant.  
 Ludicra sectantur solatia, quæque vagatis  
 Picta per urbanas dant simulacra vias.  
 Ipse nec est nobis sol aspiciendus, at intus  
 Abdimur, et curis tabida corda nigrant.

G. B.

Αἶψά μας Ἄρμε! Διὲ Ἰουγλίγγε λίβεν νίχτι νίε νίε λίβεν :  
 Ὡνν Βερίγγεν σίε κιάλτι, τρύστειν εἰνάνδερ σίε σίχ,  
 Σίχεν φρενδε, βερίτταν δειν φρενδε δειν Κίμμερ δειν Σέε,  
 Σίχεν Ζερίστρευγγ, σέχνη Νίεν νννδ Μένσχη νννδ Κίunst ;  
 Ὡνν εἰνγέσχηλσση, νίε κλεινμύθηγε Σέελεν,  
 Εἰνσάμ ζέχρεν νίε νννδ λίβενδ νννδ σέχненδ εἰνσ Γράβ.

Herder.

Ah ! youths never know the weight of care  
 That delicate-spirited women must bear ;  
 For comrades of cheery speech have they,  
 To blandish the woes of thought away :  
 With games they can cheat the hours at home ;  
 And whenever abroad in the streets they roam,  
 With the colours of painting they glad themselves.  
 But as for us poor prisoned elves,  
 We are shut out from sunlight, buried in rooms,  
 And fretted away by our fancy's glooms.

G. C. S.

## CXXII.

ΒΑΚΧΥΛΙΔΟΥ. VI. 53.

Εὐδημος τὸν νηὸν ἐπ' ἀγροῦ τόνδ' ἀνέθηκεν  
 Τῷ πάντων ἀνέμων πιστάτῳ Ζεφύρῳ.  
 Εὐξαμένῳ γάρ οἱ ἦλθε βοαθόος, ὅφρα τάχιστα  
 Δικμήσῃ πεπόνων καρπὸν ἀπ' ἀσταχύων.

BACCHYLIDIS.

Accipe, ventorum mitissime, quod tibi fanum  
 In proprio Eudemus surgere jussit agro.  
 Te, Zephyre, extritis præsentem poscit aristis ;  
 Nec mora, quin fruges, dum quatit aura, legit.

W.

Eudemo un piccol tempio  
 In questo verde fondo  
 Innalza al vento Zeffiro  
 D' ogni altro più fecondo ;  
 Perchè accorse sollecito  
 Allor che fu chiamato,  
 E dalle secche foglie  
 Ha il grano suo mondato.

Felici.

Des Worflers Dank.

Diese Kapell' im Gefild' erbaute dankbar Eudemos  
 Dem vor jeglichem Wind segnenden Zephyros hier :  
 Denn ihm kam er ein Helfer, dem flehenden, dass er in Eile  
 Worfelte von der gedörrt fliegenden Hülse die Frucht.

Voss.

To Zephyr, kindest wind, that swells the grain,  
 Eudemus consecrates this humble fane ;  
 For that he listened to his vows and bore  
 On his soft wings the rich autumnal store.

Merivale.

To Zephyr, most propitious of all airs,  
 Eudemus on his land erects this fane :  
 Zephyr, kind help, who hastened at his prayers,  
 To winnow from the stalks the ripened grain.

W.

## CXXIII.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ. 1x. 293.

Πουλὺ Λεωνίδεω κατιδὼν δέμας αὐτοδαίκτον  
 Ξέρξης, ἐχλαίνου φάρεϊ πορφυρέφ.  
 Κῆκ νεκύων ἤχησεν ὁ τᾶς Σπάρτας πολὺς ἥρωσ·  
 Οὐ δέχομαι προδόταις μισθὸν ὀφειλόμενον·  
 Ἄσπις ἐμοὶ τύμβου κόσμος μέγας· αἶρε τὰ Περσῶν  
 Χῆξω κεῖς Ἄλδαν ὡς Λακεδαιμόνιος.

PHILIPPI THESSALON.

Grande Leonideum projectum in littore corpus  
 Xerxes purpureâ veste tegi voluit.  
 At vox e terra est ingens audita: "Recuso  
 Quæ læsam arguerent turpia dona fidem:  
 Nil mihi cum Persis; clypeus sat funus honestat:  
 Ibo etiam ad manes ut Lacedæmonius."

Lord Grenville.

Di Leonida il corpo ornando Serse  
 D' ampia veste reale il ricoperse.  
 Gridò lo spirto allor: Cessin gli onori  
 Dovuti in questa guisa ai traditori.  
 Tomba il mio scudo sia, pompa la spada;  
 Che qual Lacedemonio a Pluto io vada.

L Alamanni.

Als der große Leonidas nun, ein williges Opfer,  
 Unter den Todten erlag, sah ihn der Persermonarch:  
 Eilig warf er auf ihn den Purpurmantel.—Der Todte  
 Hohl sich murrend und sprach: "Heuch und entehre mich nicht  
 Mit dem Lohn, der Verräthern gebührt. Mich zielt bei den Todten  
 Dieser Schild nur; ich geh' wie ein Spartaner hinab."

Herder.

The Spartan's mangled corse when Xerxes spied,  
 He long'd to wrap it in a robe of pride.  
 Then rose from earth that hero's voice in scorn:  
 "Hence with thy gifts, by none but traitors worn!  
 Bury me on my shield, and let me go  
 Down like a Spartan to the realm below."

J. W. B.

CXXIV.

ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤ. V. 268.

*Μηκέτι τις πτήξειε πόθου βέλος· ἰοδόκην γάρ  
 Εἰς ἐμὲ λάβρος Ἔρως ἐξεκένωσεν ὄλην.  
 Μὴ πτερύγων τρομέοι τις ἐπήλυσιν· ἐξότε γάρ μοι  
 Δάξ ἐπιβάς στέρνοισ πικρὸν ἔπηξε πόδα,  
 Ἀστεμφής, ἀδόνητος ἐνέζεται, οὐδὲ μετέσθη,  
 Εἰς ἐμὲ συζυγίην κειράμενος πτερύγων.*

PAULI SILENTIARII.

*Nemo pharetrati formidet spicula Amoris,  
 Nam cuncta in nostro pectore fixa manent,  
 Nec strepitum alarum timeat; quo tempore victum  
 Me superimpositis pressit ovans pedibus,  
 Ut semel arrepta nunquam de sede volaret,  
 Abscidit pennas improbus ille sibi.*

Averardus Medices

*Nessun paventi più d' Amor gli strali,  
 Chè tutta in me la sua faretra ei spese;  
 Nè il suo più tema avvicinar dell' ali,  
 Chè d' allor quando a calpestartmi prese,  
 Immobile al mio petto il crudo nume  
 Affisse il piede, e si tarpò le piume.*

Paḡnini.

*Niemand fürchte die Liebe hinfort und die Pfeile der Sehnsucht;  
 Denn es entleerte auf mich Eros des Köchers Geschoss.  
 Niemand fürchte Besuch des Beflügelten. Seit er mir siegreich  
 Sonder Erbarmen den Fuß stolz auf den Nacken gesetzt,  
 Sitzt er mir wanflos stets in dem innersten Herzen und weicht nicht;  
 Ach und der Fittiche Paar hat er sich selber gefürzt.*

Jacobs.

*Fear no more Love's shafts, for he  
 Hath all his quiver spent on me.  
 Fear not his wings; since on this breast  
 His scornful foot the victor prest,  
 Here sits he fast, and here must stay,  
 For he hath shorn his wings away.*

G. S.



## CXXV.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ. Χ. 67.

Τὸν θάνατον τι φοβεῖσθε, τὸν ἡσυχίης γενετήρα,  
 Τὸν παύοντα νόσους καὶ πενίης ὀδύνας ;  
 Μοῦνον ἅπαξ θνητοῖς παραγίγνεται, οὐδέ ποτ' αὐτὸν  
 Εἶδέν τις θνητῶν δεύτερον ἐρχόμενον  
 Αἰ δὲ νόσοι πολλαὶ καὶ ποικίλαι, ἄλλοτ' ἐπ' ἄλλον  
 Ἐρχόμεναι θνητῶν, καὶ μεταβαλλόμεναι.

AGATHIÆ.

Quàm stultum est mortem matrem timuisse quietis,  
 Quæ pellit morbos, pauperiemque fugat,  
 Sola semel miseris quæ se mortalibus offert,  
 Nec quisquam est ad quem mors iterata venit !  
 At reliqui morbi varii multique vicissim  
 Nunc hunc, nunc illum terque quaterque premunt.

T. Morus.

A che in orrore	Nè torna mai
La morte avete,	Come le febbri
Che sola genera	E gli altri guai,
Dolce quïete,	Che innumerabili
Sana l' indomita	Cangiano tempre,
Infermità,	Partono, e riedono,
Caccia la sordida	E varii sempre
Mendicità ?	Strazian la misera
Viene una volta,	Umanità.

Felici.

Warum fürchtet ihr denn der Ruhe, Vater, den sanften  
 Tod, der Leiden und Müß', Schmerzen und Jammer euch stillt ?  
 Ein Mahl kommet er nur den Sterblichen ; keiner derselben  
 Konnte klagen, daß Er mehr ihn als ein Mahl geseh'n.  
 Aber Leiden und Schmerz und Lebensmühe ; wie viel ist  
 Derer, und täglich mehr, täglich in neuer Gestalt.

Herder.

*That Death is not so much to be feared as daylie diseases are.*

What? yst not follie for to dread and stand of Death in feare,  
 That mother is of quiet reast, and griefs away doth weare?  
 That brings release to want of wealth, and poore oppressed wights?  
 He comes but once to mortall men, but once for all he smites.

Was never none that twice hath fealt of cruell Death the knife :  
But other griefes and pining paines doe linger on the life,  
And oftentimes one selfe same corse with furious fits molest,  
When Death by one dispatcht of life doth bring the soule to rest.

Turberville.

Why shrink from Death, the parent of repose,  
The cure of sickness and all human woes ?  
As through the tribes of men he speeds his way,  
Once, and but once, his visit he will pay ;  
Whilst pale diseases, harbingers of pain,  
Close on each other crowd—an endless train.

W. Shepherd.

## CXXVI.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν . VII. 346.

Τοῦτό τοι ἡμετέρης μνημῆιον, ἐσθλὲ Σαβίνε,  
Ἥ λίθος ἡ μικρὴ τῆς μεγάλης φιλίης.  
Αἰεὶ ζητήσω σε· σὺ δ', εἰ θέμις, ἐν φθιμένοισι  
Τοῦ Διὸς ἐπ' ἐμοὶ μὴ τι πίνης ὕδατος.

## INCERTI.

Parvulus iste lapis monumentum, care Sabine,  
Ingentis nostræ monstrat amicitiaë.  
Semper te quæram ; modò, si licet, inter humatos,  
Me propter, Lethes pocula nulla bibas.

Obsopæus.

## Bund der Freundschaft.

Unser Freundschaft, Orest, der grossen ewigen Freundschaft  
Kleines Denkmahl sey dieser erinnernde Stein.  
Nimmer will ich dich suchen ; und du auch unter den Todten,  
Trinke ja über mich nie den Lethäischen Trank.

Herder.

This stone, beloved Sabinus, on thy grave  
Memorial small of our great love shall be.  
I still shall seek thee lost ; from Lethe's wave  
Oh ! drink not thou forgetfulness—of me.

G. S.

## CXXVII.

Ἡ γραφὶς ἀργυρὴ μέν, ὅτ' ἐκ πυρὸς ἦλθον, ἐτύχθην  
 Σαῖσι δὲ καὶ χρυσήν γίνομαι ἐν παλάμαις.  
 Ὡδέ σοι, ὦ χαρίεσσα Λεόντιον, εὖ μὲν Ἀθήνη  
 Τέχνης, εὖ δ' εἶδους ἄκρα δέδωκε Κύπρις.

## INCERTI.

Exieram nuper flammis argentea, sed nunc  
 Sum graphis in digitis aurea facta tuis.  
 Quippe decus supra decus omne Leontion uni  
 Dat Venus in forma, Pallas in arte tibi.

Grotius.

*Lo stilo di Dafne studiosa.*

Io che dapprima fui stilo d' argento,  
 Dafne, nelle tue man d' oro divento ;  
 Cui quanta Citerea beltà comparte,  
 Tanto Palla ti dona ingegno, ed arte.

Felici.

## Der Griffel.

Schöne Leontium, nimm, nimm an den silbernen Griffel,  
 Deiner zeichnenden Hand wird er ein goldener sehn ;  
 Denn dir gaben die Götter, was sie so wenigen gaben,  
 Cypris die schönste Gestalt, Pallas die weiseste Kunst.

Herder.

A silver style the maker fashion'd me,  
 But golden I become when held by thee,  
 Leontium, to whom such skilfulness  
 Minerva gives, Venus such loveliness.

W.

## CXXVIII.

ΑΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ. ΧΙ. 256.

Ψευδὲς ἔσοπτρον ἔχει Δημοσθενίς· εἰ γὰρ ἀληθὲς  
 Ἐβλεπεν, οὐκ ἂν ὅλως ἤθελεν αὐτὸ βλέπειν.

## LUCILLI.

Mendaci speculo Demosthenis utitur ; at si  
 Inspiceret verum, nunquam iterum inspiceret.

Cornarius.

Mentitur speculum, Demostheni ; sit modò verax  
 Jamjam non unquam consuluisse voles.

G. F. D. T.

Demostenide ha specchio ch' è bugiardo :  
S' ella il ver vi scorgesse,  
Per certo mai non volgeriavi il guardo.

M.

*A Perrette.*

Tu as, Perrette, un faux miroer :  
Car si de ton miroer la glace  
Représentoit au vray ta face,  
Tu ne voudrois jamais t' y voir.

Baif.

Nein, Kleopatra, nein! Dein Spiegel, glaube mir, trieget ;  
Sähest du dich, wie du bist ; sähest du nimmer hinein.

Herder.

Falsch ist sicher des Spiegels Metall. Den zeigt' er die Wahrheit,  
Würde Demosthenis sich nimmer darinne beschau.

Jacobs.

How falsely does Dorinda's glass  
Reflect her face whene'er she views it !  
If it told truth, I think the lass  
Would seldom have a wish to use it.

Ph. Smyth.

Though to your face that mirror lies,  
'Tis just the glass for you,  
Demosthenis ; you'd shut your eyes,  
If it reflected true.

W.

CXXIX.

[Ank. P. 146]

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰς ἀγαλμα Ἀριάδνης.

Ἐείνοι, λαϊνέας μὴ ψάυετε τὰς Ἀριάδνας,  
Μὴ καὶ ἀναθρόσκη Θησέα διζομένη.

INCERTI.

Saxea sit quamvis, Ariadnen tangere noli,  
Thesea ne properans quærere prosiliat.

Grotius.

Wanderer, rühre mir nicht an die steinerne Tochter des Minos !  
Dass sie nicht schnell sich erhebt und den Geliebten verfolgt.

Jacobs

Touch not this marble Ariadne. See,  
She starts ! To Theseus' arms she longs to flee !

W.

## CXXX.

AMMIANOY. X. 226

Εἴη σοι κατὰ γῆς κούφη κόνις, οἰκτρὲ Νέαρχε,  
 Ὅφρα σε ῥηιδίως ἐξερύσῃσι κύνες.

AMMIANI.

Sit levis, infelix, tandem tibi terra, Nearchus;  
 Promptius effodiant ut tua membra canes.

Grotius.

Lieve la polve sia sulla tua fossa,  
 O sciaurato Nearco, acciò dai cani  
 Più facilmente fuor trarti si possa.

Pompei.

Sanft bedecke der Staub dein Gebein, du armer Nearchos!  
 Deßto seichter, mein Freund, wühlen die Hunde dich aus.

Voss.

Light lie the earth, Nearchus, on thy clay,  
 That so the dogs may easier find their prey.

Merivale.

## CXXXI.

ΦΙΛΟΔΗΜΟΥ. V. 131.

Ψαλμὸς καὶ λαλιὴ καὶ κοτίλον ὄμμα, καὶ ὠδὴ  
 Ξανθίππης, καὶ πῦρ, ἄρτι καταρχόμενον,  
 Ὡ ψυχὴ, φλέξει σε· τὸ δ' ἐκ τίνος, ἢ πότε, καὶ πῶς,  
 Οὐκ οἶδα· γνώσῃ, δύσμορε, τυφομένη.

PHILODEMI.

Et lyra Xanthippes et vox, oculique protervi,  
 Quique recens cœpto gliscit ab igne calor,  
 Mi anime, incendent; quando, quo more, vel unde,  
 Nescio; cognosces, cum, miser, ustus eris.

G. B.

„Ach, ihr süßer Gesang! und ihre bezaubernde Sprache,  
 Und ihr glänzender Blick!“ Armes, betragenes Herz,  
 Du fängst Feuer? „Von wem? ich weiß nichts!“ Wirst du es wissen,  
 Wenn, unglückliches Kind, einst dich die Flamme verzehret?

Herder.

The strains that flow from young Aminta's lyre,  
Her tongue's soft voice, and melting eloquence,  
Her sparkling eyes that glow with fond desire,  
Her warbling notes, that chain the admiring sense,  
Subdue my soul: I know not how nor whence;  
Too soon it will be known when all my soul's on fire.

**Merivale.**

Xanthippe's lyre and voice, her eye,  
That luring eye! this kindling glow,  
Will burn thee, soul! whence, when, or why,  
I know not; thou in flames wilt know.

G. B.

CXXXII.

ΔΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ. 18.79.

Αὐτοθελὴς καρποὺς ἀποτέμνομαι, ἀλλὰ πεπείρους  
 Πάντοτ'· μὴ σκληροὺς τύπτε με χερμαδίοις.  
 Μηνίσει καὶ Βάκχος ἐνυβρίζοντι τὰ κείνου  
 Ἔργα· Λυκούργειος μὴ λαθέτω σε τύχη.

LEONIDÆ TARENTINI.

Sponte mea soleo dare, cum maturuit, uvam,  
Quid miseram saxis turba proterva petis?  
Ultorem Bromium nescis, et fata Lycurgi?  
Contemni graviter fert sua dona Deus.

Grotius. . . . . 3. 5. 1.

Willig entlaß' ich mich selber der Frucht; doch wenn sie gereift ist.  
Also verlege mich nicht, Wandrer, mit scharfen Gestein.  
Bacchos folget dem freuelnden Mann, der seine Geschenke  
Höhnet, mit rächendem Zorn. Denke der Straße Lykurgs.

Jacobs

I grant my fruit with right good-will  
 So soon as it be ripe for using ;  
 So prithee do not treat me ill,  
 With horrid stones my branches bruising.  
 I tell thee, Bacchus still is strong  
 To punish those who do him wrong ;  
 Lycurgus once indulged a whim—  
 Bethink thee what became of him.

G. C. S.

## CXXXIII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ. VII. 16.

*A. Ὅρνι, Διὸς Κρονίδαο διάκτορε, τεῦ χάριν ἔστας**Γοργὸς ὑπὲρ μεγάλου τύμβου Ἀριστομένους ;**B. Ἀγγέλλω μερόπεσσιν ὁθοῦνκεν ὅσσον ἄριστος**Οἰωνῶν γενόμεν, τόσσον ὃδ' ἡθέων.**Δειλαί τοι δειλοῖσιν ἐφεδρήσουσι πέλειαι :**Ἄμμες δ' ἀτρέστοις ἀνδράσι τερπόμεθα.*

ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

Nuncia fida Jovis, cur sic stas lumine torvo

In tumulo magni semper Aristomenis?

Mortali ut dicam generi, quod, ut ipsa volucrum

Sum princeps, juvenum sic fuit ille decus.

In timidi timidæ monumento state columbæ :

Nos juvat intrepidus semper adesse viris.

Dan. Heinsius.

Nuncia fida Jovis, dic, cur sic vivida servas,

O avis, extincti corpus Aristomenis?

Nuncio, quod tantum hic juvenes supereminet omnes,

Quantum avium pennis optima dicar ego.

Assideant timidæ timidorum ad busta columbæ ;

Inter magnanimos me decet esse viros.

Averardus Medices.

Messaggero di Giove, Augel, che l' ali

Stendi sì minaccioso,

Che fai sull' urna u' Aristomene è ascoso ?

Narro a tutti i mortali,

Che tanto i pari suoi vinse in valore,

Quanto son' io d' ogni altro augel maggiore.

Del vil presso alla tomba

Stia l' imbelle colomba ;

A me, di generose opre capace,

Coll' alme grandi conversar sol piace.

Averardo de' Medici.

St. Dienender Bote des Zeus, sprich, treflicher Adler, weshalb du  
 Hier Aristomenes Grab trotzigen Blickes bewachst?  
 A. Euch zu verkündigen, dass, wie ich selbst von den Vögeln der beste,  
 So von der Jünglingen er immer der edelste war.  
 Möge die Taube, das feige Geschlecht, bey dem Feiglinge sitzen!  
 Mir schafft Freude der Mann, welcher im Kampfe nicht zagt.

Jacobs.

Herald of Jove, why in stern majesty  
 Here dost thou sit?—That all the earth may see,  
 As I of birds the monarch am, so erst  
 Was Aristomenes of youths the first.  
 Let coward doves perch on the coward's grave,  
 But the brave eagle ever loves the brave.

G. S.

CXXXIV.

ΠΟΛΛΙΑΝΟΥ. X. 1. 27.

Εἰσὶ καὶ ἐν Μούσῃσιν Ἑρινύες, αἳ σε ποιοῦσιν  
 Ποιητὴν, ἀνθ' ὧν πολλὰ γράφεις ἀκρίτως.  
 Τοῖνυν, σοῦ δεόμεναι, γράφε πλείονα· μείζονα γάρ σοι  
 Εὐξασθαι ταύτης οὐ δύναμαι μανίαν.

POLLIANI.

Sunt inter Musas Furiae quoque et inde poeta es:  
 Nam tua judicio carmina cuncta vacant.  
 Plurima, te quaeso, scribas: vesania mentis  
 Optari major nam tibi nulla potest.

Grotius.

An einen Versmacher.

Unter den Müssen auch sind Strafgöttinnen, die dich begeistern.  
 Schreib! Nicht ärgere Muth kann ich dir wünschen! O schreib!

Voss

Some Furies sure possess'd the Nine, what time  
 They dubb'd thee poet, with thy trashy rhyme.  
 Scribble away! If madness be a curse,  
 What greater can I wish thee than thy verse?

W.



## CXXXV.

ΚΑΠΙΤΩΝΟΣ. ν. 67.

Κάλλος ἄνευ χαρίτων τέρπει μόνον, οὐ κατέχει δέ,  
 Ὡς ἄτερ ἀγκίστρου νηχόμενον δέλεαρ.

CAPITONIS.

Forma animos hominum capit, at si gratia desit,  
 Non tenet: esca natat pulchra, sed hamus abest.

Sam. Johnson. *Decl. XI. p. 422.*

Beltà che non ha grazia in compagna,  
 Diletta solo, e non rattien, siccome  
 Esca notante che senz' amo sia.

Pompei

Beauté de grâces dépourvue,  
 Peut bien plaire en charmant la vue ;  
 Mais c' est l' appât sans hameçon,  
 Qui n' arrête pas le poisson.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Εὐδονηεί ohne den Reiz bringt Freude wol, aber sie hält nicht ;  
 Wie von dem Angel getrennt schwimmender Köder nicht hält.

Jacobs.

Beauty without the graces may impart  
 Charms that will please, not captivate the heart ;  
 As splendid baits without the bearded hook  
 Invite, not catch, the tenants of the brook.

Fawkes.

Graces must hold, though beauty first may gain :  
 Without the hook, the bait but floats in vain.

Sayers.

Beauty without the graces is a bait  
 Without its hook ; and fails to captivate.

W.

## CXXXVI.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ. vii. 362.

Τῶν αὐτοῦ τις ἕκαστος ἀπολλυμένων ἀνιᾶται·  
 Νικόδικον δὲ φίλοι καὶ πόλις ἤδε ποθεῖ.

SIMONIDIS.

Quisque suum plorat quem fato perdit : amici,  
 Tota simul plorat patria Nicodicum.

Grotius. *Decl. XI. p. 422.*

Unter den Todten beweint ein jeder die Seinen ; um dich weint  
Nicon, die Stadt und das Land ; aber die Freunde noch mehr.

Herder.

We each lament the loved ones nearest us ;  
But friends and city mourn Nicodocus.

Sterling /.

CXXXVII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ. 1X. 16. 7.

Ἐκ πυρὸς Ἰλίου δολάτων μέσον ἤρπασεν ἥρως  
Αἰνείας, ὅσιον παιδὶ βάρος, πατέρα.

Ἐκλαγε δ' Ἀργεῖους μὴ ψαύετε. μικρὸν ἐς ἄρη  
Κέρδος ὁ γηραλέος, τῷ δὲ φέρουσι μέγα.

INCERTI.

Dum Phrygio Æneas per densos eripit enses  
Igne patrem, ad Danaos hæc abiturus ait :  
Parcite, victores, oneri huic ; quam parva sit hosti,  
Quem gero, præda, mihi, qui fero, grande lucrum !

H. Plumptre

Fert humeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius heros  
Per Trojæ flammas, densaque tela, patrem ;  
Clamat et Argivis : Vetuli, ne tangite, vita  
Exiguum est Marti, sed mihi grande lucrum.

Sam. Johnson. 2. 1. X. 16. 7.

Enea l' eroe, dal fuoco d' Ilio fuore  
Per mezzo all' aste de' nemici trasse,  
Santo peso ad un figlio, il genitore ;  
E altamente gridava ai Greci volto :  
No, non ferite. Questo vecchio a Marte  
Poco, e a chi'l porta ben è lucro molto.

Pompei.

Als aus Iliens Brande der Held Æneas den alten  
Vater errettend trug, sich eine heilige Last ;  
Rief er den Griechen : " Schont ! Dem Kriegesgott ist der Greis hier,  
Schlechte Beute ; dem Sohn ist er das reichste Geschenk."

Herder.

Midst flames of Troy, and many a hostile spear  
Æneas bore, a burden oh ! how dear,  
His father : " Hurt him not, ye Greeks," he cries :  
" Mars scorns an old man, though my dearest prize."

T. F.

## CXXXVIII.

M N A Σ A Δ K O Y. VI. 9,

Σοὶ μὲν καμπύλα τόξα καὶ ἰοχέαιρα φαρέτρα,  
 Δῶρα παρὰ Προμάχου, Φοῖβε, τάδε κρέματα·  
 Ἴοὺς δὲ πτερόεντας ἀνὰ κλόνου ἄνδρες ἔχουσιν  
 Ἐν κραδίαις, ὅλοα ξείνια δυσμενέων.

M N A Σ A Δ K O Y.

Emeritos arcus Promachus, vacuumque pharetram,  
 Hæc pia suspendit munera, Phœbe, tibi.  
 Hostibus at volucres hærent in corde sagittæ,  
 Sparsa per instantem noxia dona globum.

G. B.

Gli archi e'l turcasso insieme, o Febo, in dono  
 Da Promaco a te qui sospesi sono ;  
 Gli strali no : funesto ed inaccetto  
 Dono a' nemici, e' stanno lor nel petto.

M.

Diesen geschwungenen Bogen, Apoll, und den Köcher der Pfeile  
 Hängest, ein frommes Geschenk, Promachos weihend dir auf.  
 Aber der Pfeile Geschoss, der besügelten, nahmen die Feinde,  
 Schreckliche Gaben der Schlacht, tief in dem Herzen davon.

Jacobs.

Phœbus ! to thee this curved bow and empty-sounding quiver  
 Are offer'd at thy sacred shrine by Promachus, the giver.  
 But ah ! the shafts that us'd within that painted case to rattle,  
 Now in the foemen's hearts are sheath'd, whom he hath slain in battle.

Merivale.

## CXXXIX.

Α Δ Η Δ Ο Ν.  
 Εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἑρμοῦ.

ὦ λῶσθε, μὴ νόμιζε τῶν πολλῶν ἓνα  
 Ἑρμῶν θεωρεῖν. εἰμὶ γὰρ τέχνα Σκόπα.

INCERTI.

Ne me intuens, amice, Mercurium puta,  
 De plebe. Docta me Scopæ fecit manus.

Grotius.

Non creder gia veder, uomo mio buono,  
 Un comun Erme : opra di Scopa io sono.

M.

Das Bild des Hermes.

Wähne nicht, o Guter! ein Hermesbild von den vielen  
Hier zu schaun; denn mich stellte Scopas hieher.

Voss.

Think not that 'tis some common Mercury,  
No, my good friend, 'tis Scopas' work you see.

W.

CXL.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν . VII. 557.

Τίπτε μάτην γοόωντες ἐμῷ παραμύμνετε τύμβῳ ;  
Οὐδὲν ἔχω θρήνων ἄξιον ἐν φθιμένοις.  
Δῆγε γόων, καὶ παῦε, πόσις, καὶ παῖδες ἐμείῳ  
Χαίρετε, καὶ μνήμην σῶζετ' Ἀμαζονίης.

INCERTI.

Quid juvat incassum flentes adstare sepulcro?  
Non apud infernos sors miseranda mea est.  
Siste tuos, conjux, fletus, et vos mea proles,  
Salvete, o, memores semper Amazoniæ!

G. F. D. T.

Perchè voi tutti da cordoglio vinti  
Intorno alla mia tomba invan plorate?  
Nulla degno di pianto ho tra gli estinti.  
Deh, sposo e figli, il lagrimar cessate,  
E memore sol viva a voi nel petto  
Per la vostra Amazonia un grato affetto!

Pagnini.

Warum weinet ihr so, an meinem Grabe verweilend?  
Nichts, das Thränen verdient, fand ich, dem Leben entrückt.  
Weine nicht mehr, mein tranter Gemahl; ihr Kinderchen, gehet  
Fröhlich heim, und bleibt eurer Anymone gut.

Voss.

In unavailing sorrow why linger by my grave?  
Number'd among departed souls no cause of grief I have.  
Then dry those tears, and weep no more, husband and children dear:  
Farewell, and oh! remember Amazonia many a year.

W.

## CXLI.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Ο Υ . Vll. 254.

Εἴη ποντοπόρῳ πλόος οὐριος ἦν δ' ἄρ' ἀήτης,  
 Ὡς ἐμέ, τοῖς Ἀἰδεω προσπελάσῃ λιμέσιν,  
 Μεμφέσθω μὴ λαῖτμα κακόξενον, ἀλλ' ἔο τόλμαν,  
 Ὅστις ἀφ' ἡμετέρου πείσματ' ἔλυσε τάφου.

LEONIDÆ.

Sit felix utinam cursus tibi, navita! Portus  
 Si tamen in Stygios te quoque ventus agat,  
 Non maria infida, at tua te dementia perdit,  
 Ausus es e tumulo qui dare vela meo.

G. S.

Werde dir glückliche Fahrt, o Schiffender! Aber entführt dich  
 Etwa der Sturm, wie mich, zu dem Letzhäischen Port,  
 Dann schilt nimmer das Meer, daß unwirthliche, sondern die eigne  
 Kühnheit, daß du das Tau hier von dem Grabe gelöst.

Jacobs.

Good voyage, mariner! But should the gale  
 (My fate) to Death's dark harbour drive thy sail,  
 Curse thine own rashness, not the treacherous wave,  
 Thou that hast dared cut cable from my grave.

G. S.

## CXLI.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν , οἱ δὲ Π Α Δ Λ Α Δ Α . IX. 401.

Ἡ φύσις ἐξεῦρεν, φιλίης θεσµοὺς ἀγαπῶσα  
 Τῶν ἀποδημούντων ὄργανα συντυχίης,  
 Τὸν κάλαμον, χάρτην, τὸ μέλαν, τὰ χαράγματα χειρός,  
 Σύμβολα τῆς ψυχῆς τηλόθεν ἀχνυμένης.

INCERTI.

Absentes inter reperit commercia, leges  
 Dum natura sacras curat amicitiae.  
 Nam calamos, chartas, atramentumque notasque  
 Eminus hæc animi signa dolentis habes.

Grotius.

La natura che suol dell' amistade  
 Le leggi amar, trovò modi ond' insieme  
 Conversin que' che in varie son contrade;

Penna, carta ed inchiostro, e della mano  
Le impresse note, simboli di afflitto  
Cor che addolora dello star lontano.

Pompei.

Die Schrift.

Auch getrennete Freunde mit süßen Banden zu knüpfen,  
Sind die gute Natur uns eine Sprache, die Schrift.  
Sie führt Seelen zusammen, die fern an einander gebenken,  
Führt den Seufzer herben, der in den Lüften verhallt.

Herder.

Ingenious Nature's zeal for Friendship's laws  
A means for distant friends to meet could find ;  
Lines which the hand with ink on paper draws,  
Betok'ning from afar the anxious mind.

W.

CXLIII.

ΙΟΥΔΑΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ.

Εἰς Θειοδότῃς εἰκόνα. Νῦν.

Αὐτὴν Θειοδότῃν ὁ ζωγράφος αἶθε δὲ τέχνης  
Ἦμβροτε, καὶ λήθην δῶκεν ὀδυρομένους.

JULIANI AEGYPTII.

Ipsam Thermodoten pictor dedit, ars ego malle  
Errasset : luctus vivit ab arte recens.

Grotius.

Ben il pittor, quale appunt' era, esprese  
Teodote. Oh fallita ei l' arte, e tolto  
Il rammentarla a chi la piange avesse !

Pompei.

Das Bild der Geliebten.

Meine Theiodote ; sie ist es lebend. O Maler,  
Hätt'st du gefehlet ! Ihr Bild täuscht mich nun immer mit Schmerz.

Herder.

Painter, this likeness is too strong,  
And we shall mourn the dead too long.

W. Cowper.

Thy likeness breathes : would it were missed ! that so,  
Theiodote, we might forget our woe.

W.

Dear shade ! The painter makes thee live again :  
Would he had failed, nor thus recalled our pain !

W.

## CXLIV.

Π Α Δ Δ Α Δ Δ Α.

Eis Ἑρωτα γυμνόν.

Γυμνὸς Ἑρως, διὰ τοῦτο γελᾷ καὶ μείλιχός ἐστιν

Οὐ γὰρ ἔχει τόξον, καὶ πυρόεντα βέλη.

Οὐδὲ μάτην παλάμῃς κατέχει δελφίνα καὶ ἄνθος·

Τῇ μὲν γὰρ γαῖαν, τῇ δὲ θάλασσαν ἔχει.

PALLADÆ.

Nudus Amor, quæris placido cur rideat ore?

Quod neque nunc arcus nec sua tela gerit.

Altera cur piscem teneat manus, altera florem?

Scilicet hæc terris imperat, illa mari.

G. S.

L' arco non ha, non ha lo strale ardente,

Nudo è Amor, perciò placido e ridente;

Ma il delfino ed il fior non porta in vano:

La terra ha in una, e'l mar nell' altra mano.

Pasquale Carcani.

Waffenentblößt schaut milde der Gott und lächelt so freundlich,

Weil ihm der flammende Pfeil, weil ihm der Bogen gebricht.

Doch nicht trägt in den Händen umsonst er Blumen und Delfin;

Hält er mit dieser das Land, hält er mit jener das Meer.

Jacobs.

*On a Cupid disarmed.*

Stript of his fiery darts and fatal bow,

See Cupid smiles; how mild the urchin's brow!

In either hand he holds a fish and flower,

O'er sea and earth just emblems of his power.

Ph. Smyth.

## CXLV.

Α Δ Η Α Ο Ν. Χ' . 1 . 2

Τὸ ῥόδον ἀκμάζει βαιὸν χρόνον ἣν δὲ παρέλθῃ,

Ζητῶν εὐρήσεις οὐ ῥόδον, ἀλλὰ βάτον.

INCERTI.

Exiguo floret rosa tempore: prætereat ver,

Illa, tibi fuerat quæ rosa, sentis erit.

Grotius.

Vidi in spiaggia diletta  
Rugiadosa  
Fresca rosa matutina :

Su la sera ritornai,  
E trovai  
Non la rosa, ma la spina.

Felci.

Wenige Tage, so stirbt die Rose. Vorübergegangen  
Ist sie ; du suchst nun Rosen, und findest den Dorn.

Herder.

Wenige Zeit nur blühen die Rosen uns ; wann sie verschwunden,  
Triffst du die Rosen nicht mehr, sondern die Dornen allein.

Jacobs.

Short is the rose's bloom ; another morn  
No rose is there, you find instead a thorn.

CXLVI.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ. γλ. 254

Ἀσβεστον κλέος οἶδε φίλη περὶ πατρίδι θέντες  
Κυάνεον θανάτου ἀμφεβάλοντο νέφος  
Οὐδὲ τεθνᾶσι θανόντες, ἐπεὶ σφ' ἀρετὴ καθύπερθε  
Κυδαίνους ἀνάγει δώματος ἐξ Ἀἰδέω.

SIMONIDIS.

Quos tegit hic tellus, patriæ immortale dederunt,  
Ante umbras lethi quam subiere, decus.  
Nec toti periere ; illos namque inclyta virtus  
Rursus ab infernâ scit revocare domo.

G. S.

Nimmer verlöschenden Ruhm engündeten diese der theuern  
Heimath ; aber sie selbst hüllte des Todes Gewölk.  
Doch auch sind sie getödtet nicht tod ; sie erhob auf der Siegruhm's  
Flügeln aus Aides Nacht preissend die Tugend empor.

Jacobs.

*On those who fell with Leonidas.*

These won for Sparta fame through endless days,  
When death's dark cloud upon themselves they drew,  
But dying died not ; for their valour's praise  
From Hades' dwelling leads them up anew.

Sterling.





**Pingere Menodotum voluit Diodorus: at illa  
Omnes, Menodotum præter, imago refert.**

Grotius. . . . .

Pinse Alcon di Menodoto il sembiante  
Più che ad esso a tutt' altri somigliante.

Pagnini.

Hierher stellte Menobotos Bild Dioboros der Mahler,  
Jedlichem gleicht das Bild, nur dem Menobotos nicht.

Jacobs.

Auf den Maler Riech.

Nich malte Simon Kleß so treu, so meisterlich,  
Dass aller Welt, so gut als mir, das Bildniß glich.

Lessing.

When Diodorus sketch'd your phiz,  
Menodotus, 'tis true  
A likeness was produced, for 'tis  
Like ev'ry one—but you.

W.

CXLIX.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ, ΥΠ. / 55

Ὅννομα μεν Σαπφώ· τόσσον δ' ὑπερέσχον αἰοιδὰν  
Θηλειᾶν, ἀνδρῶν ὅσσον ὁ Μαιονίδας.

ANTIPATRI.

**Sappho nomen erat : tantum muliebria vici  
Carmina, tu quantum vincis, Homere, viros.**

Grotius. . . . .

**Fœmineos cantus superavi mascula Sappho,  
Quantum hominum vicit carmina Mæonides.**

A. M. Salvinus.

Sappho ist mein Name: ich habe die Weiber besiegt  
Mit Gesänge, wie auch Männer Homerus besiegt.

Herder.

Sappho ward ich genannt ; ich besiegte die Lieder der Frauen  
Weit hin, so wie Homer männliche Lieder besiegt.

Jacobs.

**Sappho my name. When Homer's song divine  
Man hath surpass'd, may maiden rival mine.**

R C C.

## CL.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ. VI. 457

Eis 'Ippónakta.

ὦ ξεῖνε, φεύγε τὸν χαλαζεπῆ τάφον,  
 Τὸν φρικτόν, Ἰππώνакτος, οὐ τε χά τέφρα  
 Ἰαμβιάζει Βουπάλειον ἐς στύγος,  
 Μή πως ἐγείρης σφήκα τὸν κοιμώμενον,  
 Ὃς οὐδ' ἐν Ἀιδῇ νῦν κεκοίμικεν χόλον,  
 Σκάζουσι μέτροις ὀρθὰ τοξεύσας ἔπη.

## PHILIPPI.

Hunc grandinantem, si sapis, tumulum fuge  
 Viator, Hipponactis, hostis Bupalus;  
 Atrox Iambis stridet ipse etiam cinis.  
 Vide crabronem ne cubantem suscites:  
 Nondum quiescit ejus apud Orcum furor,  
 Sed recta vibrat tela claudio carmine.

Grotius.

O meide, Fremdling, hier des Wortehaglers Grab,  
 Hipponax Hügel, welchem selbst die Asche noch  
 Iambisfret, Spott und Haß dem Bupalos;  
 Damit du nicht der herben Wespe Schlummer störst,  
 Die selbst im Hades, jenes alten Grolles voll,  
 Vom scharfen Bogen stracks zum Ziel Skazonten schießt.

Jacobs.

Fly, stranger, nor your weary limbs relax  
 Near the tempestuous tomb of Hipponax,  
 Whose very dust, deposited below,  
 Stings with Iambics Bupalus his foe.  
 Rouse not the sleeping hornet in his cell;  
 He loads his limping lines with satires fell;  
 His anger is not pacified in Hell.

Fawkes.

See Symonds, Greek Poets, p. 362.

## CLI.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ.

*Ανθολογία, βιβλ. Ι, στίχ. 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.*

Eis eikóna Ploutárchou.

Σείο πολυκλήεντα τύπον στήσαν, Χαιρωνεῦ.

Πλούταρχε, κρατερῶν νίκες Αὔσονίων

"Ὅττι παραλλήλοισι βίους" Ἑλληνας ἀρίστους

Ῥώμης εὐπολέμοις ἤρμους ἐνναέταις.

Ἄλλὰ τοῦ βιότοιο παράλληλον βίον ἄλλον

Οὐδὲ σύ γ' ἂν γράψαις. οὐ γὰρ ὁμοίον ἔχεις.

AGATHIÆ ORATORIS.

Effigiem, Plutarche, tibi statuere merenti,

Clarum opus, Ausonii quos genuere patres.

Nempè Parallelis nôsti componere Vitis

Romulidis Graios, nomina summa, viros.

Tute Parallelam non posses scribere vitæ

Ipse tuæ Vitam : non habet illa parem.

G. B.

Chäronenſiſcher Weiſe, der ſegten Ausoniens Söhne

Dieſes lebende Bild, ihnen zum bleibenden Ruhm,

Dir zum Danke : denn du verglichſt mit griechiſchen Seelen

Römer-Seelen und haſt Gleiche zu Gleichen geſellt.

Aber du ſteheſt allein : denn ſchrieb' ein zweiter Plutarchus

Dich ; wen gleich' er dir, da dir ein Aehnlicher fehlt ?

Herder.

Cheronean Plutarch, to thy deathless praise

Does martial Rome this grateful statue raise ;

Because both Greece and she thy fame have shar'd,

(Their heroes written, and their lives compar'd ;)

But thou thyself could'st never write thy own ;

Their lives have parallels, but thine has none.

Dryden.

## CLII.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ. /X. /6.

Τρῖσσαί μὲν Χάριτες, τρεῖς δὲ γλυκυνπάρθενοι Ὀραι,  
 Τρεῖς δ' ἐμὲ θηλυμανεῖς οἰστροβολοῦσι πόθοι.  
 Ἥ γάρ τοι τρία τόξα κατείρυσεν, ὥς ἄρα μέλλων  
 Οὐχὶ μίαν τρώσειν, τρεῖς δ' ἐν ἐμοὶ κραδίας.

MELEAGRI.

Tres Charites, tres sunt Horæ, triplexque Cupido,  
 Insano qui me sævus amore ferit.  
 Nimirum tres in me arcus puer ille tetendit,  
 Ceu mihi non unum sed tria corda forent.

F. Bellicarius.

Tres Charites, ternæ dulces numerantur et Horæ;  
 Meque furens triplex virginis ardor agit.  
 Flexit enim ternos arcus, meditatus ut in me  
 Figere non unum, sed tria corda, deus.

G. B.

Son tres las bellas Gracías,  
 Tres las suaves Horas,  
 Y con ardientes tiros  
 Me abrasan tres hermosas:  
 Para qué son tres flechas?  
 Amor, basta una sola.

Conde.

Drey sind Grazien, drey jungfräuliche blühende Horen,  
 Und die mit Blut mich erfüllt, drey überirdische sind.  
 Wirklich, es schoss drey Pfeile der Knabe Kytherens, als wollt' er  
 Nicht ein Herz, in der Brust treffen der Herzen mir drey.

Erichson

As the Graces are three, and the sweet Seasons three,  
 So three are the maids I adore:  
 For three are the bows Cupid drew against me,  
 And aimed as if three hearts I bore.

W.

## CLIII.

ΑΡΧΙΟΥ. XV. 5/.

Εἰς τὸν Καλυδώνιον κάπρον.

Χάλκεος, ἀλλ' ἄθρησον ὅσον θράσος ἄνυσε κάπρου  
 Ὅ πλαστάς, ἔμπνουν θήρα τυπωσάμενος,  
 Χαίτας αὐχενίους πεφρικότα, θηκτὸν ὀδόντα  
 Βρύχοντα, γλήναις φρικτὸν ἰέντα σέλας,  
 Ἀφρῷ χεῖλεα πάντα δεδευμένον οὐκέτι θάμβος,  
 Εἰ λογάδα στρατιῇν ὤλεσεν ἡμιθέων.

ARCHIÆ.

Æreus est; quantas spirat tamen, adspice! vires,  
 Artifici ut dextrâ vivit et ardet aper!  
 Erectæ per colla jubæ stant: dente minaci  
 Frendet, et ex oculis lux metuenda micat:  
 Oraque tota fluunt spuma rorantia. Tali  
 Quid mirum Heroes si cecidere ferâ?

G. S.

Sieh, wie der Bildner dem Erze verlehn vollkräftige Kühnheit;  
 Wie er des Ebers Gestalt lebend und athmend geformt.  
 Furchtbar sträubt sich der Kamm auf dem borstigen Rücken; die Hauer  
 Blitzen gezückt; es entstrahlt schreckliches Feuer dem Aug.  
 Mundum schäumt der Mund dem Gewaltigen. Wundre dich nicht mehr,  
 Wenn ihm das edle Geschlecht göttlicher Männer erlag.

Jacoba.

Tis bronze. But mark with what fierce prowess fired  
 By cunning hands, and with what life inspired!  
 Erect his bristles stand; his tusk for fight  
 He gnashes, and his eyes flash horrid light,  
 All bathed his lips in foam. Heroes, no more  
 We marvel that ye fell by such a boar!

G. S.

## CLIV.

ΠΟΣΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ.

Δύσινπε, πλάστα Σικυνώνι, θαρσαλή χεῖρ,

Δάϊε τεχνίτα, πῦρ τοι ὁ χαλκὸς ὄρη,

“Ὀν κατ’ Ἀλεξάνδρου μορφᾶς χέες· οὐκέτι μεμῖπτοί

Πέρσαι· συγγνώμη βουσὶ λέοντα φυγεῖν.

POSIDIPPI.

*In Alexandrum ære effictum.*

Quantum audet, Lysippe, manus tua! surgit in ære

Spiritus, atque oculis bellicus ignis adest:

Spectate hos vultus, miserisque ignoscite Persis:

Quid mirum, imbelles si leo sparsit oves?

Th. Gray

Sicyon's Künstler, so mut'ig an Geist, als Händen, Lysippos,  
Kriegrischer Bildner, fürwahr Flammen entsprützen dem Erz,  
Dem die Gestalt Alexanders du gabst. Setzt tabelt die Perser  
Niemand. Stieren verzeih, wenn vor dem Löwen sie flieh'n.

Jacobs.

Lysippus, Sicyon's genius, master bold!

The bronze looks very fire, thus cast by thee

In Alexander's form. Persians, behold,

Your flight was blameless: herds the lion flee.

G. S.

## CLV.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Εἰς Βάκχην ἐν Βυζαντίῳ.

Ἴσχετε τὴν Βάκχην, μὴ λαϊνὴ περ εἶδ' ὄσα

Οὐδὸν ὑπερθεμένη, νηὸν ὑπεκπροφύγη.

INCERTI.

Heus Baccham retinete, viri, ne, saxea quanquam est,

Concita se templi limine proripiat.

Grotius.

Quella Baccante arrestisi;

Che sebben marmo sia,

Dalla soglia del tempio

Non abbia a fuggir via.

M.

Halte sie ein, die Thyade, damit nicht, ob sie gleich Stein ist,  
Sie von der Schwelle des Thors hüpfte zum Tempel hinaus.

Herder.

Halte fest die Bacchantin! Obgleich aus Steine gebildet,  
Stürmt sie über die Schwelle eilig zum Tempel hinaus.

Voss.

Stop that wild Bacchant! lest, tho' made of stone,  
She bound from out the temple and be gone.

W.

CLVI.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν . V 11. 723.

Ἄ πάρος ἄδμητος καὶ ἀνέμβατος, ὦ Λακεδαῖμον,  
Καπνὸν ἐπ' Εὐρώτῃ δέρκεαι Ὀλένιον,  
Ἄσκιος οἶωνοὶ δὲ κατὰ χθονὸς οἰκία θέντες  
Μύρονται· μῆλων δ' οὐκ ἀτρουσι λύκοι.

INCERTI.

O bene culta diu tellus invicta Laconum,  
Cernis? ab Eurota fumus it Olenius.  
Umbra tibi nulla est. Mæstum sua tecta volantum  
Agmen humi ponit, nec lupus audit oves.

Grotius. *Antiquitates Atticae, lib. 2, c. 1, p. 107.*

O inaccessible già, nè mai domata  
Lacedemone! Il fumo Olenio or miri  
D' Eurota in su la sponda incendiata:  
Più non spargi ombra: tristi fan gli augelli  
Lor nido in terra; e il lupo, sebben giri,  
Non ode intorno più belare agnelli.

W.

Vormals nimmer besetzt, Lakedaimon, nimmer erstiegen,  
Siehst du am Ufer des Stroms jetzt den Olenischen Rauch,  
Schattenberaubt. Wehfliegend erbaun an dem Boden die Vöglein  
Nester, und Heerdengeblöck hören die Wölfe nicht mehr.

Jacobs.

O Lacedæmon! unsubdu'd and unapproach'd of old,  
Now smoking on Eurotas' banks th' Achæan fires behold!  
All shelterless!—The birds in sorrow build upon the ground,  
And list'ning wolves no sound detect of bleating flocks around.

W.



## CLVII. 1X. 357

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ ΚΩΜΙΚΟΥ.

Ποίην τις βιώτοιο τάμοι τρίβον ; εἰν ἀγορῇ μὲν  
 Νείκεα καὶ χαλεπαὶ πρήξεις· ἐν δὲ δόμοις  
 Φροντίδες· ἐν δ' ἀγοαῖς καμάτων ἄλγος· ἐν δὲ θαλάσσῃ  
 Τάρβος· ἐπὶ ξείνης δ' ἦν μὲν ἔχῃς τι, δέος·  
 Ἦν δ' ἀπορῆς, ἀνηρόν· ἔχεις γάμον ; οὐκ ἀμέριμνος  
 Ἔσσεαι· οὐ γαμέεις ; ζῆς ἔτ' ἐρημότερος.  
 Τέκνα πόνοι· πήρωσις ἀπαις βλός· αἱ νεότητες  
 Ἀφρονες· αἱ πολιαὶ δ' ἔμπαλιν ἀδρανέες.  
 Ἦν ἄρα τοῦνδε δυοῖν ἐνὸς αἵρεσις, ἥ τὸ γενέσθαι  
 Μηδέποτ', ἥ τὸ θανεῖν αὐτίκα τικτόμενον.

POSIDIPPI, VEL PLATONIS.

Quod vitæ sectabor iter ? si plena tumultu  
 Sunt fora : si curis domus anxia : si peregrinos  
 Cura domus sequitur : mercantem si nova semper  
 Damna manent : cessare vetat si turpis egestas :  
 Si vexat labor agricolam, mare naufragus horror  
 Infamat, pœnæque graves in cœlibe vita,  
 Et gravior cautis custodia vana maritis :  
 Sanguineum si Martis opus : si turpia lucra  
 Fœnoris, et velox inopes usura trucidat.  
 Omne ævum curæ : cunctis sua displicet ætas.

Ergo

Optima Graiorum sententia : quippe homini aiunt  
 Non nasci esse bonum, natum aut cito morte potiri.

Ausonius.. 7. XV.

Quem vitæ teneas callem ? Nam cuncta molestis  
 Sunt fora litigiis plena : domique graves  
 Curæ adsunt ; et rure labor ; super æquore sævo  
 Mille pericla ; metus, siquid habes peregre.  
 Paupertas, tristis ; vita anxia, vita mariti ;  
 Si malis cœlebs vivere, solus eris.  
 Nati sollicitant ; sinè natis orbus haberis :  
 Mente juvenia caret, robore canities.  
 Alterutrum ergo velis ; aut nunquam in luminis auras  
 Venisse ; aut veniens, morte repenti frui.

Maittaire.

Qual vita è da cercar ? In corte hai doglie  
 E invidie : alti pensier fra le tue soglie :  
 Pena in villa : in mar tema : in altrui tetto  
 Povero, hai dispiacer ; ricco, sospetto.  
 Prender moglie è travaglio : vive solo  
 Chi non l'ha in tutto. Gran peso è il figliuolo :  
 Il non averne è duol. La giovinezza  
 È senza senno : frale è la vecchiezza.  
 Dunque o non nascer mai bramar si deve,  
 O nato, men durar ch' al foco neve.

L Alamanni.

*Vie en infélicité continuelle,**à Muret.*

Quel train de vie est il bon que je suyve,  
 Afin, Muret, qu' heureusement je vive ?  
 Dans les palais il n' y a que procès,  
 Noises, débats, et querelleux excès :  
 Les maisons sont de mille soucis pleines ;  
 Le labourage est tout rempli de peines ;  
 Le matelot familier du labeur  
 Dessus les eaux pâlit tousjours de peur :  
 Celluy qui erre en un pais étrange,  
 S'il a du bien, il craint qu'on ne le mange :  
 D'estre indigent c'est une grand douleur.  
 Le mariage est comblé de malheur ;  
 Et si l'on vit sans estre en mariage,  
 Seul et désert il faut user son âge.  
 Avoir enfans, n' avoir enfans' aussi  
 Donne labeur, donne soing et soucy.  
 La jeunesse est peu sage et mal habile ;  
 La vieillesse est languissante et débile,  
 Aiant tousjours la mort devant les yeux.  
 Donques, Muret, je croy qu'il vaudroit mieux  
 L'un de ces deux ; ou bien jamais ne naistre,  
 Ou de mourir si tost qu'on vient de naistre.

Ronsard.

Welchen der Pfad' im Leben erwähl' ich mir? Haber und schwere  
 Händel erfüllen den Markt; Sorgen bewohnen das Haus;  
 Fülle von lästigen Mühen das Feld; auf dem Meere der Schrecken;  
 Furcht auf fremdem Gebiet, bist du mit Gütern begabt;  
 Leidest du Mangel, so lebst du im Druck; Noth bringet der Eßstand;  
 Bleibst du im lebigen Stand, bist du im Alter verwaist.  
 Müh sind Kinder; der Kinder beraubt ist halb nur das Leben.  
 Jugend ist ohne Verstand, Alter entbehret der Kraft.  
 Einß denn wähle von zwehn: entweder nimmer zu leben,  
 Oder geböhren, sogleich wieder das Leben zu flehn.

Jacobs.

*Man's life, after Possidonius or Crates.*

What path list you to tread? what trade will you assay?  
 The courts of plea by braule and bate drive gentle peace away.  
 In house, for wife and child, there is but cark and care;  
 With travel and with toyl ynough in fields we use to fare.  
 Upon the seas lieth dread; the riche in foreign land  
 Doo feare the losse; and there the poore like mysers porely stand.  
 Strife with a wife; without your thrift full harde to see.  
 Young brats a troble; none at all, a mayme it semes to be:  
 Youth fonde, age hath no hart, and pincheth all to nie:  
 Choose then the leefter of these two, no life or soon to die.

Poems of Vncertaine Auotors, 1530—1560.

The world's a bubble, and the life of man  
                                   lesse than a span,  
 In his conception wretched, from the woombe  
                                   so to the tombe:  
 Curst from the cradle, and brought up to yeares,  
                                   with cares and feares.  
 Who then to frail mortality shall trust,  
 But limmes the water, or but writes in dust;  
 Yet since with sorrow here we live opprest,  
                                   what life is best?  
 Courts are but only superficiall schooles  
                                   to dandle fooles.  
 The rurall parts are turn'd into a den  
                                   of savage men.

And where's a city from all vice so free  
 But may be term'd the worst of all the three?  
 Domesticke cares afflict the husband's bed,  
     or paines his head.  
 Those that live single take it for a curse,  
     or doe things worse.  
 Some would have children; those that have them, mone,  
     or wish them gone.  
 What is it then to have or have no wife,  
 But single thraldome, or a double strife?  
 Our owne affections still at home to please  
     is a disease;  
 To crosse the sea to any foreine soyle  
     perills and toyle.  
 Warres with their noise affright us: when they cease  
     W'are worse in peace.  
 What then remains? but that we still should cry,  
 Not to be borne, or being borne to dye.

Lord Bacon. *Seneca, X. v. l. 177.*

*An Epigram concerning Man's Life, composed by Crates or Posidippus.*

What course of life should wretched mortals take?  
 In courts hard questions large contention make:  
 Care dwels in houses, labour in the field,  
 Tumultuous seas affrighting dangers yeeld.  
 In forraine lands thou never canst be blest;  
 If rich, thou art in feare; if poore, distrest.  
 In wedlock, frequent discontentments swell:  
 Vnmarried persons as in desarts dwell.  
 How many troubles are with children borne!  
 Yet he that wants them counts himselfe forlorne.  
 Young men are wanton, and of wisdom void:  
 Gray haire is cold, vnfit to be implord.  
 Who would not one of these two offers choose:  
 Not to be borne, or breath with speede to loose?

Sir John Beaumont.

## CLVIII.

ΜΗΤΡΟΔΩΡΟΥ. 1830.

Παντοίην βιότοιο τάμοις τρίβον. εἰν ἀγορῇ μὲν  
 Κύδεα καὶ πινυταὶ πρήξεις· ἐν δὲ δόμοις  
 Ἀμπαυμ'· ἐν δ' ἀγροῖς φύσιος χάρις· ἐν δὲ θαλάσσῃ  
 Κέρδος· ἐπὶ ξείνης, ἣν μὲν ἔχῃς τι, κλέος·  
 Ἦν δ' ἀπορῆς, μόνος οἶδας. ἔχεις γάμον; οἶκος ἄριστος  
 Ἔσσεται· οὐ γαμέεις; ζῆς ἔτ' ἐλαφρότερον.  
 Τέκνα πόθος· ἄφροντις ἄπαις βίος. αἱ νεότητες  
 Ῥωμαλέαι· πολιαὶ δ' ἔμπαλιν εὐσεβέες.  
 Οὐκ ἄρα τῶν δισσωὺν ἐνὸς αἵρεσις, ἥ τὸ γενέσθαι  
 Μηδέποτ', ἥ τὸ θανεῖν. πάντα γὰρ ἐσθλὰ βίψ.

METRODORI.

Quod mavis, vitæ genus excole: curia famam  
 Prudentis poterit conciliare: domi  
 Tuta quies; in agris naturæ gratia: lucrum  
 Dat mare; laudaris, si quid habes peregre.  
 Pauper es; id solus nôsti. Cum conjuge vivas;  
 Grata domus; careas conjuge, cura minor.  
 Gaudia dant nati; vives minùs anxius, orbis.  
 Dos propria est juvenum vis, pietasque senum.  
 Cur cupis esse ortus nunquam, aut obiisse repenté?  
 Vita tibi felix quælibet esse potest.

Maittaire.

Ogni sorte di vita al saggio piace:  
 In corte è somma gloria, in casa pace:  
 Diporto in villa, in mar guadagno. Fuore  
 Della sua patria il ricco porta onore:  
 Il pover più si cela. Quel c'ha moglie,  
 Ha più conforto; chi non l'ha, men doglie.  
 Son sostegno i figliuoi: queta è l'orbezza.  
 Robusta è gioventù, saggia vecchiezza.  
 Brami adunque ciascun non morir mai,  
 O di Nestore i dì vincer d' assai.

L. Alamanni.

## Das Glück des Lebens.

Jedes Leben beglückt. In Häusern wohnet die Ruhe,  
 Auf dem Lande Genuß, unter Geschäften der Ruhm,  
 Auf dem Meere Gewinn. Sey reich an Habe, so wird dir  
 Ehre; besitzest du nichts, strebe nach Weisheit und Muth.  
 Lebest du unvermählt, so lebst du Tage der Freyheit!  
 Nimm dir ein Weib, so bau'st du dir ein fröhliches Haus.  
 Kinder freuen, und ohne Mühe lebet sich halb nur;  
 Jugend gewährt dir Kraft, reisende Jahre Verstand.  
 Falsch ist also die Wahl, die nicht geboren zu werden  
 Oder zu sterben wünscht. Jegliches Leben beglückt.

Herder.

*A Marc Antoine de Muret,*

*contre: " Quel train de vie est-il bon que je suive &c."*

Tout train de vie il est bon que tu suives,  
 Afin, Muret, que heureusement tu vives.  
 Dans le palais sont punis les excès;  
 Par bon conseil s'apaisent les procès.  
 Voy les maisons de mille plaisirs pleines:  
 Le labourage est plein de douces peines:  
 Le matelot par un peu de labeur  
 Jouist du gaing délivré de la peur.  
 Celuy qui erre en un pais estrange,  
 S'il a du bien, à son plaisir le mange,  
 S'il n'en a point, il en est moins troublé.  
 Le marié vit de joye comblé:  
 Celuy qui vit sans estre en mariage,  
 Seul sans travail passera son doux âge.  
 Avoir enfans, n'avoir enfans aussi  
 Ne donne, plus l'un que l'autre, soucy.  
 La jeunesse est gaye, belle, agréable:  
 La vieillesse est rassise et vénérable,  
 Qui le passé remet devant les yeux.

Donques, Muret, je croy qu'il vaudroit mieux,  
 Si l'on pouvoit, ne cesser jamais d'estre,  
 Que de mourir si tost qu'on vient de naistre.

Baif

*Metrodorus minde to the contrarie.*

What race of lyfe ronn you? what trade will you assay?  
 In courts is glory got, and witt increased day by day.  
 At home we take our ease, and beak ourselves in rest:  
 The fieldes our nature do refresh with pleasures of the best.  
 On seas is gain to get; the straunger he shall be  
 Estemed, having much, if not, none knoweth his lack but he.  
 A wife will trim thy house; no wyfe, then art thou free.  
 Brood is a lovely thing: without, thy lyf is loose to thee.  
 Young bloodes be strong; old syres in double honour dwel:  
 Do 'way the choyse, "No lyfe or soon to dye," for all is well.

Poems of Vncertaine Auctors, 1630—1660

*The answer of Metrodorus.*

In every way of life, true pleasure flowes:  
 Immortall fame from publike action growes:  
 Within the doores is found appeasing rest;  
 In fields the gifts of Nature are exprest.  
 The sea brings gaine, the rich abroad provide  
 To blaze their names, the poore their wants to hide;  
 All housholds best are govern'd by a wife;  
 His cares are light, who leades a single life.  
 Sweet children are delights which marriage blesse:  
 He that hath none, disturbs his thoughts the lesse.  
 Strong youth can triumph in victorious deeds:  
 Old age the soule with pious motion feeds.  
 All states are good, and they are falsly led,  
 Who wish to be unborne, or quickly dead.

Sir John Beaumont.

## CLIX.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Οὐκ ἔστιν μείζων βάσανος χρόνους οὐδενὸς ἔργου,  
 Ὃς καὶ ὑπὸ στέρνοισι ἀνδρὸς ἔδειξε νόον.

SIMONIDIS.

Facta viri solo poterunt bene tempore nosci,  
 Tempus enim solum pandere corda potest.

G. S.

Time is of every act the surest test;  
 For time lays bare the secrets of the breast.

G. S.

CLX.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ. / Χ. / 86.

Eis 'Αριστοφάνην.

*Βίβλοι 'Αριστοφάνευσ, θεῖος πόνος, αἴσιν 'Αχαρνέυς  
Κισσὸς ἐπὶ χλοερῇν πουλὺς ἔσεισε κόμην.  
'Ηνδ' ὅσον Διόνυσον ἔχει σελίς, οἶα δὲ μῦθοι  
'Ηχεῦσιν, φοβερῶν πληθόμενοι χαρίτων.  
'Ω καὶ θυμὸν ἄριστε, καὶ Ἑλλάδος ἤθεσιν ἴσα,  
Κωμικέ, καὶ στύξας ἄξια καὶ γελάσας.*

ANTIPATRI THESSALON.

En tibi Aristophanis libri, divinum opus, et quos  
Ambit Acharnæe plurima frons hederæ.  
Pagina quantum habeat Bacchum aspice ! Qui sonus illis  
Carminibus, quæ sit gratia terribilis !  
O ! animi præstans, et Græcis moribus apta et  
Digna secute odio, Comice, digna joco !

G. S.

*Werke von göttlicher Kunst, Aristophanes Lieder ! Acharnas  
Epheu schüttelt um euch säuselnd das grüne Gelock ;  
Sieh, wie die Blätter erfüllt von dem Bromios ; tönend von Wohlklang  
Zegliches Wort, und vom Reiz schreckender Chariten voll !  
Seh mir, muthiger Sänger, gegrüßt, der hellenischen Sitte  
Maler, der komischen Kunst Meister im Lachen und Spott.*

Jacobs.

The Plays of Aristophanes ! around that work divine  
Th' Acharnian ivy's clust'ring wreaths in verdant glory twine.  
What inspiration in the page ! 'Tis Bacchus' self ! what sounds  
Of graceful poesy, which yet with dreaded wit abounds.  
Genius of Comedy ! how just ! how true to all that's Greek,  
Whate'er in satire or in jest thy personages speak.

W.



## CLXI.

ANTIΦΙΛΟΥ. VII. 399.

Εἰς Ἑτεοκλέα καὶ Πολυνείκην.

Τηλοτάτω χεῖασθαι ἔδει τάφον Οἰδιπόδαο  
 Παισὶν ἀπ' ἀλλήλων, οἷς πέρας οὐδ' Ἀΐδας·  
 Ἀλλὰ καὶ εἰς Ἀχέροντος ἕνα πλόον ἡρνήσαντο,  
 Χῶ στυγερὸς ζῶει κῆν φθιμένοισιν Ἄρης.  
 Ἥνιδε πυρκαϊῆς ἄνισον φλόγα· δαιομένα γὰρ  
 Ἐξ ἑνὸς εἰς δισσὰν δῆρυν ἀποστρέφεται.

ANTIPHILI.

Œdipodæ natis longe disjuncta sepulchra  
 Condite: non illis terminus orcus erit.  
 Namque negant, Stygias una transire per undas;  
 Improbis extinctos urit agitque furor.  
 Scinditur in partes, quæ vertice surgit ab uno,  
 Et velut ad pugnam flamma suprema venit.

Leichius.

Œdine des Oedipus, seyh auch in der Asche getrennet:  
 Fern von einander ruh' euer begrabene Rest.  
 Charon, schiffe sie nicht in Einem Rahe zum Ufer:  
 Auch in der Todten Brust lebet der Lebenden Haß.  
 Schaue, wie kämpfend dort vom Holz das Feuer emporsteigt  
 Wie sich da rechts und links streitend die Flamme vertheilt.

Herder.

The sons of Œdipus should buried be  
 Far from each other, they, whose enmity  
 Death bounds not. On the last sad voyage they part,  
 Unnatural hate still living in each heart.  
 See e'en the flames at strife: the cloven fire  
 Soars in two angry points, though one the pyre.

G. S.

## CLXII.

ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ. VII. 239.

Εἰς Ἀλέξανδρον τὸν Μακεδόνα.

Φθίσθαι Ἀλέξανδρον ψευδὴς φάτις, εἴπερ ἀληθὴς  
 Φοῖβος. ἀνικῆτων ἄπτεται οὐδ' Ἀΐδης.

PARMENIONIS.

Mortis Alexandri falsa est, si verus Apollo,  
 Fama; sub invictis mors quoque victa jacet.

Grotius. *Antiph. 399.*

Funus Alexandri mentitur fama; fidesque  
Si Phæbo, victor nescit obire diem.

Sam. Johnson. ὁ νεκρὸς τοῦ Ἀλέξανδρου.

False is the tale; a Hero never dies.  
Or Alexander lives, or Phæbus lies.

E. S.

CLXIII.

ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ. /X, 7/,

Κλῶνες ἀπηγόριοι ταναΐς δρυσός, εὐσκιον ὕψος  
'Ανδράσιν ἄκρητον καῦμα φυλασσομένοις,  
Εὐπέταλοι, κεράμων στεγανώτεροι, οἰκία φαττῶν,  
Οἰκία τεττῶν, ἐνδιοὶ ἀκρέμονες,  
Κήμὲ τὸν ὑμετέραισιν ὑποκλινθέντα κόμαισιν  
'Ρύσασθ' ἀκτίων ἡέλου φυγάδα.

ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΙ.

Aerii quercus rami, vitantibus æstum  
Hospita diffusa tegmina celsa coma;  
Frondiferi, tectis densi magis, apta cicadis  
Aptaque turturibus sub Jove nexa domus;  
Me quoque sub foliis stratum defendite vestris,  
Grataque sit profugo solis ab igne quies!

G. B.

Σχattige Wipfel, und ihr, hoch schwebende Zweige des Eichenbaums,  
Welche vor drückender Glut wandernde Männer beschützt;  
Laubreich Dach, gleich Ziegeln, und dichter noch, Zweige zur Wohnung  
Sirrrender Lauben, und euch, zirpende Grillen, bestimmt;  
Auch ich eilte zu dir, um in kühlendem Schatten zu rasten.  
Nimm mich freundlich in Schutz, während der Sonne Geschöf.

Jacobs.

Aerial branches of tall oak, retreat  
Of loftiest shade for those who shun the heat,  
With foliage full, more close than tiling, where  
Dove and cicada dwell aloft in air,  
Me too, that thus my head beneath you lay,  
Protect, a fugitive from noon's fierce ray.

G. B.

## CLXIV.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ. γ. //

Εἰ τοὺς ἐν πελάγει σῶζεις, Κύπρι, κάμῃ τὸν ἐν γᾶ  
 Ναυαγόν, φίλῃ, σῶσον ἀπολλύμενον.

INCERTI.

Alma Venus servas si quos mare jactat, amoris  
 Naufragus in terris quin tibi servor ego.

Grotius. *Op. 3. d. 283.*

Wenn du im Meere dem Schiffenden hilffst, o Kythere, gewähre  
 Hülfe dem Liebenden auch, welcher zu Lande versinkt.

Jacobs.

Venus, who sav'st at sea, O lend a hand,  
 Dear Goddess, for I'm wrecking on dry land.

W.

## CLXV.

ΓΕΜΙΝΟΥ. VII. 73.

Ἀντὶ τάφου λιτοῖο θὲς Ἑλλάδα, θὲς δ' ἐπὶ ταύταν  
 Δούρατα, βαρβαρικᾶς σύμβολα ναυφθορίας,  
 Καὶ τύμβῳ κρηπίδα περίγραφε Περσικὸν Ἄρη  
 Καὶ Ἑρξην· τοῦτοισι θάπτε Θεμιστοκλέα.  
 Στάλα δ' ἅ Σαλαμὶς ἐπικεῖσεται, ἔργα λέγουσα  
 Τάμ'· τί με σμικροῖς τὸν μέγαν ἐντίθετε;

GEMINI.

Græcia pro tumulo mihi sit, fractasque, ruinæ  
 Barbaricæ testes, insuper adde trabes.  
 Inde pedem circum Xerxem Xerxisque cohortes  
 Pone: Themistoclem sic sepelire decet.  
 Pro cippo Salamis, referens mea prælia, surget:  
 Non capiunt magnum parva sepulchra ducem.

G. S.

Setze zum Grabe mir Hellas, und Spieße über das Grabmal,  
 Zeichen der rühmlichen Schlacht, die dich, o Hellas, befreit.  
 Und der persische Mars und Xerxes sollen mein Grabmal  
 Tragen; auf ihnen nur ruhet Themistokles Grab.  
 Salamis sey die Säule dabet. Dann sage die Inschrift:  
 "Dieses that ich. O ihr, Griechen, begrubet mich klein."

Herder.

Give me no grave but Greece ; that grave bedeck  
With symbols of the fallen barbarians' wreck :  
The base ~~pro~~ Xerxes and the Persian fleet.  
Such burial for Themistocles is meet.  
For column Salamis my deeds to tell  
Shall stand : such greatness brooks no narrow cell.

G. S.

CLXVI.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ. 18. 305.

Ἵδατος ἀκρήτου κεκορημένῳ ἄγχι παραστὰς  
Χθίζον ἐμοὶ λεχέων Βάκχος ἔλεξε τάδε·  
Εὐδεις ἄξιον ὕπνου ἀπεχθομένων Ἀφροδίτῃ·  
Εἰπέ μοι, ὦ νήφω, πύθεαι Ἴππολύτου ;  
Τάρβει, μή τι πάθῃς ἐναλίγκιον. Ὡς ὁ μὲν εἰπὼν  
᾿Ωχετ' ἐμοὶ δ' ἀπὸ τῆς οὐκέτι τερπνὸν ὕδωρ.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΙ.

Puris proluto lymphis hesternus Iacchus  
Adstitit, et sævâ talia voce dedit :  
"Ingratos Veneri ducis, malè sobrie, somnos.  
"Heus, quæso, exitium noveris Hippolyti ?  
"Hippolyti tibi fata time." Nec plura : subinde,  
Sobria jam non me, pocula, lympa juvat.

G. F. D. T.

Während ich gestern vom reichlichen Naff der Najaden gesättigt  
Schlummerte, nahte dem Bett Bacchos mit drohendem Blick :  
"Solch' ein Schlummer geziemet sich wohl für die Feinde Rhytherens.  
Hast du Hippolytos Loos, Nüchternen, nimmer gehört ?  
Zittere, daß du nicht Gleiches erfährst !" So sprach er und eilte  
Plötzlich hinweg. Seitdem ist mir das Wasser verhasst.

Jacobs.

As yester-eve I slept on sober water,  
The God of wine drew near and gave no quarter :  
Quoth he, "That lubbard sleep's past Venus' bearing :  
"Hast never heard Hippolytus's faring ?  
"Beware his end be thine." He spake : my cure  
Came with his words : water I can't endure.

G. F. D. T.

## CLXVII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝ. VII. 286

Δύσμορε Νικάνορ, πολὺ μεμορημένε πόντῳ,  
 Κείσαι δὴ ξείνῃ γυμνὸς ἐπ' ἡϊόνι,  
 ἥ σύ γε πρὸς πέτρῃσιν τὰ δ' ὀλβία κείνα μέλαθρα  
 Φροῦδα τε, καὶ πάσης ἐλπίς ὀλωλε Τύρου.  
 Οὐδέ τί σε κτεάνων ἐρρύσατο· φεῦ, ἐλεεινέ,  
 ὦ ἄλλο μοχθήσας ἰχθύσι καὶ πελάγει·

ANTIPATRI THESSALON.

Ah miser æquoreis Nicanor merse sub undis,  
 Nudus in externo littore nempe jaces,  
 Aut aliqua sub rupe: vacant illa inclyta tecta,  
 Et tecum periit spes quoque tota Tyri.  
 Nec tot opes potuere tibi defendere læva  
 Fata, laborasti piscibus et pelago.

Grotius. *Anth. Vol. 2, p. 185.*

Also dem Meere verhiess das Geschick dich, armer Nikanor?  
 Ach, aus fremdem Gestad liegst du des Grabes beraubt;  
 Oder am Riffe des Meers? Hinschwinden die Schätze der Heimath,  
 Seglicher Hoffnung Trost weicht dem Tyrischen Land.  
 Keines der Güter errettete dich. Unglücklicher, also  
 Hast du der Fluth dich gemüht und für die Fische des Meers.

Jacobs.

Doomed, poor Nicanor, to the hoar sea wave,  
 Naked thou liest upon a foreign coast,  
 Or haply 'neath some rock. Thy palace brave  
 Is gone for aye, and all Tyre's hopes are lost.  
 Of all thy wealth nought saved thee: vain thy toil;  
 And all its fruits to fish and sea a spoil!

G. S.

## CLXVIII.

ΚΥΡΟΥ. IX. 5 &amp; 9.

Πίνδαρον ἡμερόντα παρ' ὕδασι Κύρος ἐγείρει,  
 Οὐνεκα φορμύλων εἶπεν ἄριστον ὕδωρ.

CYRI.

Quod citharam pulsans, aqua dixerat optima rerum,  
 Cyrus aquas propter Pindaron hic statuit.

Salvinus.

Why at this fount stands Pindar's form exprest?  
 Because th' enchanter sung that "water's best."

W.

## CLXIX.

ΑΔΡΙΑΝΟΥ ΚΑΙΣΑΡΟΣ, οἱ δὲ ΓΕΡΜΑΝΙΚΟΥ. / κ. 367.

Ἕκτορ, Ἀρήϊον αἷμα, κατὰ χθονὸς εἴ που ἀκούεις,  
 Χαῖρε, καὶ ἄμπνευσον βαιὼν ὑπὲρ πατρίδος.  
 Ἴλιον οἰκεῖται κλεινὴ πόλις, ἄνδρας ἔχουσα  
 Σοῦ μὲν ἀφαιροτέρους, ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἀρηϊφίλους·  
 Μυρμιδόνες δ' ἀπόλοντο. παρίστασο καὶ λέγ' Ἀχιλλεῖ  
 Θεσσαλίην κείσθαι πᾶσαν ὑπ' Αἰνεάδαις.

ADRIANI CÆSARIS, vni GERMANICI.

Martia progenies, Hector, (tellure sub ima  
 Fas audire tamen si mea verba tibi)  
 Respira, quoniam vindex tibi contigit hæres,  
 Qui patriæ famam proferat usque tuæ.  
 Ilion en surgit rursum inclita, gens colit illam,  
 Te Marte inferior, Martis amica tamen.  
 Myrmidonas periisse omnes dic, Hector, Achilli,  
 Thessalam et magnis esse sub Æneadis.

Anthol. Vett. Latt.

Seh gegrüßet o Hector, und wenn du unter der Erde  
 Hörest: so athme neu über dein Vaterland auf,  
 Ilion lebet wieder, die Mutter tapferer Söhne,  
 Zwar nicht Helben wie du, aber doch bieder und kühn.  
 Geh' und sag's Achill: "Die Myrmidonen sind nicht mehr;  
 Über Theßalien herrscht jetzt ein Aeneas-Geschlecht."

Herder.

Hector, brave heart, if still thy spirit hears,  
 O list! and stay awhile thy patriot tears.  
 Troy stands a noble city; and in war  
 Her sons, though weak to thee, still valiant are.  
 The Myrmidons are gone. T' Achilles say,  
 Æneas' offspring all Thessalia sway.

G. S.

## CLXX.

ΕΥΗΝΟΥ. *Ἠθ. 23.*

Πολλοῖς ἀντιλέγειν μὲν ἔθος περὶ παντὸς ὁμοίως·  
 Ὅρθως δ' ἀντιλέγειν οὐκέτι τοῦτ' ἐν ἔθει.  
 Καὶ πρὸς μὲν τούτους ἀρκεῖ λόγος εἰς ὁ παλαιός·  
 “Σοὶ μὲν ταῦτα δοκοῦντ' ἔστω, ἐμοὶ δὲ τάδε.”  
 Τοὺς ξυνετοὺς δ' ἂν τις πείσειε τάχιστα λέγων εὖ,  
 Οἷπερ καὶ ῥάστης εἰσὶ διδασκαλῆς.

## EVENI.

Multorum mos est, dicta æque cuncta negare,  
 Qui tamen haud recta mente negare solent.  
 Talibus una vetus sententia convenit apte :  
 Hæc nobis placeant, o bone, et illa tibi.  
 At cito, qui sapiens est, verbis vincere possis,  
 Namque citus mentem percipit ille tuam.

G. S.

## Der Widerspruch.

Widerspruch ist vielen Gebrauch bei allem, was auffällt :  
 Treffender Widerspruch, selten ist dieser Gebrauch.  
 Gegen jene genügt die einzige Rede der Alten :  
 Dir mag dieses, mein Freund, scheinen das andere mir.  
 Kunbige nur gewinnt man sogleich durch Worte der Wahrheit,  
 Weil die Kunbigen stets auch die gelehrigsten sind.

Voss.

Flat contradiction is a rule  
 Practis'd by every clown and fool ;  
 The question why they thus object  
 Soon would their ignorance detect.  
 To such this adage I apply,  
 “ Sir you are right and so am I : ”  
 But wise men to conviction lean ;  
 And aptly catch at what you mean.

Ph. Smyth.

To contradict alike whatever's meant  
 Is more in fashion than fair argument ;  
 And to all such the common phrase comes pat,  
 “ I am of this opinion, you're of that.”  
 Yet men of sense at once to sense give way,  
 As apprehending soonest all you say.

W.

## CLXXI.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ. IX. 143.

Λιτός τοι δόμος οὔτος, (ἐπεὶ παρὰ κύματι πηγῶ  
 "Ἰδρυμαι νοτερῆς δεσπότις ἡϊόνος)  
 Ἀλλὰ φίλος· πόντῳ γὰρ ἐπὶ πλατὺν δειμαίνοντι  
 Χαίρω, καὶ ναύταις εἰς ἐμὲ σωζόμενοις.  
 Ἰλάσκειν τὴν Κύπριν· ἐγὼ δέ σοι ἢ ἐν ἔρωτι  
 Οὔριος, ἢ χαροπῶ πνεύσομαι ἐν πελάγει.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΙ.

*In sacellum Veneris marinæ.*

Non pretiosa quidem domus hæc, quia fluctibus adstat,  
 Et me parva madens ora salutat heram :  
 Sed bene grata ; juvat nam me reverentia ponti,  
 Creber et a nostra navita salvus ope.  
 Tu sacra fac Veneri, cursus promitto secundos,  
 Seu pelagi, seu te jactat amoris hiems.

Grotius. . . . .

Einfach ist dieß Haus und gering—denn hier an die dunkle  
 Brandung ward ich gestellt Herrin des feuchten Gestads—  
 Aber mir werth. Denn dieser mich weithin fürchtenden Meerfluth  
 Freu' ich mich ; Schiffender auch, welche sich retten zu mir.  
 Betend erflehe dir Kypriens Huld ! Denn jetzt in der Liebe,  
 Setzt auf drohendem Meer send' ich dir günstige Luft.

Jacobs.

Small is this dome, where o'er the billowy main,  
 Sole empress of the sea-beat shore, I reign,  
 Yet dear ; for much I love the roaring sea,  
 And much the shipwreck'd seaman saved by me !  
 Worship thou Venus ; her propitious gales,  
 Lover or mariner, shall fill thy sails.

Wrangham.

T



## CLXXII.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ. Χ. 1. 134.

Ἴππεύων μύρμηκι Μενέστρατος, ὡς ἐλέφαντι,  
 Δύσμορος ἐξαπίνης ὑπτίος ἐξετάθη,  
 Λακτισθεὶς δ', ὡς εἶχε τὸ καίριον, ὦ φθόνε, φησὶν,  
 Οὕτως ἱππεύων ὤλετο καὶ Φαέθων.

LUCILLII.

Faustulus insidens formicæ, ut magno elephanto,  
 Decidit, et terræ terga supina dedit.  
 Moxque idem ad mortem est mulctatus calcibus ejus,  
 Perditus ut posset vix retinere animam.  
 Vix tamen est fatus: Quid rides, improbe Livor,  
 Quod cecidi? cecidit non aliter Phaeton.

Ausonius. *Æ.* 122.

Ausus formicæ Nanus conscendere tergum,  
 Credebat domito sese elephante vehi.  
 At vero, ut cursu fertur nimis illa superbo,  
 Infelix media præcipitatur humo:  
 Calcatusque miser, Quid rides, invidè, casum,  
 Dixit, communem cum Phaethonte mihi?

J. Secundus.

Sul tergo asceto	E maltrattato
D' una formica,	Da' calci orribili
Micron di peso	Gridd così:
Precipitò;	Invidio fato!
E il capo e gli omeri	Fetonte ancora
Si fracassò;	Così perì.

Felici.

Subió atrevido miserable enano  
 En una hormiga de su cuerpo Atlante,  
 Gloriosa de llevar su semejante:  
 Tal puede en proporcion el arte humano.  
 Sin espuela en el pié, rienda en la mano  
 Caminaba tan bravo y arrogante  
 Como pudiera el Cesar mas triunfante  
 En el aplauso del laurel Romano.

Corrió la hormiga, y dió con él en tierra,  
Y entonces dixo : Envidia, ¿ qué te ries ?  
De una suerte caímos yo y Phaetonte.  
Lydio, camina en paz, non me des guerra,  
Que es grande diferencia, aunque porfies,  
Caer de hormiga y de celeste monte.

Lope de Vega Carpio.

Faustulus once bravely mounted on an Ant,  
As on the back of some tall Elephant,  
Fals ; with her heele the Ant nigh strikes him dead :  
At length come hardly to himselfe, he said :  
Jeer'st thou, base Envie, at any fall so low ?  
Why so, for all the world, fell Phaeton, just so.

Leximos Uthalmus.

High mounted on an Ant Nanus the tall,  
Was thrown, alas ! and got a deadly fall.  
Under th' unruly beast's proud feet he lies  
All torn : with much ado yet e'er he dies,  
He strains these words : Base Envy, do laugh on ;  
Thus did I fall, and thus fell Phaeton.

Crashaw.

Bestride an ant a Pigmy great and tall  
Was thrown, alas ! and got a dreadful fall ;  
Under th' unruly beast's proud feet he lies,  
All torn ; but yet with generous ardour cries,  
" Behold, base, envious world, now, now laugh on,  
" For thus I fall, and thus fell Phaeton ! "

Sprat.

CLXXIII.

Π Α Δ Δ Α Δ Α. 1X. 111.

*Ἀνεστράφησαν, ὡς ὁρῶ, τὰ πράγματα,  
Καὶ τὴν Τύχην νῦν δυστυχούσαν εἶδομεν.*

P A L L A D Æ.

Sublapsa retro nunc feruntur omnia ;  
Fortuna nam infortunio affecta est gravi.  
Nunc ordo rerum quam sit inversus vides,  
Fortuna quando jacet in infortunio.

Fed. Morellus.

The world's upset, and, O strange fate,  
Fortune herself's unfortunate.

Grotius..

W.

## CLXXIV.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ. 1X. 418,

Ἴσχετε χεῖρα μυλαῖον, ἀλετριδες, εὐδετε μακρά,  
 Κῆν ὀρθρον προλέγῃ γῆρυς ἀλεκτρύνων  
 Δηὼ γὰρ Νύμφαισι χερῶν ἐπετείλατο μόχθους  
 Αἱ δὲ κατ' ἀκροτάτην ἀλλόμεναι τροχίην,  
 Ἄξονα δινεύουσιν ὃ δ' ἀκτίνεσσιν ἐλκταῖς  
 Στρωφᾶται πισύρων κοῖλα βάρη μυλάκων.  
 Γενόμεθ' ἀρχαίου βίотου πάλιν, εἰ δίχα μόχθου  
 Δαίνυσθαι Δηοῦς ἔργα διδασκόμεθα.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΙ.

Parcite pistrices manibus, longumque soporem  
 Carpite, mane licet gallus adesse canat.  
 Flava Ceres choreas en Nymphis imperat: illæ  
 Saltantes summo molliter orbe super  
 Circumagunt axem: radii momenta sequuntur,  
 Bis duo versantes concava saxa molæ.  
 Vita redit veterum, quando cerealia nostro  
 Dona frui nobis absque labore datur.

Grotius. *Antipat. 1X. 418*

Schonet der malenden Händ', o Müllerinnen, und schlafet  
 Sanft! es verkünde der Hahn euch den Morgen umsonst!  
 Deo hat die Arbeit der Mädchen den Nymphen befohlen,  
 Und jetzt hüpfen sie leicht über die Räder dahin,  
 Dass die erschütterten Achsen mit ihren Speichen sich wälzen  
 Und im Kreise die Last drehen des malmenden Steins.  
 Lasset uns leben das Leben der Väter, und lasset uns der Gaben  
 Arbeitslos uns freun, welche die Göttinn uns schenkt!

Christian von Stolberg.

Nahe die mahlende Hand jetzt, Müllerin! Freude des Schlafs dich,  
 Trotz des erwachenden Tags, oder des Hahnengeschreys.  
 Des hat das Geschäfte der Hand den Naiaden gegeben;  
 Und auf die Räder herabspringend mit flüchtigem Fuss  
 Treiben sie wirbelnd die Achsen im Kreis; und des vierfachen Mühlsteins  
 Bucht, in der Mitte gehölet, wälzt an den Speichen sich um.  
 Also genießten auf's neu wir das goldene Leben der Vorzeit;  
 Da mühlosen Genuss Deo den Menschen verleiht.

Jacobs.

Let your wheel-turning hands, lucky maidens, be still ;  
 Sleep on, though Alectryo wakens the morn :  
 The water-nymphs now take your post at the mill,  
 And weigh down the mill-stones that crumble the corn.  
 How they flash from the wheels ! how they thunder and roar !  
 How the axle spins round at the sound of their voices !  
 This age is become like the golden of yore,  
 When Ceres our hearts without labour rejoices.

Merivale.

*See Ovid's Met. 3. 30. p. 128.  
 " Fasti. Mai. eccl. 24. p. 176*

CLXXV.

ΠΑΥΔΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ. *v. 11. p. 277.*

*A. Οὐνομά μοι . . B. Τί δὲ τοῦτο ; A. Πατρίς δέ μοι. B. Ἐς τί δὲ τοῦτο ;  
 A. Κλεινοῦ δ' εἰμὶ γένους. B. Εἰ γὰρ ἀφανροτάτου ;  
 A. Ζήσας ἐνδόξως ἔλπιον βίον. B. Εἰ γὰρ ἀδόξως ;  
 A. Κείμεναι δ' ἐνθάδε νῦν. . . B. Τίς τίνι ταῦτα λέγεις ;*

PAULI SILENTIARII.

Nomine dicor ego.—Quid tum?—Mea patria.—Quid tum ?  
 —Nobilis.—At quid tum, si sine gente fores ?  
 —Splendida vita fuit.—Quid si nec nota fuisset ?  
 —Hic jaceo.—Sed quis? cui, precor, ista refers?

Grotius.

Mon nom.—Que fait ton nom?—Ma patrie.—Eh ! tais-toi.  
 —Ma haute extraction.—Quand elle serait basse ?  
 —Mon rang.—Quand on t' eût vu dans la dernière classe ?  
 —Dans ce tombeau.—Qu' es-tu ? poussière, ainsi que moi.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

My name—my country—what are they to thee ?  
 What, whether base or proud my pedigree ?  
 Perhaps I far surpass'd all other men ;  
 Perhaps I fell below them all ; what then ?  
 Suffice it, stranger ! that thou seest a tomb ;  
 Thou know'st its use ; it hides—no matter whom.

W. Cowper.

## CLXXVI.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛ. V. 127.

Πᾶσαν ἐγὼ τὴν νύκτα κινύρομαι· εἴτε δ' ἐπέλθῃ  
 Ὅρθρος ἐλινύσαι μικρὰ χαριζόμενος,  
 Ἀμφιπεριτρύχουσι χελιδόνες, ἐς δέ με δάκρυ  
 Βάλλουσιν, γλυκερὸν κῶμα παρωσάμεναι.  
 Ὅμματα δὲ σταλάοντα φυλάσσεται· ἡ δὲ Ῥοδάνθης  
 Αὔθις ἐμοῖς στέρνοις φροντὶς ἀναστρέφεται.  
 Ὡ φθονεραὶ παύσασθε λαλητρίδες· οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγε  
 Τὴν Φιλομηλεῖην γλώσσαν ἀπεθρισάμην.  
 Ἄλλ' Ἴτυλον κλαίετε κατ' οὔρεα, καὶ γοάοιτε  
 Εἰς ἔποπος κραναὴν αὐλιν ἐφεζόμεναι,  
 Βαίὼν ἵνα κνώσσοιμεν ἴσως δέ τις ἤξει ὄνειρος,  
 Ὃς με Ῥοδανθείοις πῆχεσιν ἀμφιβάλοι.

## ΑΓΑΘΙÆ.

Nocte queror tota : simul ac caput extulit Eos,  
 Et refici modico membra sopore dedit,  
 Undique hirundinibus properis circumsonor : illæ  
 Ad lachrymas somno me fugiente vocant.  
 Garrula parce loqui, parce invida : non Philomelæ  
 Est quondam manibus lingua resecta meis.  
 Ite, per umbrosos Itylum plorate recessus,  
 Per quæ vasta ferus culmina servat epops ;  
 Ut paullum dormire sinas : mihi forte Rhodanthes  
 Amplexus somni mollis imago dabit.

Grotius. *Anth. Schol. 3. p. 215.*

All night I sigh with cares of love opprest :  
 And when the morn indulges balmy rest,  
 These twittering birds their noisy matins keep,  
 Recal my sorrows, and prevent my sleep.  
 Cease, envious birds, your plaintive tales to tell :  
 I ravish'd not the tongue of Philomel.  
 In deserts wild, or on some mountain's brow,  
 Pay all the tributary grief you owe  
 To Itys, in an elegy of woe.  
 Me leave to sleep : in visionary charms  
 Some dream perhaps may bring Rhodanthe to my arms.

Fawkes.

The livelong night I moan, and when the morn  
 Would visit with short sleep mine eyes forlorn,  
 The swallows squeal around, above, below ;  
 And from my jaded lids the tear-drops flow  
 That all their sweet unconsciousness dispel,  
 And make my watching orbs a dropping well ;  
 And then again before my heart is brought  
 Rhodanthe's image, sweet tumultuous thought.  
 Ill-natured babblers, cease. Who ever said  
 I tore the tongue from Philomela's head ?  
 Go to the hills, and Itylus bemoan,  
 Or sitting on the hoopoe's rugged throne,  
 Speak out your sorrows ; that a moment's rest  
 Be mine at length, and then may come a dream,  
 In which Rhodanthe's arms encircling me may seem.

G. C. S.

CLXXVII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ. / χ. γ. γ.

*Μνημοσύναν ἔλε θάμβος, ὅτ' ἔκλυε τᾶς μελιφώνου  
 Σαπφούς, μὴ δεκάταν Μοῦσαν ἔχουσι βροτοί.*

ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

Mnemosyne audivit quum Sappho dulce loquentem,  
 Musam, dixit, habent utrum homines decimam ?

Salvinus.

Obstupuit, credens mortalibus esse Camœnas,  
 Mnemosyne, Sappho dulce canente, decem.

G. B.

Mnemosine di Saffo le vocali

Dolci note in udir, sciamò stupita :

Che ! una decima Musa hanno i mortali ?

M.

Amazement seized Mnemosyne

At Sappho's honied song.

"What ! does a tenth Muse, then," cried she,

"To mortal men belong ?"

W.

## CLXXVIII.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ. vii. 127.

Ἀχῆεις τέττιξ δροσεραῖς σταγόνεσσι μεθυσθεῖς,  
 Ἀγρονόμαν μέλπεις μούσαν ἐρημολάλον  
 Ἄκρα δ' ἐφεζόμενος πετάλοις πριονώδεσι κώλοις  
 Αἰθιοπί κλάζεις χρωτὶ μέλισμα λύρας.  
 Ἀλλά, φίλος, φθέγγου τι νέον δενδρώδεσι Νύμφα ἰς  
 Παίγνιον, ἀντφδὸν Πανὶ κρέκων κέλαδον,  
 Ὅφρα φυγὼν τὸν Ἔρωτα μεσημβρινὸν ὕπνου ἀγρεύσω,  
 Ἐνθάδ' ὑπὸ σκιερῇ κεκλιμένος πλατάνῳ.

MELEAGRI.

Huc age quæ potō canis ebria rore, Cicada,  
 Arva replens numeris et loca sola tuis.  
 Et pede serrato summis in frondibus hærens,  
 More lyræ, fusco corpore dulce sonas.  
 Eia novum quiddam sylvestribus incipe Nymphis,  
 Æmula Mænalii carmina funde Dei;  
 Sic ab amore vacans somnum resupinus inibo,  
 Dum platani nimium distinet umbra jubar.

G. S.

Canta, cigarra, canta,  
 Hora que estas beoda  
 Del rocío del alba,  
 Con las suaves gotas.  
 En soledad amena  
 Sobre las tiernas copas  
 De los arbustos cantas  
 Tus pastorales odas.  
 Tus delicadas alas  
 Agitas quando entonas  
 Las dulces cantinelas,  
 Y qual lyra sonora

Armonioso y vario  
 Tu chincharchar se forma.  
 Ea, cigarra mia,  
 A las Ninfas hermosas  
 Que los sagrados bosques,  
 Y por las selvas moran,  
 Entona nuevo canto,  
 Que al de Pan corresponda,  
 Para que Amor me dexe  
 En las ardientes horas  
 Gozar el blando sueño  
 Del plátano á la sombra.

Conde.

Tipsy with dew-drops, through the desert shrill,  
 Noisy Cicada, thou thy strain dost trill;  
 And from thy dusky sides with jagged feet,  
 Perch'd on an air-hung spray draw'st music sweet!

With some new chirrup, friend, the Dryads cheer,  
Rival to Pan's some carol bid them hear;  
That scap'd from Love, secure at noon-tide laid,  
I may woo slumber 'neath the plane-tree's shade.

Wrangham.

Loud sounding grasshopper, 'tis thine, with dew-drops drunk, to fill  
The speaking solitudes afar with thy rural notes so shrill.  
Thou sitt'st on high; and ne'er thy feet, broad, flat, and saw-like, tire  
In striking, from thy dusky wings, clear notes, as from a lyre.  
Come then, some new, some sportive song to the wood nymphs now essay,  
Thou lov'd one, while thy rival Pan gives back th' alternate lay:  
That Love may for a while forbear to pierce this heart of mine,  
While I, in quest of noon-tide sleep, in the plane-tree's shade recline.

Hay.

Oh shrill-voiced insect! that with dew-drops sweet  
Inebriate, dost in desert woodlands sing;  
Perch'd on the spray-top with indented feet,  
Thy dusky body's echoings, harp-like, ring:  
Come, dear Cicada! chirp to all the grove,  
The Nymphs and Pan, a new responsive strain;  
That I, in noon-day sleep, may steal from Love,  
Reclined beneath the dark o'erspreading plane.

Elton.

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CLXXIX.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ, vii. 57.

Σῆμα Θεόγνιδος εἰμὶ Σινωπέος, ᾧ μ' ἐπέθηκεν  
Γλαῦκος ἐταυρεῖης ἀντὶ πολυχρονίου.

SIMONIDIS.

Aio Sinopensi posuisse Theognidi Glaucum  
Hæc mea pro longo saxa sodalitio.

G. F. D. T.

Del Sinopeo Teognide  
L' avel son io, che ad esso ha Glauco eretto  
In contraccambio di diuturno affetto.

M.

Theognis of Sinope's tomb am I,  
By Glaucus reared for ancient amity.

Sterling.



## CLXXX.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ. V. 144.

Ἦδη λευκόιον θάλλει, θάλλει δὲ φίλομβρος  
 Νάρκισσος, θάλλει δ' οὐρεσίφοιτα κρίνα.  
 Ἦδη δ', ἡ φιλέραστος, ἐν ἄνθεσιν ὥριμον ἄνθος,  
 Ζηνοφίλα, Πειθοῦς ἡδὺ τέθηλε ῥόδον.  
 Λειμῶνες τί μάταια κόμαις ἐπὶ φαιδρὰ γελᾶτε;  
 Ἄ γὰρ παῖς κρέσσων ἀδυπνώων στεφάνων.

MELEAGRI.

Jam pluvias narcissus amans, jam lactea florent  
 Montibus in summis lilia, jam violæ:  
 Flos etiam florum maturis vernalis in annis  
 Zenophile, dulci plena tepore rosa.  
 Prata, quid o vano ridetis honore comarum?  
 Zenophilæ par est nulla corona meæ.

Grotius. *Ant. 3. p. 183.*

Già s' apron le viole albe, gli amici  
 Delle piogge pur s' aprono narcisi,  
 E i gigli s' apron su per le pendici.  
 E Zenofila amante e amata, fiore  
 Tra i fior compiuto, la soave rosa  
 Della suasion manda pur fuore.  
 A che indarno sì gai rider, o prati,  
 In su le vostre chiome? È la fanciulla  
 Ben migliore de' bei serti odorati.

Pompei.

Florece las violas,  
 Y florece el narciso  
 Amante de los valles  
 Que riega claro rio,  
 Y por los altos montes  
 Los variados lirios.  
 La bella Zenofila  
 Tambien ha florecido  
 Su dulce y fresca rosa

Amoroso incentivo.  
 Su flor es muy mas bella  
 Que quantas flores miro.  
 ¿ Para que, ameno prado,  
 Vano y empompecido  
 Te muestras con tus flores  
 Azucenas y mirtos,  
 Si la niña es mas bella  
 Que quantas flores miro?

Conde.

Schon blühen weisse Violett, Narcissen blühen im Thau schon,  
 Und an den Bergen umher wehet der Lilien Duft;  
 Aber vor allen Blumen hat mir sich ein Nöschen entknospet,  
 Meiner Zenophila süß-süß überredender Mund.  
 Auen, was pranget ihr mit euren lieblichen Kränzen?  
 Süßere Blüthe gewährt meine Zenophila mir.

Herder

Sieh, schon blüht auf der Flur das Leukoion; seuchte Narcissen  
 Blühen; die Zierden des Thals duftende Lilien blühen.  
 Schon auch öffnet die Rose, Zenophila, Liebender Freunden,  
 Beitho's Rose die Brust, Blume der Blumen, im Lenz.  
 O was lächelt ihr Wiesen umsonst mit dem freundlichen Haarschmuck?  
 Schöner als jeglicher Kranz strahlet Zenophila's Reiz.

Jacobs.

See! the snow-flake blossoms gaily,  
 Blossoms too Narcissus dank,  
 Blossom all the lilies daily  
 Straying over mountain-bank.  
 Nay, but now, the flow'r of flowers,  
 Fair Zenophile is seen,  
 Sweetest rose-bud from the bowers  
 Of the love-bewitching queen.  
 Meadows, vain your sunny smiles  
 On those tresses bright to wear:  
 For the maid hath mightier wiles  
 Than the wreaths that scent the air.

G. F. D. T.

CLXXXI.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Ο Υ .

*Mνήμονες Εὐβούλοιο σαόφρονος, ὃ παριόντες,  
 Πίνωμεν κοινὸς πᾶσι λιμὴν Ἀίδης.*

LEONIDÆ.

Potor aquæ jacet hic Eubulus. Vina bibamus:  
 Terminus hic cunctis scilicet unus erit.

G. S.

Eubulus's Grab.

Der du am Grabe vorbei hier wanderst, gedenkend des weisen  
 Eubuls, trink; es begehrt alle sich Aides Fürst.

Erichson.

Sober Eubulus here doth buried lie:  
 Then let us drink; for all alike must die.

G. S.

## CLXXXII.

Π Α Δ Δ Α Δ Α. Χ. 83

Παίγνιον ἔστι Τύχης μερόπων βίος, οἰκτρός, ἀλήτης,  
 Πλούτου καὶ πενίης μεσσόθι ρεμβόμενος,  
 Καὶ τοὺς μὲν κατὰγουσα πάλιν σφαιρηδὸν αἶρει,  
 Τοὺς δ' ἀπὸ τῶν νεφελῶν εἰς Ἀἶδην κατὰγει.

PALLADÆ.

Ludus Fortunæ vita est, sortem inter utramque  
 Usque repercussæ more rotata pilæ:  
 Hic modo sub manes depressus ad astra resultat,  
 Ad terram e summis nubibus ille cadit.

G. S.

Di guai l' umana vita e di orror piena  
 Giuoco della Fortuna è, che d' intorno  
 Infra ricchezze e povertà la mena.  
 Altri ch' ella depresse, ad alte cime  
 Novellamente in sue rivolte estolle,  
 E dal cielo all' inferno altri deprime.

Pompei.

*Written on a window in the Tower, where Sir Robert Walpole had been confined.*

Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,  
 Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene:  
 Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,  
 And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

Granville Lord Lansdowne.

This wretched life of ours is Fortune's ball;  
 Twixt wealth and poverty she bandies all:  
 These, cast to earth, up to the skies rebound;  
 These, tossed to heaven, come tumbling to the ground.

G. S.

## CLXXXIII.

Π Α Δ Δ Α Δ Α. ΙΧ. 773.

Χαλκοτίπος τὸν Ἑρωτα μεταλλάξας ἐπόησε  
 Τήγανον, οὐκ ἀλόγως, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸ φλέγει.

PALLADÆ.

Sartago facta est, fuerat qui ex ære Cupido,  
 Idque haud immerito; torret et illa ut Amor.

Salvinus.

Sartago est factus, fabro mutante, Cupido ;  
Nec male ; torret Amor nunc, velut ante, jecur. G. S.

Di rame un fonditore  
Fe' non senza ragione una padella  
D' un liquefatto Amore,  
Perch' ardono del pari e questo e quella. Pagnini.

The artist, sure, was not so stupid  
Who made a frying-pan of Cupid.  
Put but a rasher for a heart,  
He plays his old familiar part. G. S.

CLXXXIV.

Μ Ε Λ Ε Α Γ Ρ Ο Υ. V. 177.

Ναὶ τὸν Ἔρωτα, θέλω τὸ παρ' οὔασιν Ἑλιοδόρας  
Φθέγμα κλύειν, ἢ τὰς Λατοίδεω κιθάρας.

Μ Ε Λ Ε Α Γ Ρ Ι.

Me male perdat Amor, ni cantus Heliodoræ  
Plus amo, quam citharæ carmen, Apollo, tuæ. Grotius.

Negli orecchi la voce anzi vogl' io  
D' Eliodora, per Amor lo giuro,  
Che udir la cetra del Latonio Dio. Pcmpei.

Si, por Amor, mas quiero  
De la bella Eliodora  
Oir la voz suave  
Y tierna y amorosa,  
Que la armonica lyra  
Del hijo de Latona. Conde.

Heliodora's voice, by all that's dear !  
Is sweeter than Apollo's lute to hear. W.

Parody.

Dear Jenny Lind ! I'd rather hear you sing  
Than Paganini fiddle 'on one string.' W.

## CLXXXV.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ. VII. 298.

Αἶ, αἶ, τοῦτο κάκιστον, ὅταν κλαίωσι θανόντα  
 Νυμφίον, ἢ νύμφην· ἥνικα δ' ἀμφοτέρους—  
 Εὐπολιν ὡς ἀγαθὴν τε Λυκαίνιον, ὃν ὑμέναιον  
 Ἔσβεσεν ἐν πρώτῃ νυκτὶ πεσὼν θάλαμος—  
 Οὐκ ἄλλω τόδε κῆδος ἰσόρροπον, ᾧ σὺ μὲν υἱόν,  
 Νίκι, σὺ δ' ἑκλαυσας, Εὐδিকে, θυγατέρα.

INCERTI.

Sponsus erit vel sponsa suis si flenda propinquis,  
 Hoc miserum: quod si raptus uterque simul,  
 Eupolis ut, dulcisque Lycæion, obruit atras  
 Queis thalami prima nocte ruina faces;  
 Par dolor huic non est alius: ploratur in iisdem,  
 Nici, tibi natus; Theudice, nata tibi.

G. B.

Alas, alas! the worst bereavement is  
 A bridegroom, or a bride! but oh!—the two—  
 Like good Lycæium and Eupolis,  
 Whom the first night the chamber falling slew,  
 No woe like that! Nicis, a son 'twas thus  
 You wept, and you a daughter, Eudicus!

W.

## CLXXXVI.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ. X. 19.

Σώματα πολλὰ τρέφειν, καὶ δώματα πόλλ' ἀνεγείρειν  
 Ἄτραπὸς εἰς πενίην ἐστὶν ἐτοιμοτάτη.

INCERTI.

Ædificare domos multas, et pascere multos;  
 Hoc ad egestatem perbreve ducit iter.

N. Borbonius.

Recta ad pauperiem tendit, cui corpora cordi est  
 Multa alere, et multas ædificare domos.

Sam. Johnson. *Vol. XI. p. 409.*

Far molti pranzi e molte case, è questa  
 La strada a impoverir più dritta e presta.

Pagnini.

Veux tu sçavoir quelle voie  
L'homme à pauvreté convoie ?  
Élever trop de palais,  
Et nourrir trop de valets.

Ronsard.

Bastir maintes maisons, nourrir grande famille,  
Est pour devenir pauvre un chemin fort facile.

'l'amisier.

The broad high-way to poverty and need,  
Is much to build, and many mouthes to feed.

Leximos Uthalmus.

The servants'-hall and architect  
To certain ruin lead direct.

W.

Keep open house, dabble in brick and mortar,  
Of all the roads to ruin none is shorter.

W.

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CLXXXVII.

ΜΕΝΕΚΡΑΤΟΥΣ. ΙΧ. β β.

*Γῆρας ἐπὶ μὲν ἀπῇ, πᾶς εὐχεται ἥν δέ ποτ' ἔλθῃ,  
Μέμφεται ἔστι δ' αἰὲ κρείσσον ὀφειλόμενον.*

MENEKRATIS.

Quærimus absentem, præsentem plangimus, et quæ  
Ventura est nobis sola senecta placet.

Grotius.

Fin ch' è lontana la vecchiezza bramasi,  
Ma quando vien, ci accuora :  
Sempre è migliore non venuta ancora.

M.

On t' espère de loin : on te maudit de près.  
Vieillesse, dis : J' arrive ; et n' arrive jamais.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

For age we pray, when at a distance seen ;  
But when arriv'd, we loathe its hideous mien.  
We spurn it ever, as a boon bestow'd,  
And prize it most when as a debt 'tis ow'd.

Merivale.

All pray to reach old age : when come, how few  
But blame it, as a thing that's better due.

W.

## CLXXXVIII.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ. VII. 599

Οὐνομα μὲν Καλή φρεσὶ δὲ πλέον ἢ ἐ προσώπῳ,  
 Κάθθανε φεῦ, Χαρίτων ἐξαπόλωλεν ἔαρ.  
 Καὶ γὰρ ἔην Παφίη πανομοῖος ἀλλὰ συνεύνη  
 Μούνῳ τοῖς δ' ἑτέροις Παλλὰς ἐρμυνοτάτη.  
 Τίς λίθος οὐκ ἐγόσησεν, ὅτ' ἐξήρπαξεν ἐκείνην  
 Εὐρυβίης Ἀΐδης ἀνδρὸς ἀπ' ἀγκαλίδων ;

JULIANI.

Nomine dicta *Καλή*, sed erat *mens* pulchrior ore,  
 Hic extincta jacet flos, et amor Charitum :  
 Persimilis Veneri, sponso sed amabilis uni,  
 Et nova ceu Pallas, tota operosa domi.  
 Quis lapis haud fleret rabie implacabilis Orci  
 Præreptam cari conjugis e gremio ?

Averardus Medices.

Bella di nome, e ben più che di volto,  
 Bella di cuor, è colà dentro ascosa.  
 Ahi, delle Grazie il fiore  
 Come repente sparve !  
 Fu Venere amorosa,  
 Ma col marito sol : tutta rigore  
 Inverso agli altri, Pallade ella parve.  
 Qual selce non plorò quand' empia Morte  
 Colei strappò di braccio al suo consorte ?

Pagnini.

More for her gracious spirit than her face  
 This graceful maid deserved her name of 'Grace.'  
 Yet died she, in the spring-time of her charms !  
 Venus to him who owned her for his bride,  
 Minerva's self to all the world beside,  
 What rugged stone  
 Refused a groan,  
 When Hades snatch'd her from her husband's arms ?

J. W. B.

## CLXXXIX.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ. Υ. 2/6.

Εἰ φιλέεις, μὴ πάμπαν ὑποκλασθέντα χαλάσσης  
 Θυμὸν ὀλισθηρῆς ἔμπλεον ἱκεσίης·  
 Ἀλλὰ τι καὶ φρονέοις στεγανώτερον, ὅσσον ἐρύσσαι  
 Ὀφρύας, ὅσσον ἰδεῖν βλέμματι φειδομένῳ.  
 Ἔργον γὰρ τι γυναιξὶν ὑπερφιάλους ἀθερλῆεν,  
 Καὶ κατακαγχάζειν τῶν ἄγαν οἰκτροτάτων.  
 Κείνος δ' ἐστὶν ἄριστος ἐρωτικός, ὃς τάδε μίξει,  
 Οἶκτον ἔχων ὀλίγη ξυνὸν ἀγνηορίῃ.

## AGATHIÆ.

Quisquis amas, nimium demittere supplicè ritu  
 Temet, et ad servas parce venire preces,  
 Sed tollens animos oculis parcentibus ipsam  
 Aspice, et intrepidum tolle supercilium.  
 Feminei generis mos est odisse superbos,  
 Et ludum fracti cordis habere viros.  
 Qui sublime aliquid simul, et miserabile præfert,  
 Inter amatores is mihi primus erit.

Grotius. *de poet. lib. 1. p. 173.*

Lover, listen to advice,  
 Do not throw your heart away,  
 Lest it perish in a trice,  
 Knowing but to pule and pray.  
 Keep a well-defended corner,  
 Learn to frown and look askance  
 With the eyebrow of a scorner,  
 And be sparing of thy glance.  
 Women love to baffle drily  
 Those that dotingly are fond,  
 Ridiculing coldly, silyly,  
 Men that languish and despond.  
 He is the consummate lover  
 Who the middle course can hold;  
 Able each advance to cover,  
 Half pathetic and half bold.

G. C. S.



## CXC.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ. Στίχ. 17. LXXXI, 8.

Καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ τὰ μὲν ὅσσα καρήατι τήμος ἔδωκα  
 Ξανθὰ σὺν εὐόδοις ἄβρὰ λίπη στεφάνοις,  
 Ἄπνοα πάντ' ἐγένοντο παραχρήμ' ὅσσα τ' ὀδόντων  
 Ἐνδοθι, νειαίραν τ' εἰς ἀχάριστον ἔδν,  
 Καὶ τῶν οὐδὲν ἔμεινεν ἐς αὔριον. ὅσσα δ' ἀκουὰς  
 Εἰσεθέμην, ἔτι μοι μούνα πάρεστι τάδε.

CALLIMACHI.

Namque et ego nitido capiti, flavisque capillis  
 Serta olim Assyrio sparsa liquore dedi :  
 Et bona in ingratum congesti plurima ventrem,  
 Cuncta, sed in ventos illa abihere leves.  
 Servarunt solæ commissa fideliter aures :  
 Corporis hac unâ est parte reperta fides.

Muretus.

Quanti io donai serti odorosi e unguenti  
 Al mio crin, ratto dileguaro ; e tutto  
 Di che fer pasto al ventre ingrato i denti,  
 In me fu pria della diman distrutto.  
 Ma ciò che accolto ho per l' orecchio in mente,  
 Ciò solo è quel che serbo ognor presente.

Pagnini.

Alle die Kränze der Luft, womit ich die Schläfe mir schmückte,  
 Jede Salbe, die einst zierte mein lockiges Haar,  
 Ist verflogen, o Freund ; die Kränze sind alle verwelfet :  
 Auch der Zunge Genuß, jegliche niedliche Kost  
 Ging mit der Stunde dahin. Nur was die Seele mir schmückte,  
 Was durch's Ohr ich dem Geist schenkte, das hab' ich, o Freund.

Heracl.

All that I ever gave my head to wear,  
 Those fragrant wreaths which crowned my yellow hair,  
 Faded as quickly as I laid them there !  
 And so, whate'er within my lips was sent,  
 Into my thankless stomach went,  
 And so was spent !  
 That which I garnered in mine ears, is all  
 Which I may still my own possession call.

J. W. B.

## CXCI.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ. ΧΙ. 775.

Τρεῖς λεπτοὶ πρώων περὶ λεπτοσύνης ἐμάχοντο,  
 Τίς προκριθεὶς εἴη λεπτεπιλεπτότερος.  
 Ὦν ὁ μὲν εἷς, Ἑρμων, μεγάλην ἐνεδείξατο τέχνην,  
 Καὶ διέδου ῥαφίδος τρήμα, λίνον κατέχων.  
 Δημῶς δ' ἐκ τρώγλης βαίνων, ἐς ἀράχνιον ἔστη,  
 Ἥ δ' ἀράχνη νήθους' αὐτὸν ἀπεκρέμασεν.  
 Σωσίπατρος δ' ἐβόησεν ἐμὲ στεφανώσατ'· ἐγὼ γὰρ  
 Εἰ βλέπομ', ἥττημαι· πνεῦμα γὰρ εἰμὶ μόνον.

NICARCHI.

Certavere leves tres de levitatis honore,  
 Vinceret eximia quis levitate leves.  
 Hermon ante alios insignem prodidit artem,  
 Transivitque trahens fila foramen acus.  
 Exoriens Demas, quam fecit Aranea, telæ  
 Institit, atque illa nente pependit ibi.  
 At, "Mihi," Sosipater, "palmam date: quippe ego tantum  
 Spiritus: et cerni si queo, vincor," ait.

Grotius. . . . .

Begen der Magerkeit Preiß wetteiferten drey mit einander,  
 Welcher von ihnen der Fürst unter den Magersten sey.  
 Da zeigt Hermon, einer davon, ein gewaltiges Kunststück;  
 Denn mit dem Faden zugleich schlüpft er der Nadel durchs Loch.  
 Demas trat aus dem Loch in der eunstgen Spinne Gewebe;  
 Während den Faden sie spinnt, hängt er sich schwebend daran.  
 Aber Sosipatros rief: Mich krönet ihr! Wenn ich zu sehn bin.  
 Ich' ich Verzicht auf den Preis; Odem nur bin ich und Luft.

Jacobs.

Three thin ones strove the glorious prize to win  
 Of being judged the thinnest of the thin.  
 Hermon, the first, great skill exhibited,  
 And through a needle's eye crept with the thread.  
 Next, from his hole upon a cobweb sprung  
 Demas, and by the spider was up-strung.  
 The palm, Sosipater exclaims, I bear;  
 I yield if I am seen: I'm nought but air.

W.

## CXCII.

ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ. VII. 229.

Τὰ Πιτάνῃ Θρασύβουλος ἐπ' ἀσπίδος ἤλυθεν ἄπνους,  
 Ἐπταὶ πρὸς Ἀργείων τραύματα δεξάμενος,  
 Δεικνὺς ἀντία πάντα τὸν αἱματόεντα δ' ὁ πρέσβυς  
 Παῖδ' ἐπὶ πυρκαϊῇν Τύννυχος εἶπε τιθεῖς·  
 Δειλοὶ κλαίεσθωσαν· ἐγὼ δὲ σέ, τέκνον, ἄδακρυς  
 Θάψω, τὸν καὶ ἐμὸν καὶ Λακεδαιμόνιον.

DIOSCORIDIS.

Excipis adverso quod pectore vulnera septem;  
 Arma superveheris quod, Thrasybule, tua;  
 Non dolor hic patris: Pitanae sed gloria major.  
 Rarum, tam pulchro funere posse frui.  
 Quem postquam mæsto socii posuere feretro,  
 Talia magnanimus edidit orsa pater:  
 Flete alios: natus lachrymis non indiget ullis,  
 Et meus, et talis, et Lacedæmonius.

Ausonius. 56. 24.

Ad Pitanam in clypeo cæsus, Thrasybule, redibas,  
 Septem ex Argivo vulnera marte ferens,  
 Cunctaque in adverso. Nati tum Tynnichus ipse  
 Membra senex posuit sanguinolenta rogo,  
 Atque ait: "Ignavos lachrymæ; te, digne parentis,  
 Digne puer patriæ, lumina sicca decent."

G. S.

De sept flèches atteint, et percé par devant,  
 Thrasybule tomba, digne de sa patrie,  
 Et sur son bouclier fut ramené sans vie.  
 Son vieux père au bucher le porta tout sanglant.  
 Que les lâches, dit-il, pleurent sur mon enfant.  
 Mes larmes flétriraient la gloire qui couronne  
 L'heureux fils de Tynnique, et de Lacédémone.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Pitana sah auf dem Schild Thrasybulos, Tynnichos Sprößling,  
 Këhren; mit Wunden bedeckt von der Argiver Geschoff,  
 Sieben, und all' auf der männlichen Brust. Und auf flammen den Holtzstoff  
 Legend den blutigen Leib, sagte der mutthige Greis:  
 Möge der Feigling weinen, O Sohn. Ich gebe dem Grab dich  
 Trockenen Aug's; denn mir bist du und Sparta entflammt.

Jacobs.

To Pitana came Thrasybulus slain  
Upon his shield, seven wounds from Argives ta'en,  
And all in front. Old Tynnichus his sire  
Cried, as he laid him bleeding on the pyre :  
"Let tears for cowards flow : I shed no tear,  
Mine own true son and Sparta's, on thy bier."

G. S.

CXCIII.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Α. 47.334.

Αὔλια, καὶ Νυμφέων ἱερὸς πάγος, αἷ θ' ὑπὸ πέτρῃ  
Πίδακες, ἥ θ' ὕδασιν γειτονέουσα πίτυς,  
Καὶ σὺ τετράγλωχιν, μηλοσσόε, Μαιάδος Ἑρμῆ,  
"Ὅς τε τὸν αἰγυβότην, Πάν, κατέχεις σκόπελον,  
"Ἰλασι τὰ ψαιστά, τό τε σκύφος ἔμπλεον οἴνης  
Δέξασθ', Αἰακίδεω δῶρα Νεοπτολέμου.

LEONIDÆ.

O stabula, o rupes Nymphis sacra, tuque sub illa  
Fons, et fontanæ proxima pinus aquæ,  
Tuque ovium custos, Maja sate, imagine quadra,  
Et qui cum capreis hæc juga, Faune, tenes,  
Hos vini latices, hæc mellea liba volentes  
Sumite ab Æacida dona Neoptolemo.

Grotius...

Hear! oh ye folds! and thou, the sacred hill  
Of the fair Nymphs, and every trickling rill  
Beneath the rocks, and thou, close bordering pine,  
Thou too, quaint image of a form divine,  
Four-cornered Hermes, guardian of the fold,  
And Pan, by whom each goat-fed peak we hold,  
Deign to accept these cakes—this cup of wine,  
From Pyrrhus, heir of great Achilles' line.

E. S.

## CXCIV.

ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ. V. 113.

Ἡράσθης πλουτῶν Σωσίκρατες· ἀλλὰ πένης ὦν  
 Οὐκέτ' ἐρᾶς· λιμὸς φάρμακον οἶον ἔχει.  
 Ἡ δὲ πάρος σε καλεῦσα μύρον καὶ τερπνὸν Ἀδωνιν  
 Μηνοφίλα, νῦν σου τοῦνομα πυνθάνεται  
 Τίς, πόθεν εἰς ἀνδρῶν; πόθι τοι πόλις; ἡ μόλις ἔγνωσ  
 Τοῦτ' ἔπος, ὥς οὐδεὶς οὐδὲν ἔχοντι φίλος.

MARCI ARGENTARII.

Dives eras, et amator eras; nunc pauper, amore  
 Es liber: præsens o medicina fames!  
 Quæ te delicias dulcemque vocabat Adonim,  
 Menophile, nomen nunc rogat illa tuum.  
 "Qui genus? unde domo?" Jam te docet usus, opinor,  
 Quod cui res deerit, nullus amicus erit.

Buchananus. *Epigr. lib. I. 36.*

Dives amavisti, desisti pauper amare,  
 Sosicrates. Quanta est proh medicina fames!  
 Quæ prius unguentum, quæ te vocitabat Adonim  
 Menophile, nomen jam rogat illa tuum.  
 "Ecquis es, unde domo? Quæ patria?" Jam puto, verum  
 Esse vides, inopi nullus amicus erit.

Grotius. *ibid. 235.*

Vormals liebtest du immer, Sosikrates, als du noch reich warst;  
 Arm jetzt, liebest du nicht. Hunger curiret geschwind.  
 Sie, die sonst dich Adonis genannt und ihr süßes Verlangen,  
 Deine Menophila fragt jetzt "wie nennt sich der Mann?  
 Wer und woher von den Männern? wo häuset er?"—Endlich erfährst du  
 Jetzt "kein Geld, kein Freund" laute des Lebens Geßetz.

Jacobs.

Rich, thou hadst many lovers;—poor, hast none,  
 So surely want extinguishes the flame,  
 And she who call'd thee once her pretty one,  
 And her Adonis, now inquires thy name.

Where wast thou born, Sosicrates, and where  
 In what strange country can thy parents live,  
 Who seem'st, by thy complaints, not yet aware  
 That want's a crime no woman can forgive?

W. Cowper.

When you were rich, Sosicrates, you used to fall in love ;  
But you are poor—oh what a cure doth poverty not prove !  
And she who call'd you spikenard and Adonis when you came  
Menophile, is puzzled now to recollect your name.  
O say, where can you come from ? for 'tis known at the world's end,  
That those who nothing else possess, can ne'er possess a friend.

G. C. S.

CXCV.

Π Α Λ Λ Α Δ Α . Xl. 293.

Ἴππον ὑποσχόμενός μοι Ὀλύμπιος, ἤγαγεν οὐράν,  
Ἦς ὀλιγοδρανέων ἵππος ἀπεκρέματο.

P A L L A D Æ.

Pollicitus mihi equum, grandem tulit Euclio caudam,  
E qua pendebat parvus, et æger equus.

Th. Farnaby.

Pollicitatus equum, mihi mittis, Olympice, caudam,  
Ex qua vix facies languida pendet equi.

Grotius. . . . .

Olympius, you said you'd bring  
A horse ; why don't you do it ?  
'Tis a fine tail, but is that thing  
A horse that's hanging to it ?

W.

CXCVI.

Α Δ Η Α Ο Ν . Xl. 45.

Εἰκὼν ἢ Σέξτου μελετᾷ· Σέξτος δὲ σιωπᾷ.  
Ῥήτωρ ἦν εἰκὼν ὁ δὲ Ῥήτωρ εἰκόνος εἰκὼν.

I N C E R T I.

Ipsæ tacet Sextus : Sexti declamat imago,  
Hæc rhetor : sed rhetor imaginis hujus imago est.

Grotius. . . . .

En, Sexto, Sexti meditatur imago, silente ;  
Orator statua est, statuæque orator imago.

Sam. Johnson. . . . .

L' image de Thomas médite quelque chose,  
Et Thomas au parquet se tait à bouche close.  
L' image est avocat, à voir son parlant trait ;  
Et Thomas n' est sinon portrait de son portrait.

Ronsard.

Sextus is mum ; his statue looks with speaking gesture at you .  
The statue is the orator, the orator the statue.

W.

## CXC VII.

Simonides, vi. 20.

ΣΙΜΟΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ἀνδρὸς ἀριστεύσαντος ἐν Ἑλλάδι τῶν ἐφ' ἑαυτοῦ  
 Ἰππίου Ἀρχεδίκην ἤδε κέκευθε κόνις.  
 Ἡ πατὴρ τε, καὶ ἀνδρὸς, ἀδελφῶν τ' οὔσα τυράννων,  
 Παίδων τ', οὐκ ἦρθη νοῦν ἐς ἀτασθαλίην.

SIMONIDIS.

Hippia quam genuit laudem virtutis adeptus,  
 Archedicen isto pulvere terra tegit.  
 Quæ reges habuit fratresque patremque, virumque  
 Et natos, nec erat facta superba tamen.

Grotius. *Ant. Græc. S. 1. 241.*

D' Archedice quest' urna il cener serba :  
 Che figlia e suora fu, consorte e madre  
 Di re possenti, e pur non fu superba.

Felici.

*Imitazione.*

Morì Enrichetta Balbo Tapparella,  
 Donna nobile, dotta, giovin, bella,  
 E pur non vanerella.

Oligoro.

Archidice, die Gattinn des herrlichsten unter den Griechen,  
 Hippas Gattinn, ruht hier in verborgener Gruft  
 Vater und Mann und Brüder und Kinder, waren Beherrscher  
 Griechenlandes, und sie blieb die Bescheltenheit selbst.

Herder.

Archedice, the daughter of king Hippas,  
 Who in his time,  
 Of all the potentates of Greece was prime,  
 This dust doth hide.  
 Daughter, wife, sister, mother unto kings she was,  
 Yet free from pride.

Hobbes.

Of Greeks was Hippas first, while shone his day ;  
 Below Archedice his daughter lies.  
 Sire, husband, brethren, sons had kingly sway ;  
 But ne'er did pride within her bosom rise.

Sterling. *Ant. Græc. S. 1. 241.*

## CXCVIII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ. VII. 483.

Ἀἶδῃ ἀλλιτάνευτε καὶ ἄτροπε, τίπτε τοι οὕτω  
 Κάλλαισchron ζωᾷς νήπιον ὠρφάνισας ;  
 Ἔσται μὰν ὃ γε παῖς ἐν δώμασι Φερσεφονείους  
 Παίγνιον· ἄλλ' οἴκοι λυγρὰ λέλοιπε πάθη.

INCERTI.

Cur puerum, crudelis inexorabilis Orce,  
 Callæschrum vita tam cito despolias ?  
 Delicias hunc furva suas Proserpina dicet,  
 Sed multis causa est fletibus ille domi.

Grotius. *ἄλλ' οἴκοι λυγρὰ λέλοιπε πάθη*

Grabſchrift eines Knaben.

Loß, durch Thränen und Flehn unerbittlicher ! unsern Abonis,  
 Unser freundliches Kind, nimmst du so frühe hinweg !  
 Dort auch von allen geherzt in den Wohnungen Persephoneens  
 Spielt er : aber dahelst ließ er unnennbaren Gram.

Voss.

O Death, untouched by ruth, unmoved by prayer,  
 And could'st thou not our young Callæschrus spare ?  
 The joy of all that pretty babe will be  
 In realms below, but sad at heart are we.

G S.

## CXCIX.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ. X. 732.

Θᾶπτον ἔην λευκοῦς κόρακας, πτηνάς τε χελώνας  
 Εὐρεῖν, ἣ δόκιμον ῥήτορα Καππαδόκην.

LUCIANI.

Ante albos videas corvos, testudo volabit,  
 Quàm clarum invenies rhetora Cappadocen.

Paulus Stephanus.

Corvi bianchi, e testuggini volanti  
 Si rinverran più presto  
 Che un orator di Cappadocia onesto.

M.

When crows are white and tortoises can fly,  
 Lawyers—in Cappadocia—may rank high.

W.



## CC.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ. Ν. Ν. 177.

Πλέξω λευκόιον, πλέξω δ' ἀπαλὴν ἄμα μύρτοις  
 Νάρκισσον, πλέξω καὶ τὰ γελῶντα κρίνα,  
 Πλέξω καὶ κρόκον ἠδύν' ἐπιπλέξω δ' ὑάκινθον  
 Πορφυρέην, πλέξω καὶ φιλέραστα ῥόδα,  
 Ὡς ἂν ἐπὶ κροτάφοις μυροβοστρύχου Ἡλιοδόρας  
 Εὐπλόκαμον χαίτην ἀνθοβολῇ στέφανος.

MELEAGRI.

Pallentes violas, et molles texere myrtos,  
 Junctaque narcisso lilia læta paro;  
 Adnectamque crocos, ferrugineosque hyacinthos,  
 Et, sine queis dignum nil fit amore, rosas:  
 Vertice malobathrum spirantis ut Heliodoræ  
 Floreat in pulchris apta corona comis.

G. S.

Barten Narcissus will ich mit duftender Myrte verweben;  
 Lächelnde Lilien auch web' ich mit Weissen in Kranz.  
 Lieblichen Krokos auch, und die purpurne Blum' Hyacinthos;  
 Rosen auch flecht' ich darein, Liebender schmückende Dier;  
 Dass umschlingend das Haupt, das umbufterte, Heliodora's,  
 Blumen und Blüthen der Kranz streue dem lockigen Haar.

Jacobs.

I'll wreath the white violets, with the myrtle shade  
 Bind soft narcissus, and amidst them braid  
 The laughing lily; with whose virgin hue  
 Shall blend bright crocus, and the hyacinth blue.  
 There many a rose shall, interwoven, shed  
 Its blushing grace on Heliodora's head,  
 And add fresh fragrance, amorously entwining  
 Her cluster'd locks, with spicy ointments shining.

Merivale.

I'll twine white violets, and the myrtle green;  
 Narcissus will I twine, and lilies sheen;  
 I'll twine sweet crocus, and the hyacinth blue;  
 And last I twine the rose, Love's token true:  
 That all may form a wreath of beauty, meet  
 To deck my Heliodora's tresses sweet.

G. S.

## CCI.

ΠΤΟΛΕΜΑΙΟΥ. /X. 377

Οἶδ' ὅτι θνατὸς ἐγὼ καὶ ἐφάμερος· ἀλλ' ὅταν ἀστρων

Μαστεύω πυκινὰς ἀμφιδρόμους ἑλικας,

Οὐκέτ' ἐπιψαύω γαίης ποσίν, ἀλλὰ παρ' αὐτῷ

Ζανὶ θεοτροφίης πλμπλαμαι ἀμβροσίης.

PTOLEMÆI.

Me scio mortalem, sed cum volventia cœlo

Contuor, inque suas astra relapsa vias,

Non ultra pedibus tango sola, sed Jovis hospes

Nectare cœlesti pascor, et ambrosia.

Grotius. *Metell. lib. 1. v. 195.**L' Astronomo.*

So che mortal son io,

Che breve è il viver mio;

Ma se degli astri all' ordine

Sollevo il mio pensier;

M' ergo coi piè dal suolo;

Al ciel mi levo a volo;

In grembo a Dio m' inebbria

L' alma immortal piacer.

Felici.

Mortal io son, mel so; ma il guardo mio

S' io levo agli astri, e i lor gran giri esploro,

Terra co' piè non tocco, e su nel coro

Beato i' cibo ambrosia al par d' un Dio.

Pagnini.

Der Sternseher Ptolemæus.

Sterblich bin ich, und kurzes Lebens; doch wenn ich der Sterne

Bahnen mess' und zähl' ihre gedrangete Zahl,

Dann berühret die Erde mein Fuß nur; unter den Göttern

Reichet mir Jupiter selbst seinen unsterblichen Trank.

Herder.

*On Astronomy.*

Tho' but the being of a day,

When I yon planet's course survey,

This earth I then despise:

Near Jove's eternal throne I stand,

And quaff from an immortal hand

The nectar of the skies.

Ph. Smyth.

## CCII.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ. ΙΧ. 442.

Γριπεύς τις μογέεσκεν ἐπ' ἰχθύσι· τὸν δ' ἐσιδοῦσα  
 Εὐκτέανος κούρη θυμὸν ἔκαμνε πόθῳ,  
 Καί μιν θῆκε σύνευνον. ὃ δ' ἐκ βιότοιο πενιχροῦ  
 Δέξατο παντοίης ὄγκον ἄγηνόρης.  
 Ἡ δὲ Τύχη γελώσα παρίστατο, καὶ ποτὶ Κύπριν,  
 Οὐ τεὸς οὗτος ἀγών, ἀλλ' ἐμός ἐστιν, ἔφη.

AGATHIÆ.

Captantem misere pisces opulenta puella  
 Viderat, et visi flagrat amore viri.  
 Nec mora, quin nubat: sic victu e paupere dives  
 Omnigenarum illi copia venit opum.  
 Conversa in Venerem risit Fortuna propinquam,  
 Et, "Meus hic ludus, non tuus," inquit, "erat."

G. S.

Una donna ricchissima s' accende  
 D' un pover pescator, e sposo il prende.  
 Sorride allor Fortuna, e dice: Amore,  
 Questo non opra il tuo, ma il mio valore.

L. Alamanni.

Ein armer Fischer lebte kummervoll;  
 Ein reiches Mädchen warf ihr Aug' auf ihn,  
 Nahm ihn zur Eh', und gab ihm all' ihr Gut.  
 Was folgete? Der Arme ward nun reich,  
 Der Reiche stolz, der Stolz ein Tyrann.  
 Sieh, sprach das Glück zur Liebe's göttinn, wer  
 Auf Erden stärker sey, ich oder du?

Herder

*A Controversie of a Conquest 'twixt Fortune and Venus.*

Whilst fissher kest his line  
 The hovering fish to hooke,  
 By hap a rich mans daughter on  
 The fissher kest hir looke.  
 Shee fryde with frantick love;  
 They maride eke at last:  
 Thus fissher was from lowe estate  
 In top of treasure plast.

Stoode Fortune by, and smylde :  
How say you, dame? quoth shee  
To Venus. Was this conquest yours,  
Or is it due to mee?

Turbervile

Euseia rich in gold and land,  
To a poor fisher gave her hand.  
Ophion, dazzled with his gain,  
Grew haughty, petulant, and vain.  
Venus, says Fortune, looking sly ;  
Who play'd this trick, pray, you or I?

Ph Smyth.

CCIII.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ. Χ. 1. 13

Νυκτικώραξ ἄδει θανατηφόρον ἄλλ' ὅταν ἄσῃ  
Δημόφιλος, θνήσκει καὶ τὸς ὁ νυκτικώραξ.

NICARCHI.

Nycticorax cantat lethale, sed ipsa canenti  
Demophilo auscultans nycticorax moritur.

Sam. Johnson. Ν. 1. 13

Lethum aliis cantu fert strix : strix ipsa canente  
Demophilo lethum sentit adesse suum.

G. S.

È altrui del gufo il canto  
Di morte annunziatore ;  
Ma se Demofil canta il gufo muore.

M

Eulengeßang auf dem Hause zu nacht bringt Tod dem Bewohner ;  
Aber Demophilos Sang bringet der Eule den Tod.

Jacobs.

'Tis said that certain death awaits  
The raven's nightly cry ;  
But at the sound of Cymon's voice  
The very ravens die.

Merivale.

The screech-owl sings ; death follows at her cries :  
Demophilus strikes up ; the screech-owl dies.

W.

## CCIV.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ἀρτέμιδος τόδ' ἄγαλμα, διηκόσιναι δ' ἄρ' ὁ μισθὸς  
 Δραχμαὶ ται Πάριαι, τῶν ἐπίσημα τράγος  
 Ἀσκητὸς δ' ἐποίησεν Ἀθηναίης παλάμῃσιν  
 Ἄξιος Ἀρχεσίλας υἱὸς Ἀριστοδίκου.

SIMONIDIS.

Dianæ effigies hæc est; Pariasque ducentas  
 Demeruit drachmas, signa notante capro.  
 Fecit et in studiis versatus et arte Minervæ  
 Dignus Aristodico filius Arcesilas.

G. B.

Hier ist Artemis Bild. Zweyhundert der parischen Drachmen  
 Mit dem Gepräge des Bochs wurden dem Künstler zum Lohn.  
 Sie schuf Arkesilas, Aristodikos würdiger Sprößling,  
 Welchen Tritonias Hand selber gebildet zur Kunst.

Jacobs.

*On a Statue of Artemis.*

This Artemis two hundred drachmas cost  
 Of Paros, those that bear the goat embossed.  
 Arcesilas, Aristodicus' son,  
 Wrought it, as fair as by Athene done.

Sterling.

## CCV.

ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ.

Οὐ φίλος, δς κρητῆρι παρὰ πλέφ' οἰνοποτάζων  
 Νείκεα καὶ πόλεμον δακρύνοντα λέγει  
 Ἄλλ' ὅστις Μουσέων τε καὶ ἀγλαὰ δῶρ' Ἀφροδίτης  
 Συμμιλογων, ἐρατῆς μνήσκεται εὐφροσύνης.

ANACREONTIS.

Non placet ille mihi, qui lites sævaque bella,  
 Dum spumant Bromio pocula rore, crepat:  
 Sed qui Pieridum Cythereæ munera miscens  
 Muneribus, læto tempore læta canit.

Grotius. Val. 2. 3. p. 346.

Nicht lieb ist mir der Mann, wenn einer beim schäumenden Becher  
 Thränenregenden Krieg, Haber und Schlachten erwähnt.  
 Aber wol, welcher der Muses und Kypriens strahlende Gaben  
 Einend, der lieblichen Lust frohen Genußes gedenkt.

Jacobs.

*On Company.*

I ne'er can think his conversation good,  
Who o'er the bottle talks of wars and blood ;  
But his whose wit the pleasing talk refines,  
And lovely Venus with the Muses joins.

Fawkes.

No friend is he to social joy,  
Who these gay moments would destroy,  
By tales of martial woe ;  
But he, who with a toast and song  
The sportive pleasures shall prolong,  
Which from yon goblet flow.

Ph. Smyth.

When to the lip the brimming cup is press'd,  
And hearts are all afloat upon the stream,  
Then banish from my board th' unpolish'd guest  
Who makes the feats of war his barbarous theme.

But bring the man, who o'er his goblet wreathes  
The Muse's laurel with the Cyprian flower :  
Oh ! give me him whose heart expansive breathes  
All the refinements of the social hour.

T. Moore.

CCVI.

ΔΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ. 237.

Τοὺς πόδας εἰ Κρατερὸς καὶ τὰς χέρας εἶχ' ὀλοκλήρους,  
Οὐκ ἄρα τὴν κεφαλὴν εἶχε, τοιαῦτα γράφων.

LUCILLII.

Forte pedes habuit Craterus cum scriberet ista,  
Forte manus : verum cor, puto, non habuit.

Grotius.

Se Cratero ebbe mani  
E piedi interi e sani,  
Non par però che avesse punto testa,  
Avendo scritto roba come questa.

W.

I dare say Craterus had hands and feet  
Sound and complete,  
But not a head, at least with brains enough,  
Writing such stuff.

W.

## CCVII.

ΔΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ. Χ'. 23.

Εἰ ταχὺς εἰς τὸ φαγεῖν, καὶ πρὸς δρόμον ἀμβλὺς ὑπάρχεις,  
Τοῖς ποσὶ σου τῶγε, καὶ τρέχε τῷ στόματι.

LUCIANI.

Manducare celer cum sis, et currere tardus,  
Manduca pedibus, curre sed ore tuo.

Grotius. *Ant. H. Græc. 1. p. 273.*

Se a mangiar voli, e a correr tanto stenti,  
Mangia dunque co' piè, corri co' denti.

Roncalli.

Auf einen unnützen Bedienten

Im Essen bist du schnell, im Gehen bist du faul.

Iß mit den Füßen, Freund, und nimm zum Gehen das Maul.

Lessing.

So slowly you walk, and so quickly you eat,  
You should march with your mouth, and devour with your feet.

Anon. Translations from Lessing, 1825.

You eat fast and run slow : now you'll win more applause,  
If you eat like your paces, but go like your jaws.

*See "Ant. H. Græc. 1. p. 273."*

W.

## CCVIII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ. VII. 137.

Μή με τάφῳ σύγκρινε τὸν Ἐκτορα, μηδ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ  
Μέτρει τὸν πάσης Ἑλλάδος ἀντίπαλον.

Ἰλιάς, αὐτὸς Ὀμηρος ἐμοὶ τάφος, Ἑλλάς, Ἀχαιοὶ  
Φεύγοντες· τοῦτοις πᾶσιν ἐχωννύμεθα.

Εἰ δ' ὀλίγην ἀθρεῖς ἐπ' ἐμοὶ κόνιν, οὐκ ἐμοὶ αἰσχος·  
Ἑλλήνων ἐχθραῖς χερσὶν ἐχωννύμεθα.

INCERTI.

Hectora parce sui spatio conferre sepulchri,  
Nam par Grajugenum millibus unus eram.

Ilias, et Vates, et versis Græcia turmis,

Hic rogas, his cunctis sum sepelitus ego ;

Turpe nec est, parvâ si contumulamur arenâ :

Hostilis posuit nostra sepulchra manus.

G. S.

Schöze nicht Hektors Werth nach dem Grab hier; oder vergleiche  
 Hellas rüstigen Feind mit dem umhüllenden Staub.  
 Hektors Mal ist Homer und die Ilias, und der Achäer  
 Flucht. Dieß alles erhebt mir sich als dauerndes Mal.  
 Siehst du mich dürstig mit Erde bedeckt, mir ist es ein Schimpf nicht;  
 Feindlicher Danaer Hand deckte des Feindes Gebein.

Jacobs.

O mete not Hector's greatness by his grave :  
 This single arm erewhile all Greece could brave.  
 The Iliad, Homer, Greece and Greeks that fled,  
 These are my tomb ; all these enshrine me dead.  
 Mock not, if scant the dust that o'er me lies :  
 The foeman's hand performed our obsequies.

G. S.

CCIX.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ. γλ. 2

Τόξα τάδε πτολέμοιο πεπανμένα δακρυόεντος  
 Νηφ' Ἀθηναίης κείται ἰπωρόφια,  
 Πολλάκι δὴ στονέοντα κατὰ κλόνον ἐν δατ φωτῶν  
 Περσῶν ἱππομάχων αἵματι λουσάμενα.

SIMONIDIS.

Hæc postquam sævum requierunt spicula Martem  
 Pulcher Palladia servat in æde tholus,  
 Quæ prius, adversæ cum certavere phalanges,  
 Sæpe suo tinxit sanguine Medus eques.

Grotius.

Rastend von Thränenerregender Schlacht, in dem Tempel Athenens,  
 Unter dem hohen Gewölb lieget der Pfeile Geschoss.  
 Vormalß haben sie sich in dem stöhnenden Drange der Feldschlacht,  
 Oft mit dem purpurnen Blut Persischer Reiter gefärbt.

Jacobs

No longer bent in deadly fight, these bows  
 Beneath Minerva's sacred vaults repose :  
 Wielded in many a battle-rout, they lie  
 Bathed in the blood of Persian cavalry.

W.



## CCX.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν. vii. 353.

*Ναυτίλε, μὴ πεύθου τίνας ἐνθάδε τύμβος ὄδ' εἶμι,  
'Αλλ' αὐτὸς πόντου τύγχανε χρηστοτέρου.*

INCERTI.

*Nauta, quis hoc jaceat ne percontere sepulchro ;  
Eveniat tantum mitior unda tibi !*

Sam. Johnson. *U. xi. p. 417.*

*Non cercar, navigante,  
Di chi la tomba io sia,  
Ma aver più mite il mar sorte ti dia.*

M.

*Trag', o Schiffender, nicht, weß Grab du so eben vorbeysährst.  
Woßest du selber dich nur milderer Fluthen erfreun.*

Jacobs.

*Seek not, o mariner, to learn whose tomb it is you see ;  
But to yourself may ocean prove more gentle than to me.*

W.

## CCXI.

Δ Ο Υ Κ Ι Α Δ Ι Ο Υ. xi. 176.

*Τὸν πατὸν Ἑρμᾶν, τὸν θεῶν ὑπηρέταν,  
Τὸν Ἀρκάδων ἀνακτα, τὸν βοηλάταν,  
'Εστῶτα τῶνδε γυμνασίῳ ἐπίσκοπον,  
'Ο νυκτικλέπτας Αὔλος εἶπε βαστάσας·  
Πολλοὶ μαθηταὶ κρείσσονες διδασκάλων.*

LUCILLII.

*Cœli ministrum, nuncium alatum Jovis,  
Regem Arcadum, dolosum abactorem boum,  
Certaminum ipsum præsidem, et furum Deum,  
De nocte suffuratus Aulus sic ait :  
Superant magistrum sæpe discipuli suum.*

T. Farnaby.

*Hermem Deorum nuncium pennis levem,  
Quo rege gaudent Arcades, furem boum,  
Hujus palæstræ qui vigil custos stetit,  
Clam nocte tollit Aulus, et ridens ait :  
Præstat magistro sæpe discipulus suo.*

Sam. Johnson *U. xi. p. 417.*

La nuit, ce Dieu subtil, ce Dieu larron, Mercure,  
Qui préside aux larrons, qui des larrons a cure,  
Dans les mains d'un larron lui-même alla tombant,  
Lequel, plus fin que lui, voulant lors apparaitre,  
L'emporta sur son dos, et dit, en se gabant :  
Maint disciple voit-on, qui surpasse son maître.

Pierre le Loyer.

When Aulus, the nocturnal thief, made prize  
Of Hermes, swift-wing'd envoy of the skies,  
Hermes, Arcadia's king, the thief divine,  
Who when an infant stole Apollo's kine,  
And whom, as arbiter and overseer  
Of our gymnastic sports, we planted here ;  
"Hermes," he cried, "you meet no new disaster ;  
Ofttimes the pupil goes beyond his master."

W. Cowper.

Hermes the volatile, Arcady's president,  
Lacquey of deities, robber of herds,  
In this gymnasium constantly resident,  
Light-fingered Aulus bore off with these words :  
"Many a scholar, by travelling faster  
On learning's high-road, runs away with his master."

G. C. S.

CCXII.

ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ. Ψ. 123.

Μέχρι τίνος, Προδίκη, παρακλαύσομαι ; ἄχρι τίνος σε  
Γουνάσομαι, στερεή, μηδὲν ἀκούμενος ;  
Ἦδη καὶ λευκαὶ σοὶ ἐπισκιρτῶσιν ἔθειραι,  
Καὶ τάχα μοι δώσεις, ὡς Ἐκάβη Πριάμῳ.

RUFINUS.

Quo vis usque fleam, Prodice, genubusque residens  
Fundam, quas surda rejicis aure preces ?  
Jam circumsiliunt albi tua tempora crines ;  
Sic Hecuba ut Priamo, jam mihi credo, dabis.

Grotius.

How long, stern Prodice, shall tears  
Not reach thine heart, or prayers thine ears ?—  
Gray hairs peep forth ! Think'st thou I'd have  
What Hecuba to Priam gave ?

W.

## CCXIII. 1X. 752.

ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ, τινὲς δὲ ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ.

Εἰμὶ Μέθη τὸ γλύμμα σοφῆς χερὸς, ἐν δ' ἀμεθύσῳ  
 Γέγλυμμαι τέχνης δ' ἡ λίθος ἀλλοτρίῃ.  
 Ἀλλὰ Κλεοπάτρης ἱερὸν κτέαρ' ἐν γὰρ ἀνάσσης  
 Χεὶρὶ θεὸν νήφειν καὶ μεθύουσιν ἔδει.

ASCLEPIADIS, VEL ANTIPATRI THESSALON.

Ebrietas ego sum, qui fert lapis est amethystus :  
 Ingenio gemmæ dessidet artis opus.  
 Sed quia me Cleopatra tenet, Dea concita vino  
 Est in reginæ sobria facta manu.

Grotius. *Antip. Thess. 2. p. 471.*

The face that sculptur'd here you see  
 Is of the nymph Ebriety.  
 The cunning artist his design  
 Imbedded in no kindred shrine,  
 A pure and lucid amethyst.  
 Yet think not so his aim he miss'd :  
 Pure to the pure are things divine :  
 In Cleopatra's royal hands,  
 Unconscious of the power of wine,  
 Sober'd the tipsy goddess stands.

Merivale.

## CCXIV.

ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ. VII. 355.

Ἰχθύσι καὶ ποταμῷ Κλειτώννυμον ἐχθρὸς ὄμιλος  
 Ὦσεν, ὅτ' εἰς ἄκρην ἦλθε τυραννοφόνος,  
 Ἀλλὰ Δίκα μιν ἔθαψεν ἀποσπασθεῖσα γὰρ ὄχθη  
 Πᾶν δέμας ἐς κορυφὴν ἐκ ποδὸς ἐκτέρισεν  
 Κεῖται δ' οὐχ ὑδάτεσσι διάβροχος αἰδομένα δὲ  
 Γᾶ κεύθει τὸν εἰς ὄρμον ἐλευθερίας.

BIANORIS.

Te captum in media, Clitonyme, cæde tyranni  
 Piscibus, et fluvio gens inimica dabat :  
 Non tulit invidiam tantam Deus arbiter æqui,  
 Ripaque te totum lapsa repente tegit.  
 Non igitur vir fortis aquis agitabere : justa  
 Pro libertatis vindice fecit humus.

Grotius.

*Antip. Thess. 1. p. 98.*

Lo, to the fishes and the stream a murd'rous band hath roll'd  
 Clitonymus, who came to slay the tyrant in his hold.  
 But Justice found him burial; for the crumbling bank gave way,  
 Duly to shroud from head to foot the hero as he lay.  
 And now the waters drench him not: the land envelopes there  
 The refuge of her liberties with reverential care.

W.

## CCXV.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν . ) Χ .

Τὸν βίον, 'Ηράκλειτε, πολὺ πλεόν ἤπερ ὄτ' ἔζης,  
 Δάκρυε· νῦν ὁ βίος ἐστ' ἐλεεινότερος.  
 Τὸν βίον ἄρτι γέλα, Δημόκριτε, τὸ πλεόν ἢ πρίν·  
 Νῦν ὁ βίος πάντων ἐστὶ γελοιότερος.  
 Εἰς ὑμέας δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς ὁρῶν, τὸ μεταξὺ μεριμνῶ,  
 Πῶς ἅμα σοὶ κλαύσω, πῶς ἅμα σοὶ γελάσω·

## INCERTI.

Democrite, invisas homines majore cachinno,  
 Plus tibi ridendum sæcula nostra dabunt.  
 Heraclite, fluat lachrymarum crebrior imber;  
 Vita hominum nunc plus quod misereris habet.  
 Interea dubito; tecum me causa nec ulla  
 Ridere, aut tecum me lachrymare jubet.

Sam. Johnson.

Heraclit, wie würdest du jetzt das Leben beweinen,  
 Rämst du wieder zurück in die geplagtere Welt!  
 Und Democritus du, wie würdest jezo du lachen,  
 Rämst du wieder zurück in die bethörtere Welt!  
 Ich steh' vor euch beyden und sinne, wie ich mit Weisheit  
 Segt bedauern und jetzt könne belachen die Welt.

Herder.

Democritus, dear droll, revisit earth,  
 And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth!  
 Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch, return,  
 In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn!  
 Between you both, I unconcern'd stand by;  
 Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

Prior.

## CCXVI.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ. Χ/1. 302.

Οὐκ ἐμέ, τὴν πενήνῃ δὲ καθύβρισας· εἰ δὲ καὶ ὁ Ζεὺς  
Ἦν ἐπὶ γῆς πτωχὸς, καὶ τὸς ἔπασχεν ὕβριν.

PALLADÆ.

Pauperiem feriunt, non me, tua probra : Jovique,  
Si foret in terris pauper, idem faceres.

Grotius. loc. cit. 1. 1. 531.

Vous outragez, qui ? moi ? Non, mais la pauvreté.  
Pauvre sur terre, un dieu se verrait insulté.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Mich verachtet du nicht ; die Armuth schmähest du in mir ;  
Wäre Supiter arm, wär' er geachtet wie ich.

Herder.

'Tis on Poverty only, but not upon me  
That your insolence leaves any trace :  
If Jove were a beggar on earth, even he  
Would share in a beggar's disgrace.

W.

## CCXVII.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ.

Εἰς Ἀνακρέοντος ἀνδριάντα. 1X. 599.

Θᾶσαι τὸν ἀνδριάντα τοῦτον, ὦ ξένη,  
Σπουδᾷ, καὶ λέγ', ἐπὰν ἐς οἶκον ἔνθης·  
Ἀνακρέοντος εἰκὸν' εἶδον ἐν Τέφρῃ,  
Τῶν πρόσθ' εἴ τι περισσὸν ᾠδοποιῶν.  
Προσθεῖς δὲ χῶτι τοῖς νέοισιν ᾄδετο,  
Ἐρεῖς ἀτρεκέως ὄλον τὸν ἄνδρα.

THEOCRITI.

Attentis oculis imaginem, hospes,  
Hanc, quæso, inspicias, domum ut reversus  
Dicas : Effigiem ipse Anacreontis  
Vidi, cui, veterum quod arte vatum  
Cunque illustrius exstitit, secundum est.  
Quod si dixeris insuper, juventâ  
Gaudebat, reliquum est nihil quod addas.

G. S.

Deh fisa in questo simulacro i rai,  
 Ospite, e dì quando a tua casa torni :  
 D' Anacreonte il volto in Teo mirai,  
 Buon vate s' altri v' ebbe a' prischi giorni ;  
 E se aggiugni che ancor prendea diletto  
 De' garzoni, di lui tutto avrai detto.

Francesco Negri.

Stranger who near this statue chance to roam,  
 Let it awhile your studious eyes engage ;  
 And you may say, returning to your home,  
 "I've seen the image of the Teian sage,  
 Best of the bards who deck the Muse's page."  
 Then if you add, "That striplings loved him well,"  
 You tell them all he was and aptly tell.

Moore. *p. 13.*

With eye attentive, traveller, survey  
 This effigy, and home returning say,  
 "Anacreon's form at Teos I beheld,  
 Most glorious he of all the bards of eld ;"  
 If thou dost add to this, "he joyed in youth,"  
 The whole truth shalt thou tell, and nought but truth.

G. S.

CCXVIII.

ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ. /X. /61.

Ἡσιόδου ποτὲ βίβλον ἐμαῖς ὑπὸ χερσὶν ἐλίσσων,  
 Πύρρην ἐξαπίνης εἶδον ἐπερχομένην.  
 Βίβλον δὲ ρίψας ἐπὶ γῆν χερὶ, ταῦτ' ἐβόησα,  
 Ἔργα τί μοι παρέχεις, ὦ γέρον Ἡσίοδε ;

MARCI ARGENTARII.

Cum legerem libros, quos scripsit pastor ab Ascra,  
 Spectandam subito se mihi Pyrrha dedit.  
 Excidit e digitis Operum pater atque Dierum :  
 Hoc te, clamo, Die nil Opus Hesiodo est.

Grotius. *p. 13.*

Of late, perusing Hesiod's *Works and Days*,  
 Advancing Pyrrha met my raptur'd gaze.  
 I dropp'd the book, and cried for all to hear :  
 'Hence with thy *works*, on *days* when Pyrrha's near !'

J. W. B.

## CCXIX.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ. x/. 408.

Τὴν κεφαλὴν βάπτεις, τὸ δὲ γῆρας οὔποτε βάψεις,  
 Οὐδὲ παρειάων ἐκτανύσεις ῥυτίδας.  
 Μὴ τοίνυν τὸ πρόσωπον ἅπαν ψιμύθῳ κατάπλαττε,  
 "Ὡστε προσωπεῖον, κοῦχὶ πρόσωπον ἔχειν.  
 Οὐδὲν γὰρ πλεον ἐστὶ τί μαίνεαι; οὔποτε φῦκος  
 Καὶ ψιμυθος τεύξει τὴν Ἑκάβην Ἑλένην.

LUCIANI.

Sæpe caput tingis, nunquam tinctura senectam,  
 Nunquam rugosas explicitura genas.  
 Desine jam faciem stibio depingere totam,  
 Persona est etenim tunc tibi, non facies.  
 Nil habes hinc lucri; quæ est hæc dementia? Fucus  
 Et color haud Hecubam fecerit unquam Helenam.

Agesilaus Mariscottus.

Lisciati quanto vuoi; le chiome tingi;  
 Le gote, il labbro, il sen pingi e ripingi;  
 D' un' Ecuba non mai  
 Un' Elena farai.

Roncalli.

Färbe nur immer das Haupt, doch färbest du nimmer des Alter,  
 Noch auch glättest du je Runzeln den Wangen hinweg.  
 Laß doch also, das ganze Gesicht dir zu Kalchen mit Blehweiß,  
 Waff kein neues Gesicht, sondern nur Maske dir gibt.  
 Warlich es frommet dir nicht. Was müßt du dich? Nimmer geschieht es,  
 Daß durch Weiß und Roth Hekabe Helena wird.

Jacobs.

You give your cheeks a rosy stain,  
 With washes dye your hair;  
 But paint and washes both are vain  
 To give a youthful air.

Those wrinkles mock your daily toil;  
 No labour will efface 'em;  
 You wear a mask of smoothest oil,  
 Yet still with ease we trace 'em.

An art so fruitless then forsake,  
Which though you much excel in,  
You never can contrive to make  
Old Hecuba young Helen.

W. Cowper.

CCXX.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν . / X . / 87.

Εἰς Μένανδρον.

Αἰταί σοι στομάτεσσιν ἀνηρέψαντο μέλισσαι  
Ποικίλα Μουσάων ἄνθεα δρεψάμεναι·  
Αἰταί καὶ Χάριτες σοι ἐδωρήσαντο, Μένανδρε,  
Στωμύλον εὐτυχίην, δράμασιν ἐνθέμεναι.  
Ζώεις εἰς αἰῶνα· τὸ δὲ κλέος ἐστὶν Ἀθήναις  
Ἐκ σέθεν, οὐρανίων ἀπτόμενον νεφέων.

INCERTI.

Infudere tibi nectar de floribus ortum,  
Pieridum campos quæ populantur apes :  
Sermonis facilem, qualem vult fabula, ductum  
Gratia donavit trina, Menandre, tibi.  
Perpetuum vives. Quæ de te surgit Athenis  
Gloria, cœlestes venit ad usque domos.

Grotius.

Viel buntfarbiger Blumen Gewächß aus dem Garten der Musen  
Brachten, Menandroß, dir Bienen zur lieblichen Kost :  
Reizende Gaben verliehn dir die Chariten ; Fülle des Wises,  
Anmuth, süßes Geschwäh, schenkten sie deinem Gedicht.  
Dauerndes Leben ist dein dir dafür ; und es wächst der Athenen  
Strahlender Ruhm durch dich bis zu den Wolken empor.

Jacobs.

The very bees, O sweet Menander, hung  
To taste the Muses spring upon thy tongue ;  
The very Graces made the scenes you writ  
Their happy point of fine expression hit.  
Thus still you live, you make your Athens shine,  
And raise its glory to the skies in thine.

Anon. Spectator.



## CCXXI.

ΙΣΙΔΩΡΟΥ ΑΙΓΕΑΤΟΥ. VII. 156.

Ἴξῳ καὶ καλάμοισιν ἀπ' ἡέρος αὐτὸν ἔφερβεν  
 Εὐμηλος, λιτῶς, ἀλλ' ἐν ἐλευθερίῃ.  
 Οὐποτε δ' ὀθνεῖν ἐκυσεν χέρα γαστρός ἐκῆτι·  
 Τοῦτο τρυφήν κείνῳ, τοῦτ' ἔφερ' εὐφροσύνην.  
 Τρὶς δὲ τριηκοστὸν ζήσας ἔτος ἐνθάδ' ἰαίνει,  
 Παισὶ λιπῶν ἰξόν, καὶ πτερά, καὶ καλάμους.

ISIDORI, ÆGEATÆ.

Qui calamo et visco quærebat ab aëre victum  
 Eumelus, cui res parca, sed ingenua,  
 Ventris ut imperio nulli daret oscula dextræ,  
 Vivere sic illi luxus, opesque fuit;  
 Post bis lustra novem jacet hic, natosque reliquit  
 Hæredes plumæ, glutinis et calami.

Grotius. *loc. cit. lib. 2. p. 156.*

Con vischio il buon Eumelo e con verghette  
 Il parco vitto suo dall' aere trasse,  
 Parco invero, ma libero vivette;  
 Nè mai pel ventre empir, la mano altrui  
 Inchinossi a baciare: ed in tal vita  
 Trovò sua gioia ed i dilette suoi.  
 Ei campò novant' anni, e chiuse i cigli,  
 Vischio, verghe e zimbèl lasciando ai figli.

M.

*Imitazione.*

Da un navicel, dall' amo e dalle nasse  
 Scarsi alimenti, ma sicuri e queti  
 Per novant' anni Egialeo ritrasse.  
 Libertà fu sua gioia: or qui si giace;  
 E a' figli suoi lasciò l' amo e le reti,  
 L' onde amiche e la sua libera pace.

Ugo Foscolo.

Lebend erhielt mit der Beute der Luft, mit dem Rohr und dem Leim sich  
 Eulochos; spärlich fürwahr, aber mit frehem Gemüth;  
 Niemals küßend dem Reichen die Hand, um den Magen zu füllen;  
 Dieß war Freude für ihn, dieses ein heitrrer Genuß.  
 Dreymal dreißig Sommer verlebte er so. Nun er im Grab ruht,  
 Läßt er den Kindern den Leim, Ruthen und Vögel zurück.

Jacobs.

With reeds and bird-lime, from the desert air  
Eumelus gather'd free, though scanty, fare.  
No lordly patron's hand he deign'd to kiss,  
Nor luxury knew, save liberty, nor bliss.  
Thrice thirty years he lived, and to his heirs  
His reeds bequeath'd, his bird-lime, and his snares.

W. Cowper.

CCXXII.

ΚΡΑΤΗΤΟΣ. IX. 477.

Ἐρωτα παύει λιμός· εἰ δὲ μὴ, χρόνος.  
Ἐὰν δὲ μηδὲ ταῦτα τὴν φλόγα σβέσῃ,  
Θεραπεῖα σοι τὸ λοιπὸν ἡρτήσθω βρόχος.

CRATETIS.

Fames amorem sedat, aut sedat dies :  
Quod si nec istis flamma cedat contumax,  
Medicina restat laqueus extrema loco.

Grotius. *ἐκείνη, ὁμοίαν ἔστιν*

Posson d' amore alla follia por modo  
O la fame od il tempo,  
E se questi non vagliono, c'è il nodo.

M.

Qui peut guérir l' amour?—La faim, le temps.  
— Mais si l' amour résiste à ces calmants?  
— Reste un remède, ami, qui n' est pas tendre,  
Mais il est sûr.—Quel est-il?—De te pendre.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

*A catholic medicine to cure the passion of love.*

Hard fare will famish love ; if that not doe,  
Time and long absence will impair thy woe :  
View others beauties ; if that will not speed,  
Then take a halter ; that will do the deed.

S. Sheppard.

Fasting or length of time love's fires will chill ;  
If that won't do the work, a halter will.

W. Baxter.

Hunger perhaps may cure your love,  
Or time your passion greatly alter ;  
If both should unsuccessful prove,  
I strongly recommend a halter.

Sayers.

## CCXXIII.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν. VI. 62.

Εἰς Πλάτωνα.

A. Αἰετέ, τίπτε βέβηκας ὑπὲρ τάφον, ἧ τίνος, εἴτ' ἐ,

Ἄστερόεντα Θεῶν οἶκον ἀποσκοπέεις ;

B. Ψυχῆς εἰμὶ Πλάτωνος ἀποπταμένης ἐς Ὀλυμπον

Εἰκῶν, σῶμα δὲ γῇ γηγενές Ἀτθίς ἔχει.

INCERTI.

Quid monumenta super, volucrum regina, volasti ?

Tu mihi dic superum quam tueare domum ?

Diva ego sublata in cælum feror umbra Platonis,

At corpus terrenum Attica servat humus.

Ambrceius Camald.

*Viandante e Aquila.*

V. Perchè su questa tomba, aquila, stai,

E all' eterna magione

Tieni rivolti immobilmente i rai ?

A. Dell' alma di Platone

L' immagine io son, che al ciel disciolse il volo :

Suo terren manto ha sol l' Attico suolo.

Pagnini.

Göttlicher Adler, warum stehst du, dem Himmel entflohen

Hier auf dem Grab und schaust fühl zu den Sternen hinauf ?

"Plato's Seele bild' ich dir vor : sie flog zu den Sternen ;

Nur den heiligen Leib decket das Attische Grab."

Herder.

Adler, weshalb zum bestirnten Ballast der Auferstlichen schauend,

Sitztst du hier ? und wen, sage, bedeckt das Grab ?

Adler.

Platon's Seele bezeichnet der Nar, die hier zum Olympos

Aufslog ; aber der Leib blieb in dem Attischen Land.

Jacobs.

*Spirit of Plato.*

Eagle ! why soarest thou above that tomb ?

To what sublime and star-y-paven home

Floatest thou ?

I am the image of swift Plato's spirit,

Ascending heaven : Athens does inherit

His corpse below.

Shelley.

Why, eagle, o'er the tomb thus hovering fly?  
Or on what starry dwelling in the sky  
Is thy far vision stayed?  
The imaged soul of Plato to Jove's throne  
I soar aloft: his earth-born limbs alone  
In Attic earth are laid.

T. P. R.

CCXXIV.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν. 21. / 26.

Πλουτεῖν φασί σε πάντες, ἐγὼ δέ σε φημὶ πένεσθαι·  
Χρήσις γὰρ πλούτου μάρτυς, Ἀπολλόφανες.  
Ἄν μετέχῃς αὐτῶν σύ, σὰ γίγνεται· ἂν δὲ φυλάττῃς  
Κληρονόμοις, ἀπὸ νῦν γίγνεται ἀλλότριά.

INCERTI.

Sis aliis dives: certe mihi pauper habetis:  
Divitias usus monstrat, Apollophanes.  
Uteris ipse bonis? tua sunt: hæredibus autem  
Quæ servas jam nunc hæc aliena puto.

Grotius.

*A Luc.*

Chacun estime pour ton bien  
Que tu es riche à l'avantage:  
Mais tu es pauvre, et le soustien.  
Qu'ainsi soit, de ton bien l'usage  
M'en est suffisant témoignage.  
Qui a des biens en sa puissance,  
S'il s'en donne la jouissance,  
Vraiment, Luc, les biens sont à luy:  
Mais à toy n'est pas la chevance,  
Que tu épargnes pour autrui.

Baif.

They call thee rich; I deem thee poor,  
Since, if thou darest not use thy store,  
But savest it only for thine heirs,  
The treasure is not thine, but theirs.

W. Cowper.

Men say that you are rich, but I refuse  
That name for wealth which you do never use.  
What you enjoy is your's, but what for heirs  
You hoard, no longer can be your's, but their's.

E. S.

CCXXV. [384]

## ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΟΥ.

Γηράσκει καὶ χαλκὸς ὑπὸ χρόνου· ἀλλὰ σὸν οὔτι  
 Κύδος ὁ πᾶς αἰὼν, Διόγεves, καθελεῖ·  
 Μοῦνος γὰρ βιοτῆς αὐτάρκεα δόξαν ἔδειξας  
 Θνητοῖς, καὶ ζωῆς οἶμον ἐλαφροτάτην.

## ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΙ.

Tempore fit vetus æs, sed et ære perennior ipso  
 Laus tua, Diogenes, tempus in omne manet.  
 Tranquillum vitæ cursum modicoque beatum  
 Quod nos callemus, consilii omne tui est.

T. F.

Copper decays with time, but thy renown,  
 Diogenes, no age shall e'er take down :  
 For thou alone hast taught us not to need,  
 By thinking that we don't : and hast us freed  
 From cares ; and shew'd the easy way to life.

W. Baxter.

E'en brass, Diogenes, to time gives place ;  
 But with thy praise time shall out-run its race.  
 'Twas thine frugality's best wealth to shew,  
 And man instruct life's easier ways to know.

T. F.

## CCXXVI.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ. [385]

Εὐβοίης γένος ἐσμέν Ἐρετρικόν, ἄγχι δὲ Σούσων  
 Κείμεθα· φεῦ, γαίης ὅσσον ἀφ' ἡμετέρης.

## PLATONIS.

Euhoici sumus hic prope Susa : at Eretria nostris  
 Ossibus heu procul, heu dulcis abest patria !

G. F. D. T.

Sanguine Eretriaco creti, prope Susa jacemus,  
 Euhoici, heu nostra quam procul a patria !

W.

Rinder Eubdas sind wir Eretrier ; nahe bey Susa  
 Liegen wir ; ach, wie so fern, heimische Fluren von euch !

Jacobs.

Eretrians of Eubœa we are laid in Susa's earth ;  
 Alas ! at what a distance from the land that gave us birth !

W.

## CCXXVII.

ΕΥΗΝΟΥ. *Εὐχ. 11. 17*

Πρὸς σοφίᾳ μὲν ἔχειν τόλμαν μάλα σύμφορόν ἐστι·  
Χωρὶς δὲ βλάβερή καὶ κακότητα φέρει.

EVENI.

Audendum est : multum, si sit sapientia, prodest ;

Hac sine, causa mali plurima, causa probri.

W.

Ardir con senno, giovamento e frutto,

Ma senza senno, reca ambascia e lutto.

Pagnini.

È ardir giunto a saggezza utile assai :

Egli reca altramente e danno e guai.

M.

Kühnheit, wenn sie sich eint mit der Weisheit, bringet dir Segen ;

Wandelt sie aber allein, folget Verderben ihr nach.

Jacobs.

With wisdom, daring is great gain :

Without, it brings disgrace and bane.

G. S.

## CCXXVIII.

ΙΟΥΔΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ. *1. 1. 17*

Μήτηρ υἷα λιπόντα μάχην μετὰ πότμον ἐταίρων

Ἔκτανεν, ὠδίνων μνήστιν ἀνηναμένη.

Καὶ γὰρ γνήσιον αἷμα διακρίνει Λακεδαιμόνων

Ἀλκῇ μαρναμένων, οὐ γενεῇ βρέφρων.

JULIANI ÆGYPTII.

Occidit profugum sociorum ex funere natum

Mater ; et hos partus abnuat esse suos.

Sic placuit Spartæ, veram dignoscere prolem :

Virtus ingenuos, non genus, esse docet.

G. F. D. T.

A Spartan, his companion slain,

Alone from battle fled ;

His mother, kindling with disdain

That she had borne him, struck him dead ;

For courage, and not birth alone,

In Sparta, testifies a son !

W. Cowper.

## CCXXIX.

ΙΟΥΔΑΙΑΝΟΥ. *v. 652.*

"Ωριος εἶλε σε παστάς, ἁώριος εἶλε σε τύμβος,  
 Εὐθαλέων Χαρίτων ἄνθος, Ἀνασασίη.  
 Σοὶ γενέτης, σοὶ πικρὰ πόσις κατὰ δάκρυα λείβει,  
 Σοὶ τάχα καὶ πορθμεὺς δακρυχέει νεκύνων.  
 Οὐ γὰρ ὅλον λυκάβαντα διήνυσας ἄγχι συνεύνου,  
 Ἄλλ' ἐκκαυδεκέτιν, φεῦ, κατέχει σε τάφος.

JULIANI.

Nacta torum matura, sed immatura sepulcrum,  
 Gratia mortales inter Anastasie ;  
 Heu tibi dat lachrymas pater, infelixque maritus,  
 Credo dat et Stygii portitor ipse lacus.  
 Unus conjugii nondum transiverat annus ;  
 Hic tu sex annos nata decemque jaces.

*Grotius. L. c. c. 2. p. 201.*

Thine, Laura, thou, of every grace the bloom !  
 Were timely spousal, and untimely tomb.  
 Tears, bitter tears, thy sire, thy husband shed ;  
 In tears shall melt the boatman of the dead.  
 Scarce one short year to marriage-joys allow'd,  
 Thy sixteenth summer wraps thee in thy shroud.

Wrangham.

## CCXXX.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ. *x. 250.*

Τὸν παχὺν εὖ ἔγραφεν ὁ ζωγράφος· ἀλλ' ἀπόλοιτο,  
 Εἰ δύο μισητοὺς ἀνθ' ἑνὸς ὀφόμεθα.

INCERTI.

Hunc pinguem pictor posuit bene : sed male vortat ;  
 Cernere erit pestes, quæ fuit una, duas.

*Grotius. L. c. c. 2. p. 201.*

Tam bene qui Rufum pinxit, pereat male pictor :  
 Olim unum, lædunt nunc duo monstra oculos.

Cunichius.

Pera il pittore infesto  
 Che sì ben pinse le fattezze tue :  
 Eraci un mostro al mondo ; eccone due.

Roncalli.

Celui qui peignit ton visage,  
A si bien fait que ton image  
Lui ressemble admirablement.  
Iris, c'est ton désavantage :  
Te voila laide doublement.

De Cailly.

The likeness, hang the artist, is so true !  
Instead of one fat brute, we now see two.

W.

CCXXXI.

ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ. VII. 217.

Ἀρχεάνασσαν ἔχω, τὰν ἐκ Κολοφῶνος ἑταῖραν,  
Ἄς καὶ ἐπὶ ρυτίδων ὁ γλυκὺς ἔζ' Ἔρως.  
Ἄ νέον ἡβης ἄνθος ἀποδρέψαντες, ἐρασταί,  
Πρωτοβόλου, δι' ὅσης ἤλθετε πυρκαϊῆς.

ASCLEPIADIS.

Archeanassa mihi civis Colophonos amica est,  
Cujus et in rugis dulce resedit amor.  
Qui juvenis florem, juvenes, carpsistis amantes,  
Per quem transistis, quantus is ignis erat ?

Grotius.

Archeanassa, quell' amica or io  
Tengo da Colofon, sulle cui rughe  
Ancor sta crudo il pargoletto Dio.  
Amanti, che n' avete il novel fiore  
Dell' età colto che metteva le prime  
Bocce, per quanto mai passaste ardore !

Pompei.

L' aimable Arquéanasse a mérité ma foi.  
Elle a des rides, mais je voi  
Une troupe d' amours se jouer dans ses rides.  
Vous qui pûtes la voir avant que ses appas  
Eussent du cours des ans reçu ces petits vuides,  
Ah ! que ne souffrites vous pas ?

Fontenelle.

Archeanassa's my own one, the sweet courtesan Colophónian,  
E'en from her wrinkles I feel Love's irresistible steel !  
O ye wretches, whose húngar was raised for her when she was youúnger !  
Through what flames, alás ! must she have forced you to páss !

Benj. Dann Walsh.

B b

See the next volume of the Anthologia Polyglotta, p. 194.



## CCXXXII.

ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ. VII. 173.

Αἰτόματαί δειλαὶ ποτὶ ταῦλιν αἱ βόες ἦλθον·

Ἐξ ὄρεος, πολλῇ νιφόμεναι χιόνι.

Αἶ, αἶ, Θηρίμαχος δὲ παρὰ δρυὶ τὸν μακρὸν εὔδει

Ἵπνον· ἐκοιμήθη δ' ἐκ πυρὸς οὐρανίου.

DIOTIMI VEL LEONIDÆ.

Ad stabulum, sed sponte sua, de monte redibant

Hiberno gelidæ de nivis imbre boves.

Eheu, Therimachus sub quercu nocte quiescit

Perpetua, sacro tactus ab igne Jovis.

Grotius. *Acc. et. Gr. 2. 273.*

Sparso di neve e pavidò l'armento

Riede soletto or che sul monte steso

Giace, qual uom da cupo sonno preso,

Terimaco da strale etereo spento.

Pagnini.

Fürchtsam eilte die Heerde mit kalter Flotte beschneiet |

Von den Bergen; der Hirt folgte der Heerde nicht mehr.

Ach Therimachus schläft hier seinen ewigen Schlummer,

Unter der Eiche, wo ihn Feuer des Himmels traf.

Herder.

Covered with snow, the herd (with none to guide)

Came to the stall adown the mountain's side:

But ah, Therimachus beneath the oak

Slept the long sleep from which he ne'er awoke,

Lull'd to his slumber by the lightning's stroke!

J. W. B.

## CCXXXIII.

ΕΡΥΚΙΟΥ. VII. 174.

Οὐκέτι συρίγγων νόμιον μέλος ἀγχόθι ταύτας

Ἀρμόζῃ βλωθρᾶς, Θηρίμαχε, πλατάνου·

Οὐδέ σευ ἐκ καλάμων κερααὶ βόες ἄδδ' μέλισμα

Δέξονται, σκιερᾷ παρ δρυὶ κεκλιμένον.

Ἦλθεσε γὰρ πρηστήρ σε κεραύνιος· αἱ δ' ἐπὶ μάνδραν

Ἵψ' ἐβόες νιφετῷ σπερχόμεναι κατέβαν.

ÆRYCII.

Non posthac silvestre canet tibi fistula, fuso  
Hujus sub platani tegmine, Therimache;  
Nec tua mulcebunt quercus sub fronde jacentis  
Carmina cornigeras corpora fessa boves.  
Tu cadis igne Jovis: sero rediere juvencæ  
Ad stabula, et multa permaduere nive.

Grotius. *Ser. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.*

Hanc prope proceram platanum tua, Tityre, posthac  
Non dabit agrestes fistula nota modos;  
Nec capient, quercu te sub pendente reposto,  
Suave tuum placida nunc melos aure boves.  
Fulmine tactus eras: rediit, sed vespere sero,  
Et nivis impulsu, te sine, triste pecus.

G. B.

Ahi misero Terimacho!  
Non più di mele aspersi,  
Sotto un eccelso platano  
Andrai cantando versi;  
Nè sotto quercia ombrifera  
Ad ascoltarti intenti  
Verran, lasciando i pascoli,  
I vagabondi armenti.  
Ah! tu se' morto. Un fulmine,  
Che scagliò Giove, t'arse:  
Le vacche a notte riedono  
Di neve il tergo sparse.

Felici.

Nicht mehr stimmst du hinfort, Therimachos, unter des hohen  
Platanos Laubbach hier ländliche Flöten zum Lied.  
Nicht mehr lauschet dem lieblichen Ton von den Röhren das Hornvieh  
Weidend umher; nicht mehr ruhst an der Eiche du selbst.  
Denn dich traf aus den Wolken der Blitz; und es kehrten die Kinder  
Eilend im stöbernden Schnee spät zu den Ställen zurück.

Jacobs.

O never more, beside this lofty plane,  
Therimachus, thou'lt pipe thy pastoral strain:  
The herd no more will drink thy soft sweet song,  
Stretch'd in the oak-tree's shadow all along.  
Thou wert by lightning stricken! 'Mid a fall  
Of snow, thy herd benighted gain'd the stall.

J. W. B.

## CCXXXIV.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Α Α Λ Ε Ξ Α Ν Δ Ρ Ε Ω Σ. / X. 3 4 6.

Αἶαν ὅλην νήσους τε διήπταμένη σὺ χελιδών,  
 Μηδείης γραπτῇ πυκτίδι νοσοτροφεῖς.  
 Ἔλπη δ' ὀρταλίχων πίστιν σέο τήνδε φυλάξειν  
 Κολχίδα, μηδ' ἰδίων φεισαμένην τεκέων ;

LEONIDÆ ALEXANDRINI.

Medææ statua est, misella hirundo,  
 Sub qua nidificas. Tuosne credas  
 Huic natos, rogo, quæ suos necavit ?

Politianus.

Colchidos in gremio nidum quid congeris ? eheu !

Nescia cui pullos tam malè credis, avis.

Dira parens Medæa suos sæviissima natos

Perdidit ; et speras parcat ut illa tuis ?

Andr. Alciatus.!

Rondinella, che scorso hai tanti lidi,

Perchè a Medea, perchè, tuo nido affidi ?

Come puoi tu sperar che a' figli tuoi

Tenga fede costei che ancise i suoi ?

Fagnini.

In questo quadro infido

Salverà dunque i tuoi

Ov' è Medea, tu vuoi

Chi uccise i figli suoi ?

Far, rondinella, il nido ?

Roncalli.

Gute Schwalbe, du flogst durch weite Länder und Inseln ;

Und nun nistest du hier auf der Medea Gebild ?

Traust ihr keine Kinder noch unbefiedert, und hoffest,

Dass sie den Fremdlingen sey, was sie den Ihren nicht war ?

Herder.

Länder und Inseln und Meer durchschweiftest du zwitsernde Schwalbe,

Und nun haust du das Nest über der Kolcherin Bild !

Hoffest du, jene bewahre dir Treu, und beschütze die fremden

Kinder, die mitleidlos selbst nicht die eignen verschönt ?

Jacobs.

Thou sielie foule, what meanes this foolish paine,

To flie to Colche too hatch thy chickins there ?

A mother thou mayst hap returne againe,

Medæa will destroy thy broode I feare :

For shee that spared not to spoile hir owne,

Will she stand friend to foules that are unknowne ?

Turberville.

## CCXXXV.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν.

Ἡρόδοτος Μούσας ὑπεδέξατο· τῷ δ' ἄρ' ἐκάστη  
 Ἀντὶ φιλοξενίης βίβλον ἔδωκε μίαν.

INCERTI.

Hospes ut Herodotus Musas exceperat, illi  
 Hospitii pretium quæque dedere librum.

Grotius.

Exceptæ hospitio Musæ, tribuere libellos  
 Herodoto hospitii præmia, quæque suum.

Sam Johnson.

Erodoto alle Muse ospizio diede,  
 E un libro da ciascuna ebbe in mercede.

Pagnini.

Als Herodotus einst die Musen freundlich bewirtheet,  
 Schenken zum Danke sie ihm, jede derselben ein Buch.

Herder.

The Muses to Herodotus one day  
 Came, nine of them, and dined;  
 And in return, their host to pay,  
 Each left a book behind.

G. F. D. T.

## CCXXXVI.

Α Ρ Χ Ι Λ Ο Χ Ο Υ.

Οὐ μοι τὰ Γύγῃ τοῦ πολυχρύσου μέλει.  
 Οὐδ' εἰλέ πώ με ζῆλος, οὐδ' ἀγαίομαι  
 Θεῶν ἔργα, μεγάλης δ' οὐκ ἐρῶ τυραννίδος.  
 Ἀπόπροθεν γάρ ἐστιν ὀφθαλμῶν ἐμῶν.

ARCHILOCHI.

Me Gygis aurum divitis nihil movet;  
 Nec inquieta cepit æmulatio,  
 Nec facta divûm mente miror invida,  
 Magnive regis ambio potentiam:  
 Remota nam sunt ista conspectu meo.

G. B.

I do not wish the wealth of Gyges mine;  
 Never did emulate, nor e'er repine  
 At Heaven's decrees; nor covet I to be  
 A mighty Prince: these things are far from me.

Stanley.

## CCXXXVII.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ. Χ. 35.

Εὖ πρᾶττων, φίλος εἰ θνητοῖς, φίλος εἰ μακάρεσσι,  
 Καί σευ ῥηιδιώς ἔκλυον εὐξαμένον.  
 Ἦν πταίσης, οὐδεὶς ἔτι σοι φίλος, ἀλλ' ἅμα πάντα  
 Ἐχθρά, Τύχης ῥιπαῖς συµµεταβαλλόμενα.

LUCIANI.

Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos :

Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris. *Dist. 1. 9. 5.*

Diligitur nemo nisi cui fortuna secunda est :

Quæ simul intonuit, proxima quæque fugat.

Ovidius. *Pro t. 2. 3. 23.*

Dum fortuna manet, vultum servatis, amici ;

Cum cecidit, turpi vertitis ora fuga.

Petronius. *Satyr. 39 p. 80.*

Donec eris felix, homines tibi semper amicos,

Et precibus faciles experiere Deos.

Si secus acciderit, jam nullus amicus, et hostes

Undique : Fortunæ motus et ista trahit.

Grotius. *Ann. 1. 1. 3. 23.*

Sin che dura fortuna, o amici, voi

Bella cera tenete,

E con vil fuga poi

Altrove il volto, al suo cessar, volgete.

Lancetti.

## A Don Rodrigo.

Miéntras fueres feliz serás amigo

De los hombres y Dioses, Don Rodrigo ;

Mas si á ser infeliz acaso vienes,

Ni hombres, ni Dioses por amigos tienes.

Arroyal.

Nacht dir das Glück, so bist du geliebt von den Göttern und Menschen,

Und sie erfüllen dir gern, was du auch immer begehrst.

Strauchelst du aber und fällst, wer liebt dich noch ? Alles ist feindlich ;

Und mit dem Hauche des Glücks wandelt sich plötzlich die Welt.

Jacobs.

Whilst fortune favour'd, friends, you smil'd on me ;

But when she fled, a friend I could not see.

Burton. *W. S. 2. 11. 4. 5. 6.*

While all goes smooth with thee, men hold thee dear ;  
And Gods, whene'er thou prayest, lend an ear.  
Slip once ; the friends are foes, foes far and near :  
With fortune's lightest puffs they shift and veer.

G. C. S.

CCXXXVIII.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ ἡ ΚΑΛΔΙΚΤΗΡΟΣ. Xl. // 8,

Οὐτ' ἐκλυσεν Φείδων μ', οὐθ' ἤψατο ἀλλὰ πυρέξας  
'Εμνήσθην αὐτοῦ τοῦνομα, κἀπέθανον.

NICARCHI, VBI CALLICTERIS.

Me non attigerat Phidon, neque laverat alvum :  
In febre sed memini nomen, et hinc perii.

Grotius.

Fidon non m' applicò mano, o clistero ;  
Ma mentr' io era un dì febbricitante,  
Solo il suo nome mi tornò al pensiero,  
E mi fe' cader morto in un istante.

Pagnini.

Phædon, dans un accès de fièvre assez légère,  
Ne m'a rien ordonné, ni boisson, ni clystère ;  
Ne m'a même pas vu. Mais qui peut fuir son sort ?  
Le seul nom de Phædon m'a frappé : je suis mort.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Auf einem Arzt.

Bandrer, mich tödtete nicht der Medicus ! Eh' ich sein Pulver  
Einnahm, fragt' ich : Von wem ? hörte den Namen und starb.

Voss.

Celsus nor gave me purge, nor clyster,  
Nor felt my pulse, nor order'd blister :  
But, being ill, I chanc'd to hear  
The doctor's name, and died for fear.

Graves.

No, blame not the doctor ; no clyster he gave me,  
He ne'er felt my pulse, never reach'd my bed-side ;  
But, as I lay sick, my friends, anxious to save me,  
In my hearing just mentioned his name, and I died.

Merivale.

The physician who kill'd me,  
Neither bled, purg'd, or pill'd me,  
Nor counted my pulse, but, it comes to the same,  
In the height of my fever I thought of his name.

W.

## CCXXXIX.

ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ. Χ'., 188.

Εἰ σε φίλων ἀδικῶ, καὶ τοῦτο δοκεῖς ὕβριν εἶναι,  
Τὴν αὐτὴν κόλασιν καὶ σὺ φίλει με λαβών.

STRATONIS.

Basia surripui : Sæva est injuria, clamas :

Basia mī referas ; pœna sit ista reo.

W.

Se il mio baciarti ingiuria

Estimi, e te ne offendi,

A te dunque ; puniscimi,

E 'l bacio mio mi rendi.

M.

Ne me reproche point, Philis,

Les baisers que je t' ai ravis ;

Je suis fier, et pret à les rendre ;

Philis, si tu veux les reprendre.

Le Brun.

Lorsque pour satisfaire à mon brûlant désir

Je te baisai, jeune merveille,

Si ce trait te causa le moindre déplaisir,

Venge-toi, rends-moi la pareille.

De Cailly.

Whilst thus a few kisses I steal,

Dear Chloris, you gravely complain :

If resentment you really do feel,

Pray give me your kisses again.

Ph. Smyth.

If of my kisses you complain,

Then take and kiss me back again.

G. S.

## CCXL.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ. Χ'., 268.

Τοῦτο τὸ Βουλευεῖν εἶχες πάλαι. ἀλλὰ τὸ Βῆτα.

Οὐκ ἐπυγνώσκω· Δέλτα γὰρ ἐγράφετο.

INCERTI.

Pastorem populi scribi te præcipis : illud

A non agnosco : sed fac I quod fuerat.

Grotius.

Observant wert thou always, yet that 'Ob'

Seems new ; the rest thou wert for any job.

E. S.

CCXLI.

[Α. 1. 1. 1.] ΦΙΔΙΑΙΗ ΠΟΥ. *ἱερὸν ἔργον ἐστὶν αὐτοῦ.*

Εἰς τὸ τοῦ Ὀλυμπίου Διὸς ἄγαλμα.

Ἦ θεὸς ἦλθ' ἐπὶ γῆν ἐξ οὐρανοῦ, εἰκόνα δείξων,  
Φειδία, ἣ σύ γ' ἔβης τὸν θεὸν ὀφύμενος.

PHILIPPI.

Jupiter ad terras, an ad æthera Phidia venit,  
Ut viso fieret talis imago Deo?

Grotius.

O il nume è in terra giù dal ciel disceso  
A mostrarti sua forma, o sei lo stesso  
Nume tu, Fidia, a rimirarne ascreso.

Pompei

O discese quaggiù da' regni sui  
Giove a mostrarti la sua immago, o Fidia,  
O tu salisti al cielo a veder lui.

M.

Il faut que Jupiter soit descendu des cieux,  
Et que visible il soit apparu à Phidie ;  
Ou que luy soit monté jusqu' aux célestes lieux,  
Pour y veoir Jupiter, et prendre l' effigie.

'L'amisier.

À Phidias.

Ou ce dieu, pour offrir un modèle à tes yeux,  
Ici bas descendit lui-même ;  
Ou c' est toi qui montas aux cieux,  
Phidias, pour y voir sa majesté suprême.

Cocquard.

Dir entweder ist Zeus vom Himmel hernieder gestiegen ;  
Oder du stiegst hinauf, Künstler, und sahst den Gott.

Herder

Zeus kam selbst vom Olympos herab, dir zu zeigen sein Antlitz,  
Phidias ; oder Du stiegst ihn zu beschauen hinauf.

Jacobs.

On the statue of Jupiter, by Phidias.

Did Jove descend, and thus unveil  
His form before the sculptor's eyes ?  
Or Phidias self Olympus scale  
To view the monarch of the skies ?

Graves.

Say, Phidias, did the God appear to thee ?  
Or didst thou mount to heav'n his form to see ?

W.



## CCXLII.

ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ. VII. 424.

*Eis dhōn pémψasa lōchous Δημαινέτη ὀκτὼ  
 Παῖδας, ὑπὸ στήλῃ πάντας ἔθαπτε μιᾷ.  
 Δάκρυα δ' οὐκ ἔρρηξ' ἐπὶ πένθεσιν ἀλλὰ τόδ' εἶπεν  
 Μοῦνον ἰὼ Σπάρτα, σοὶ τέκνα ταῦτ' ἔτεκον.*

DIOSCORIDIS.

*In bellum natos Demæneta miserat octo,  
 Uno quos tumulo condidit octo simul.  
 Nec lacrymis sua damna fuit testata, sed unum :  
 Euge tibi, Sparte, dixit, ego hos peper.*

Grotius. *Ant. 272. 2. p. 69.*

*Demenète perdit ses huit fils à la guerre :  
 Elle scella leur tombe avec la même pierre,  
 Et dit, mais les yeux secs, de gloire triomphants :  
 Sparte, j'avais pour vous élevé ces enfants.*

Poan-Saint-Simon.

*Ächte der Söhn' entsandte Demäneta gegen der Feinde  
 Heerschaar. Aller Gebein decket ein einziges Grab.  
 Thränen entfielen der Trauernden nicht. Dieß einzige Wort nur  
 Sagte sie : Sparta, für dich bracht' ich die Söhne zur Welt.*

Jacobs.

*Eight sons Demæneta at Sparta's call  
 Sent forth to fight ; one tomb received them all.  
 No tear she shed, but shouted, " Victory !  
 Sparta, I bore them but to die for thee."*

G S.

## CCXLIII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

*Eis āgalma 'Aφροδίτης τῆς ἐν Κνίδῳ, καὶ τὴν ἐν 'Αθήναις 'Αθηνᾶν.  
 'Αφρογενούς Παφίης ζάθεον περιδέρκεο κάλλος,  
 Καὶ λέξεις· Αἰνῶ τὸν Φρύγα τῆς κρίσεως.  
 'Ατθίδα δερκόμενος πάλι Παλλάδα, τοῦτο βοήσεις  
 'Ὡς βούτης ὁ Πάρις τήνδε παρετρόχασεν.*

INCERTI.

*Ætherium Paphiæ decus aspice, jam puto dices :  
 Subscribo Phrygii judicis arbitrio.  
 Atthida sed videas idem si Pallada, dices :  
 Hanc qui præterit, rusticus ille fuit.*

Grotius.

Die Statue der Kypris und Pallas.

Schaue die himmlische Schönheit der Wellenentstiegenen Kypris,  
Und du wirst sprechen, gerecht preis ich des Phrygiers Spruch.

Wiederum schauend sodann die Afropische Pallas, ruffst du:

Paris: des Hirten Blick eilte vorüber an ihr.

Erichson.

*On the statues of Venus Anadyomene at Cnidos, and of Minerva at Athens.*

When foam-sprung Venus' charms divine you view,

You'll own the Phrygian herdsman's verdict true.

But when th' Athenian Pallas you survey,

"Oh, what a clown to pass her by," you'll say.

W.

CCXLIV.

ΔΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ. 127

Τοῖσι μὲν εὖ πράττουσιν ἅπας ὁ βίος βραχύς ἐστιν

Τοῖς δὲ κακῶς, μία νύξ ἅπλετος ἐστὶ χρόνος.

LUCIANI.

Quantum vita patet, brevis est felicibus: una

Nox miseris ingens temporis est spatium.

Grotius.

Cui sorte arride, è assai breve ogni vita;

Ma all' infelice una notte è infinita.

M.

Ay de mi! un año felice

Parece un soplo ligero;

Però sin dicha, un instante

Es un siglo de tormento.

Le Sage. Gil Blas.

Un siècle n'est qu'un jour, quand le bonheur nous luit:

Pour un infortuné, quel siècle qu'une nuit!

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Kurz scheint Glücklichen zwar ein langes Leben, doch Kranken

Dünkt eine einzige Nacht eine unendliche Zeit.

Göckingk.

In pleasure's bowers whole lives unheeded fly,

But to the wretch one night's eternity.

Merivale.

Short to the happy life's whole span appears,

But to the wretch one night is endless years.

G. B.

## CCXLV.

Οὔτε σε Πραξιτέλης τεχνάσατο, οὔθ' ὁ σίδαρος·  
' Ἀλλ' οὕτως ἔστης, ὥς ποτε κρινομένη.

PLATONIS.

Nil tu Praxiteli, nil debes, Cypria, ferro ;  
Sed stas qualis eras iudice sub Paride.

Henr. Stephanus

Nec te Praxiteles, nec ferrum, Cypria, finxit :  
Tu coram Phrygio iudice talis eras.

Paulus Stephanus.

Weder Praxiteles hat dich geformt, noch die Spitze des Eisens ;  
Sondern du zeigst dich hier, wie du dem Richter erschienenst.

Jacobs.

No chisel of Praxiteles  
Hath sculptur'd limbs so fair as these :  
But thou wert standing thus divine  
When Paris cried : The prize is thine !

J. W. B.

## CCXLVI.

ΠΑΡΜΕΝΙΩΝΟΣ. 754

'Ο Ζεὺς τὴν Δαναήν χρυσοῦ· καὶ γὰρ δὲ σὲ χρυσοῦ.  
Πλείονα γὰρ δοῦναι τοῦ Διὸς οὐ δύναμαι.

PARMENIONIS.

Ut Danaën auro quæsit Jupiter, auro  
Sic ego te. Possem qui dare plura Jove?

Grotius. 754

Oro diè Giove a Danae,  
Ed oro io pur do a te :  
Dar più che Giove in poter mio non è.

M.

Zeus gab Danaen Gold ; so biet' auch dir ich ein Goldstück.  
Denn mehr geben als Zeus kann ich, o Liebliche, nicht.

Jacobs

Be mine for gold :  
Thus Jove of old  
Won Danae's love.  
I cannot give thee more than Jove.

W.

CCXLVII.

A Δ Η Α Ο Ν. γ' 11. 2 δ.

ὦ ξένε, τόνδε τάφον τὸν Ἀνακρέοντος ἀμείβων,  
Σπείσόν μοι παριών· εἰμὶ γὰρ οἰνοπότης.

INCERTI.

Anacreontis busta, forte qui transis,  
Affunde vini paululum ; nam amo vinum.

Joachim. Camerarius.

Hospes, Anacreiontis ut hoc tueare sepulcrum  
Funde merum : cujus vivus amator eram.

Joshua Barnes.

Tou qui veux honorer l' urne d' Anacréon  
Arrose-la de vin, car il le trouvoit bon.

Tamisier.

Fremdling, schreitest du hier an Anacreons Grabe vorüber,  
Spende mir ! Trinker des Weins bin ich im Nides noch.

Jacobs.

Anacreon's tomb is this ! make a libation,  
Good passenger, of wine, my lov'd potation.

W.

CCXLVIII.

A Δ Η Α Ο Ν. γ' 11. 2 δ.

Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ, τὰ μὲν ἐσθλὰ καὶ εὐχομένοις καὶ ἀνεύκτοις  
Ἄμμι δίδου· τὰ δὲ λυγρὰ καὶ εὐχομένων ἀπερύκοις. *Plato, Alcibiades II. 5.*

INCERTI.

Summe parens, nobis, sileamus sive precemur,  
Da bona ; quæ mala sunt, quamvis orantibus, arce.

Grotius.

Sive petam, seu non, quæ sunt bona, Jupiter o Rex,  
Da mihi ; quæ mala sunt mihi nec largire petenti.

Leximos Uthalmus.

Chiesto o no il ben ci dona, o Dio che il puoi ;  
E tien lungi, anche chiesto, il mal da noi.

M.

Jupiter, Gutes gieb mir, und wenn ich auch nicht darum bâte ;  
Böses wende von mir, fleht' ich auch sehnlich darum.

Herder.

Water Zeus das Gute, wir flehen dir, oder wir flehn nicht,  
Gib uns stets : doch Böses, obgleich wir flehen, versag' uns.

Voss.

Pray we or not, great God ! do Thou supply  
All good ; all harm, e'en to our pray'rs, deny.

W.

## CCXLIX.

*Ἀντίκρυον ΔΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ, 12, 164]*  
 Σοὶ μορφῆς ἀνέθηκα τῆς περικαλλέος ἀγάλμα,  
 Κύπρι, τῆς μορφῆς φέρτερον οὐδὲν ἔχων.

LUCIANI.

Te tibi, sancta, fero nudam; formosius ipsa  
 Cum tibi, quod ferrem, te, Dea, nil habui.

Th. Gray.

Effigies tibi danda tuæ pulcerrima formæ;  
 Quum melius forma nil mihi, Cypri, tua.

G. B.

Pour te faire un présent beau comme ton visage,  
 Le monde n'en a point si ce n'est ton image.

G. Colletet.

ἦλθε ὁ ὅτι, ἰσὺς τοῦ ἀλλοῦ ὁμοῦ ὡς ἔστιν  
 ὁμοῦ, dein eigenes Bild. ἦν δὲ ἰσὺς ὁμοῦ ὡς ἔστιν?

Herder.

Venus, thine own sweet image take!  
 The fairest offering I can make.

W.

Thine own fair form's sweet image, Venus, take:  
 Than this no choicer offering could I make.

G. B.

## CCCL.

ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ. 1. 28.

Εἰ δύσιν οὐκ ἰσχυσας ἴσιν φλόγα, πυρφόρε, καῦσαι,  
 Τὴν ἐνὶ καιομένην ἢ σβέσον, ἢ μετάρθεις.

RUFINI.

Nec sis ~~ame~~ injusta, Venus, sed serviat æque  
 Vinctus uterque tibi, vel mea vincla leva.

Tibullus. 1. 5. 13.

Aut restingue ignem, quo torreo, alma Dione;  
 Aut transire jube; vel face utrimque parem.

Ausonius. 8. 80.

Ὁ ἄνδρ', Cupido, non ame á Luisa,  
 Ὁ ἄνδρ' Luisa me ame, Cupido,  
 Para que ὁ me aparte de ella,  
 Ὁ ella se junte conmigo.

Arroyal.

Die einseitige Liebe.

Könntest mit Einer Flamme du nicht zwey Herzen entzünden,  
 Liebe, so nimm sie auch mir, oder verbrenne mich ganz.

Herder.

O quench, or rid me of this cruel flame;  
 Or kindle, Love! in both our hearts the same.

J. W. B.

CCLI.

ΑΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ. ΧΙ. 257.

*Ποιήσας δαπάνην ἐν ὕπνοις ὁ φιλάργυρος Ἑρμῶν,  
Ἐκ περιωδυνίας αὐτὸν ἀπηγχόνησεν.*

LUCILLII.

*In somnis sumptum semel Hermon fecit avarus,  
Æger et in laqueum colla dolore dedit.*

G. F. D. T.

*D' aver fatto una spesa  
L' avaro Ermon sognò,  
E n' ebbe tanto duol che s' appiccò.*

M.

*Hermus crut en dormant dépenser en effet :  
L' avare, à son réveil, s'en pendit de regret.*

G. Colletet.

*Großem Aufwand machte der geizige Hermon in Traum einst ;  
Ängstlich sprang er empor, lief und erhenkte sich selbst.*

Herder.

*Hermon träumte der Knicker, er gäb' ein köstliches Gastmahl ;  
Und aus Kummer deshalb hing er am Morgen sich auf.*

Jacobs.

*The miser Hermon dreamt one night  
He'd spent some cash. The painful fright  
Caused him to hang himself outright.*

G. F. D. T.

CCLII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ. ΙΧ. 652.

Εἰς λουτρόν.

*Κύπρις, Ἔρως, Χάριτες, Νύμφαι, Διόνυσος, Ἀπόλλων  
ᾠμοσαν ἀλλήλοις ἐνθάδε ναιετάειν.*

INCERTI.

*Phœbus, Amor, Nymphæ, Venus, Evan, Gratia trina  
Jurarunt hoc se degere velle loco.*

Grotius.

*Ciprigna, Amor, le Grazie, Apollo ancora,  
Le Ninfe e Bacco, insieme  
Giuraro di far qui la lor dimora.*

M.

Das Bad der Götter.

*Nymphen, Apoll und Bacchus, die Grazien, Amor und Cypris  
Schwuren einander : dieß Bad sey uns auf immer gemein.*

Herder

*Venus, and Love, the Nymphs, and Graces three,  
And Bacchus, and Apollo, did agree,  
(Yea swore) that this their dwelling-place should be !*

J. W. B.

## CCLIII.

ΑΡΙΣΤΩΝΟΣ. V. 1. 303.

ὦ μύες εἰ μὲν ἐπ' ἄρτον ἐληλύθατ', ἐς μυχὸν ἄλλον  
 Στείχετ', ἐπεὶ λιτὴν οἰέομεν καλύβην,  
 Οὐ καὶ πλοῖα τυρὸν ἀποδρέψετε, καὶ αἶψιν  
 Ἴσχυάδα, καὶ δείπνον σιγνὸν ἀπὸ σκυβάλων.  
 Εἰ δ' ἐν ἐμαῖς βίβλοισι πάλιν καταθήξεται ὀδόντα,  
 Κλαύσεσθ', οὐκ ἀγαθὸν κῶμον ἐπερχόμενοι.

ARISTONIS.

Si petitis victum, mures, absistite parco

Limine. Sunt quæ vos aurea tecta vocent,

Ficus ubi vobis, et copia multa coacti

Lactis, et e cœnis altera cœna datur.

At nostras iterum petitis si dente papyros,

Flebitis; expletos mœsta chorea manet.

Grotius - *Anth. Gr. v. 1. 303.*

O Mouse, if rich and luscious cheese,  
 Or the dried fig your palate please,  
 Go, and some statelier mansion seek,  
 With dainty tooth and skin so sleek.  
 But if, less nice by hunger made,  
 Those dusty volumes you invade,  
 Disgusted soon by morsels crude,  
 You'll scorn the scholar's tasteless food.

Ph Smyth.

Hence, hence, away! I'm much mistaken  
 If here you'll smell or cheese or bacon.  
 Mark my spare form, my pallid looks,  
 And pry about: I've nought but books.  
 If, my good friends, you wish to dine,  
 You'll seek some richer house than mine;  
 For sure you're mice of more discerning  
 Than here to live, like me, on learning.

F Sayers.

## CCLIV.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ. X. 1. 304.

Εἰς τοὺς ἀεὶ νοσοῦντας.

Τοὺς καταλείψαντας γλυκερὸν φάος οὐκέτι θρηνῶ  
 Τοὺς δ' ἐπὶ προσδοκίᾳ ζῶντας ἀεὶ θανάτου.

LUCILLII.

Non fleo vitalem qui carpere desiit auram,  
 Sed si quis mortis carpitur usque metu.

Henr. Stephanus.

Non di chi trapassò, piango la sorte  
Di chi vive aspettando ognor la morte.

M.

Nicht die bedaur' ich, die den holden Schimmer  
Der Morgenröthe nicht mehr sehn.  
Wohl aber alte, die noch immer,  
In Furcht vor naßem Tode stehn.

Göckingk.

For those, whom Death's unerring dart  
Has reach'd, no more my tears shall flow ;  
But he with sorrow wrings my heart,  
Who waits each hour the menac'd blow.

Ph Smyth.

*On Invalids.*

Far happier are the dead, methinks, than they  
Who look for death, and fear it every day.

W Cowper.

CCLV.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν . Ι Χ . 5 1 6

Τρεῖς εἰσὶν Χάριτες· σὺ δὲ δὴ μὴ ταῖς τρισὶ ταύταις  
Γεννήθης, ὡς ἔχωσ' αἱ Χάριτες Χάρिता.

INCERTI.

Tres fuerant olim Charites ; tu nasceris illis  
E tribus una, habeant ut Charites Charita.

Hardecoperus.

Gratia trina ; tribus tu nata sed adderis illis  
Una, sit ut vere Gratia grata, comes.

G. B.

Tre son le Grazie ; e tu se' nata ad esse,  
Perchè lor Grazia abbian le Grazie stesse.

Pompei.

An ein Mädchen.

Drei nur waren bisher der Grazien. Siehe da schuf dich  
Jupiter, daß du den drei Grazien Grazie wärfst.

Voss.

Drei sind der Anmuth Schwestern ; doch daß auch die Grazien eine  
Grazie hätten, erschuf, Daphne, dem Chore dich Zeus.

Erichson.

Three are the Graces. Thou wert born to be  
The Grace that serves to grace the other three.

W.



ΣΙΜΩΝΙΑΔΟΥ. V<sup>11</sup>. 3 σσ.

SIMONIDIS.

G. F. D. T.

Sterling

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ. /X. /38.

INCERTI.

Sam. Johnson. *ibid.*, XI, p. 45.

Lord Grenville.

'T. F.

Povero giovin fui, ricco in vecchiezza,  
 Misero in ogni età più d' altro assai.  
 Mentre usar la potei, non l' ebbi mai,  
 Or che usar non la posso, ho gran ricchezza.

L. Alamanni.

*A Luis.*

Mendigo jóven, viejo rico, has sido  
 Infeliz, Luis, en uno y otro estado :  
 Quando gastar podias, no has tenido,  
 Ahora que no puedes, te ha sobrado.

Arceyal.

Tandis que j' estois en jeunesse,  
 Je fus pauvre, et je n' avoy rien ;  
 Et maintenant, sur ma vieillesse,  
 Je suis riche, et j' ay trop de bien.  
 O vray Dieu ! en tous deux combien  
 Suis malheureux ! Quand je pouvoy  
 Jouir des biens, je n' en avoy :  
 Et quand je n' ay plus la puissance,  
 Ni l' age pour la jouissance,  
 Riche, mais en vain, je me voy.

Baif.

In youth by cheerless poverty oppress'd,  
 By fortune's flatt'ring smiles in age caress'd ;  
 I sure was doom'd, of all mankind alone,  
 To live, to all the joys of life unknown :  
 Without the means, when young and bless'd with health ;  
 When past enjoyment, tantaliz'd with wealth !

Graves.

*On late acquired wealth.*

Poor in my youth, and in life's later scenes  
 Rich to no end, I curse my natal hour,  
 Who nought enjoy'd while young, denied the means ;  
 And nought when old enjoy'd, denied the power.

W. Cowper.

Young, I was poor ; when old, I wealthy grew ;  
 Unblest, alas ! in want and plenty too !  
 When I could all enjoy, fate nothing gave ;  
 Now I can nought enjoy, I all things have.

G. S.

## CCLVIII.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ. V. 212.

Αἰεὶ μοι δύνει μὲν ἐν οὐασιν ἤχος Ἔρωτος,  
 Ὅμμα δὲ σῖγα πόθοις τὸ γλυκὺ δάκρυ φέρει.  
 Οὐδ' ἡ νύξ, οὐ φέγγος ἐκοίμισεν, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ φίλτρων  
 Ἦδη που κραδίᾳ γνωστὸς ἔνεστι τύπος.  
 ὦ πτανοί, μὴ καὶ ποτ' ἐφίπτασθαι μὲν, Ἔρωτες,  
 Οἶδατ', ἀποπτῆναι δ' οὐδ' ὅσον ἰσχύετε ;

MELEAGRI.

Semper in aure mea resonat tinnitus Amoris,  
 Et confessa Deum lumina nostra madent.  
 Nec tenebris, nec luce quies. Jam nota puellæ  
 Effigies cordi vivit inusta meo.  
 Pennigeri Veneris pueri, mihi dicite, num vos ;  
 Quæ tulit huc, vires perdidit ala suas ?

G. S.

Erinnerung

Immer ertönen im Ohr mir des Ero's süßeste Töne,  
 Und still füllt sich mein Aug wonnig mit zärtlichen Thau.  
 Nicht mit der Nacht, mit dem Tag nicht leget mich Ruhe ; der Liebe  
 Ach, kennbar schon trägt inner die Wunde das Herz.  
 O ihr beschwingten Ercoten, herbey wohl mißt ihr zu flattern,  
 Aber zurück, das nein ! findet ihr nimmer den Weg.

Erichson.

Immer verweilt und tönt in den Ohren mir Flüstern des Groß ;  
 Thränen der Sehnsucht auch gleiten vom Aug mir herab.  
 Raftlos macht er am Tag, und raftlos macht er die Nacht auch ;  
 Kennntliche Male vom Brand zeigt das liebende Herz.  
 Habt ihr, beschwingte Ercoten, vielleicht wohl Flügel zum Kommen,  
 Aber von hinnen zu fliehn fehlet den Schwingen die Kraft ?

Jacobs.

The voice of love still tingles in my ears ;  
 Still from my eyes in silence flow my tears ;  
 By night, by day, no respite do I find ;  
 One dear idea fills my anxious mind.  
 Say, winged lovelings ! round my aching heart  
 Still will ye flutter, never to depart ?

W. Shepherd.

Ever sinks the chime of love  
 Ringing deep within mine ear ;  
 Ever in my longing eye  
 Fondly stands the silent tear.

Never night, nor morning light  
 Brings my heart its wonted rest :  
 Charms have stamp'd an image there  
 Long familiar to my breast.

Winged Cupids, well, I ween,  
 Ye can light upon the heart ;  
 But from off that heart again  
 Never, never, can depart.

G. F. D. T.

CCLIX.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ. VII. 569.

*Ναὶ λίτομαι, παροδίτα, φίλῳ κατάλεξον ἀκοίτη,  
 Εὖτ' ἂν ἐμὴν λεύσσης πατρίδα Θεσσαλίνῃ  
 Κάτθανε σὴ παράκοιτις, ἔχει δέ μιν ἐν χθονὶ τύμβος,  
 Αἰ αἶ, Βοσπορίης ἐγγύθεν ἡῖονος  
 Ἀλλά μοι αὐτόθι τεύχε κενήριον ἐγγύθι σείω,  
 Ὅφρ' ἀναμνησκη τῆς ποτὲ κουριδῆς.*

ΑΓΑΘΙΑΕ.

Thessaliam si forte meam, bone, viseris, hospes,  
 Dignere hæc nostro verba referre viro :  
 Mortua sum, patriaque eheu ! tellure carentem  
 Extera Threicii littoris ora tegit.  
 At prope te tumulus saltem mihi surgat inanis,  
 Quæ doceat sponsæ te memorem esse tuæ.

G. S.

Stranger, should'st thou to Thessaly repair,  
 To my loved lord, I pray, this message bear.  
 Thy wife is dead, far from her native land  
 Laid in the grave, that grave the Thracian strand.  
 Build me a cenotaph by thy dear side,  
 That thou may'st think on me, thy virgin bride.

G. S.

*See Blackwood's Magazine, 1876.*

## CCLX.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ. xli. 53.

Εὐφορτοὶ νᾶες πελαγίτιδες, αἱ πόρον Ἑλλάς  
 Πλεῖτε, καλὸν κόλποις δεξάμεναι βορέην,  
 Ἦν που ἐπ' ἡϊόνων Κῶαν κατὰ νᾶσον ἴδητε  
 Φανίον εἰς χαροπὸν δερκομέναν πέλαγος,  
 Τοῦτ' ἔπος ἀγγεῖλαι· καλὴ νυέ, σὸς με κομίζει  
 Ἰμερος οὐ ναύταν, ποσσὶ δὲ πεζοπόρον.  
 Εἰ γὰρ τοῦτ' εἵποιτ', εὖ τέλοι αὐτίκα καὶ Ζεὺς  
 Οὐρίος ὑμετέρας πνεύσεται εἰς ὀθόνας.

## MELEAGRI.

Velivolæ pinus, quæcunque Aquilonis egentes  
 Hellespontiacum finditis ære salum,  
 Si mea se vobis in Coö Phanion offert  
 Littore, venturas prospicit unde rates,  
 Hæc illi pro me vos pauca : Quid anxia nautam  
 Expectas? peditem dux tibi sistet Amor.  
 Nulla mora, his dictis, Boreas a puppe secundus  
 Flabit, et ad portum lintea vestra feret.

Bernardus Moneta.

Ye light-wing'd barks, that o'er the tide  
 Of Helle's waters go,  
 Speed with your swelling sails of pride,  
 While northern breezes blow.

And if, along the lonely shore,  
 That fronts the Coan isle,  
 My love may gaze the ocean o'er,  
 And sigh for me the while ;

Then tell her thus : Sweet lovely maid,  
 All fickle is the sea ;  
 My deep love may not be delayed :  
 I come by land to thee.

This message to my loved one bring,  
 And fair your path shall be ;  
 For Boreas with his favoring wing  
 Shall waft you o'er the sea.

T. P. R.

## CCLXI.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ. vii. 442.

Εἰθυμάχων ἀνδρῶν μνησώμεθα, τῶν ὅδε τύμβος,  
 Οἱ θάνον εὐμηλον ῥύομενοι Τεγέαν,  
 Αἰχμηταὶ πρὸ πόλης, ἵνα σφίσι μὴ καθέληται  
 Ἑλλάς ἀποφθιμένου κρατὸς ἐλευθερίαν.

SIMONIDIS.

*De Atheniensium potissimis ad Tegeam mortuis.*

Vivat et in tumultu virtus his strenua, vivat,  
 Pascua quæ Tegeæ tuta habitare dedit :  
 Prælia pro patria mortemque obiere : nec ipsis  
 Libertatis honor manibus intereat.

G. F. D. T.

*Inscription for the Athenians who unsuccessfully defended Tegea.*

The men of fearless heart, whose tomb is here,  
 Who died to rescue Tegea's pastoral town,  
 Remember we, that Hellas' voice may ne'er  
 Deny their vanquished heads fair freedom's crown.

Sterling, J. H. . . . .

## CCLXII.

ΑΛΚΑΙΟΥ. vii. 247.

Ἀκλαυστοὶ καὶ ἄθραπτοι, ὁδοιπόρε, τῷδ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ  
 Θεσσαλίας τρισσαὶ κείμεθα μυριάδες,  
 Ἡμαθίῃ μέγα πῆμα· τὸ δὲ θρασὺ κείνο Φιλίππου  
 Πνεῦμα θοῶν ἐλάφων ὄχρε' ἐλαφρότερον.

ALCÆI.

Hoc tumulto indefleta, atque intumulata jacemus  
 Triginta Emathiæ millia militiæ ;  
 Non levis Emathiæ hæc jactura ; sed illa Philippi  
 Vel levior cervix gloria tanta fugit.

Q. Septimii Florentis Christiani.

Unwept, unhonoured with a grave,  
 Full thrice ten thousand warriors brave,  
 Sons of Thessalia, here lie sleeping,  
 Well worthy they Thessalia's weeping.  
 Yet Philip too, tho' proud and bold,  
 Full soon his fleeting days were told,  
 Gone swift as stags that scour along the wold.

T. P. R.

## CCLXIII.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ. Χ. 62.

Εἰς Ῥόδον εἰ πλεύσει τις Ὀλυμπικὸν ἦλθεν ἑρωτῶν  
 Τὸν μάντιν, καὶ πῶς πλεύσεται ἀσφαλῶς.  
 Χὼ μάντις, πρῶτον μὲν, ἔφη, καὶνὴν ἔχε τὴν ναῦν,  
 Καὶ μὴ χειμῶνος, τοῦ δὲ θέρους ἀνάγον·  
 Τοῦτο γὰρ ἂν ποιῇς, ἥξεις κάκεισε καὶ ὦδε,  
 \* Ἀν μὴ πειρατῆς ἐν πελάγει σε λάβῃ.

NICARCHI.

Præscius a nauta consultus Olympicus, iret  
 Anne Rhodum, quam tutus et iret ope ;  
 Esto, inquit, primum navis nova : tu neque brumæ,  
 Si sapis, at veris tempore vela dato.  
 Hoc etenim facto, peregreque domumque meabis ;  
 Injiciat prædo ni maris ante manus.

G. B.

Die Astrologen.

Einſtmales kam zu dem Seher Olympikos einer und fragt ihn,  
 Ob er wol ohne Gefahr führe nach Rhodos, und wie ?  
 Weise versetzt der Prophet : Nimm ersflich ein tüchtiges, neues  
 Fahrzeug ; halt' auch nie während des Sturmes die See.  
 Folgest du mir, so kömmt du, es kann nicht fehlen, nach Rhodos,  
 Und auch wieder zurück, raubt ein Pirate dich nicht.

Jacobs.

Tom prudently thinking his labour ill spared,  
 If e'er unadvised for his plans he prepared,  
 Consulted a witch on his passage to Dover,  
 If the wind would be fair, and the passage well over.  
 The seer gravely answer'd, first stroking his beard :  
 " If the vessel be new, and well rigg'd, and well steer'd ;  
 " If you stay all the winter, and still wait on shore  
 " Till spring is advanced, and the equinox o'er,  
 " You may sail there and back, without danger or fear,  
 " Unless you are caught by a French privateer."

Merivale.

CCLXIV.

ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΥΠΑΤΟΥ. V. 247.

Παρμενὶς οὐκ ἔργω· τὸ μὲν οὖνομα καλὸν ἀκούσας  
 Ὀϊσάμην· σὺ δέ μοι πικροτέρῃ θανάτου.  
 Καὶ φεύγεις φιλέοντα, καὶ οὐ φιλέοντα διώκεις,  
 Ὅφρα πάλιν κείνουν καὶ φιλέοντα φύγῃς.

MACEDONII CONSULIS.

Parmenis es non re: verum te nomen habere  
 Credideram; sed tu plus nece dura mihi.  
 Si quis amat, fugis hunc, et amas qui te fugit, ut si  
 Hic te rursus amet, rursus et hunc fugias.

Grotius. Ὀϊσάμην, Ὀϊσάμην, Ὀϊσάμην.

Ruthless to me as death! in sound how fair,  
 Inconstant Constance, is the name you bear!  
 Belov'd, you fly; not courted, you pursue;  
 That you may fly again, when loved anew.

W.

CCLXV.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ. XI. 120.

Ὅρθῶσαι τὸν κυρτὸν ὑποσχόμενος Διόδωρον  
 Σωκλῆς, τετραπέδους τρεῖς ἐπέθηκε λίθους  
 Τοῦ κυρτοῦ στιβαροὺς ἐπὶ τὴν ῥάχιν· ἀλλὰ πιεσθεὶς  
 Τέθηκεν, γέγονεν δ' ὀρθότερος κανόνος.

NICARCHI.

Corrigat ut Socles Diodori in corpore gibbum,  
 Trina simul dorso saxa quadrata locat.  
 Ille gravi pressus posuit sub pondere vitam,  
 Rectus ita, ut non sit regula recta magis.

Grotius. Ὀρθῶσαι, Ὀρθῶσαι, Ὀρθῶσαι.

Diodorus the hunch-back in sorrowful plight  
 Went to Socles, who promis'd to set him all right.  
 So on crooky's back-bone  
 He piled three tons of stone,  
 Which crushed him to death with the weight:  
 But when he came out  
 It appear'd beyond doubt,  
 That no ruler was ever so straight.

W.

E e



## CCLXVI.

ΑΡΧΙΛΟΧΟΥ.

Θυμὲ, θύμ' ἀμυγχανοῖσι κήδεσιν κυκώμενε,  
 "Ανεχε, δυσμενέων δ' ἀλέξεν προσβαλὼν ἐναντίον  
 Στέρνον, ἐν δοκοῖσιν ἐχθρῶν πλησίον κατασταθεῖς  
 'Ασφαλῶς· καὶ μήτε νικῶν ἀμφάδην ἀγάλλεο,  
 Μηδὲ νικηθεὶς ἐν οἴκῳ καταπεσὼν οἰόμεο.  
 'Αλλὰ χαρτοῖσιν τε χαῖρε, καὶ κακοῖσιν ἀσχάλα  
 Μὴ λήν· γίγνωσκε δ' ὅλος ῥυθμὸς ἀνθρώπους ἔχει.

ARCHILOCHI.

Anime noster, anime jam nunc æstuans cura gravi,  
 Fortis obdura, atque in hostes obvium pectus ferens  
 Imminentes inter hastas pone securum pedem ;  
 Nec data nimium feroci, si datur, victoria ;  
 Nec, secus si quid ceciderit, stratus in luctum jace,  
 Cum modo lætare felix, cum modo infelix dole,  
 Qui, videns, quantique casus res agant mortalium.

Grotius.

Mens mea ! mens incompressis exercita curis !  
 Surge age ! et adversum infensis vigil objice pectus,  
 Arma inter media, atque hastis hostilibus instans  
 Incolumis. Ne tu, victrix, ostende triumphos ;  
 Victa, domi neu procumbas labefacta dolore ;  
 At neque læta nimis lætis, neque mœsta sinistris  
 Cognoscas, quò sit revolubilis ordine vita.

Wellesley. Marchio.

Sei getroßt, mein Herz, in deinen rettungslosen  
 Leiden ! auf ! ermanne dich, und bringe vorwärts  
 In die Speere deiner Feinde, die den Tod dir  
 Dräuen. Nur der Muth giebt Sicherheit ! doch siegst du,  
 O, so hemme deiner Freude wildes Jauchzen !  
 Siegen deine Feinde, laß du dann von deinem  
 Jammer dich nicht kraftlos winselnd niederschlagen !  
 Nur dich dessen stets zu freuen, was der Freude  
 Werth ist, strebe du, und dich im Unglück durch der  
 Menschen immer wandelbares Loos zu trösten !

Christian von Stolberg.

My Soul, my Soul, care-worn, bereft of rest,  
 Arise! and front the Foe with dauntless breast;  
 Take thy firm stand amidst his fierce alarms;  
 Secure, with inborn valour meet his arms.  
 Nor, conquering, mount vain-glory's glitt'ring steep;  
 Nor, conquered, yield, fall down at home, and weep.  
 Await the turns of life with duteous awe;  
 Know, Revolution is great Nature's law.

Marquis Wellesley.

CCLXVII.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ. *χ. 1. 429.*

Ἐν πᾶσιν μεθύουσιν Ἀκύνδυνος ἤθελε νήφειν,  
 Τούνεκα καὶ μεθύειν αὐτὸς ἔδοξε μόνος.

LUCIANI.

Sobrius in potis dum quærit Acindynus esse,  
 Solus ab his potus cur habeatur, habet.

Grotius. *4. 1. 1. 375.*

Vuol fra gli ebbri Acindin sobrio restare;  
 Così egli solo esser briaco appare.

M.

Entre todos los borrachos  
 Luis quiere parecer sobrio;  
 Y aun por esto me parece  
 Que es mas borracho que todos.

Arroyal.

An den Paul.

Es scheint, dass du Paul, der einz' ge Trunkne bist:  
 Denn du willst nüchtern seyn, wo keiner nüchtern ist.

Lessing.

Unter den Trunk'nen begehrte Akindynos nüchtern zu scheinen,  
 Darum schien er allein unter den Trunknen berauscht.

Jacobs.

Akindynus kept sober, when all were drunk but he;  
 So that he seemed the only one beside himself to be.

W.

Imitation.

Enough! old Sober cried, and pass'd the wine:  
 My head's all right, you're all as drunk as swine.  
 Drunk! with one shout respond the jovial crew;  
 That's capital! there's no one drunk but you.

W.

## CCLXVIII.

ΑΡΧΙΛΟΧΟΥ.

Χρημάτων ἀελπτον οὐδέν ἐστιν, οὐδ' ἀπώμοτον,  
 Οὐδέ θαυμάσιον ἐπειδὴ Ζεὺς πατὴρ Ὀλυμπίων  
 Ἐκ μεσημβρίας ἔθηκε νύκτ' ἀποκρίνφας φάος  
 Ἑλλίου λάμποντος· λυγρὸν δ' ἦλθ' ἐπ' ἀνθρώπους δέος.  
 Ἐκ δὲ τοῦ οὐκ ἄπιστα πάντα κἀπ' ἑλπτα γίνεται  
 Ἀνδράσιν· μηδεὶς ἔθ' ὑμῶν εἰσορῶν θαυμαζέτω,  
 Μηδ' ἵνα δελφίσι θήρες ἀνταμείφονται νομὸν  
 Εἰνάλιον, καὶ σφι θαλάσσης ἡχήμενα κύματα  
 Φίλτερ' ἡπείρου γένηται, τοῖσι δ' ἡδὺ ἦν ὄρος.

ARCHILOCHI.

Nil supra spem collocatum est, nil futurum quod neges,  
 Nil quod admirere: quippe cœlitum summus pater  
 Noctis excivit tenebras in mero meridie,  
 Sole se condente maguo cum metu mortalium.  
 Inde nil sperare vetitum, nil quod exsuperet fidem.  
 Nulla jam miranda nobis amplius spectacula;  
 Nec suas si forte delphin horrido migrans mari  
 Cum feris mutet latebras, hisque telluris solo  
 Carius sit æquor, illum celsa delectent juba.

Grotius.

Der gesetzte Muth.

An nichts verzweifle. Alles ist möglich; nichts  
 Ist ohne Hoffnung; aber auch nichts der Bewundrung werth.  
 Der Vater der Götter macht aus Mittag' oft  
 Die Nacht; das Licht verschwand bey der Sonne Glanz,  
 Und traurige Furcht befallt der Menschen Herz.

Nichts ist unglaublich; nichts ohne Hoffnung ganz  
 Für Männer; aber auch nichts der Bewundrung werth.  
 Und sähest du mit Delphinen des Waldes Bild  
 Im Meere weiden und sähest, dass jenem dort  
 Der tobenden Wellen Sturm erfreulicher sey  
 Als festes Land und jenem ein nackter Fels.

Herder.

*The Eclipse.*

Never man again may swear, things shall be as erst they were;  
 Never more in wonder stare, since the Olympian thunderer  
 Bad the sun's meridian splendour hide in shade of murky night;  
 While affrighted nations started, trembling at the sudden sight.

Who shall dare to doubt hereafter whatsoever man may say?  
 Who refuse with stupid laughter credence to the wildest lay?  
 Though for pasture dolphins ranging, leap the hills, and scour the wood,  
 And fierce wolves, their nature changing, dive beneath the astonish'd flood.

Merivale.

## CCLXIX.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ. VII. 272.

Νάξιος οὐκ ἐπὶ γῆς ἔθανεν Λύκος, ἀλλ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ  
 Ναῦν ἅμα καὶ ψυχὴν εἶδεν ἀπολλυμένην,  
 Ἐμπορος Αἰγίνῃθεν ὅτ' ἔπλεε· χῶ μὲν ἐν ὑγρῇ  
 Νεκρός· ἐγὼ δ' ἄλλως οὖνομα τύμβος ἔχων,  
 Κηρύσσω πανάληθες ἔπος τόδε· φεῦγε θαλάσση  
 Συμμίσειν, ἐρίφων, ναυτίλε, δυομένων.

CALLIMACHI.

Naxius haud tumulum subiit Lycus, æquore in alto  
 Perdidit elisa cum rate dulcem animam,  
 Solvit ab Egina dum vela; furentibus undis  
 Obruitur, tumulus nomen inane refert,  
 Et monet: Æquoreas, hædis obeuntibus, iras,  
 Navita, ab exemplo disce timere meo.

Averardus Medices

In terra no, ma in mar con la sdruscita  
 Barca perdè la vita  
 Lico di Nasso nel partir da Egina.  
 S' aggira or l' infelice  
 In grembo alla marina.  
 Quest' urna sol ne serba il nome, e dice:  
 De' Capri al tramontare  
 Bada, nocchier, di non fidarti al mare.

Paḡnini.

Lycus the Naxian perished not on shore:  
 Both bark and life he lost amid the roar  
 Of the rough billows, from Ægina sailing.  
 His corse floats there! and I, his unavailing  
 Tenantless tomb, proclaim: O never be,  
 What time the kids are setting, far at sea!

J. W. B

## CCLXX.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν . √ 11 . 3 21 .

Γαῖα φίλη, τὸν πρέσβυν Ἀμύντιχον ἔνθεο κόλποις,  
 Πολλῶν μνησαμένη τῶν ἐπὶ σοὶ καμάτων.  
 Καὶ γὰρ αἰεὶ πρέμνον σοὶ ἀνεστήριξεν ἐλαίης,  
 Πολλάκι καὶ Βρομίου κλήμασιν ἠγλαίισεν,  
 Καὶ Διοῦς ἔπλησε, καὶ ὕδατος αὐλακας ἔλκων,  
 Θῆκε μὲν εὐλάχανον, θῆκε δ' ὄπωροφόρον.  
 Ἀνθ' ὧν σὺ πρηνὴς κατὰ κροτάφου πολιοῖο  
 Κεῖσο, καὶ εἰαρινὰς ἀνθοκόμει βοτάνας.

INCERTI.

Alma sinu vetulum Tellus amplectere Thyrsin,  
 Hunc memor assidua te coluisse manu.  
 Namque tibi semper stirpem defixit olivæ,  
 Addidit et Bacchi palmitæ sæpe decus;  
 Et Cerere implevit; ductisque per arida rivis,  
 Edere te fructus, edere jussit olus.  
 Pro quibus officiis cani senis, ipsa jacenti  
 Sis levis, et verna floreat herba coma.

G B.

Das Grab eines Landmannes.

Gütige Mutter, Erde, nimm leicht und freundlich den alten,  
 Guten Amyntichus auf, der dich im Leben geliebt;  
 Denn er schmückte dich unverdrossen mit emsigen Händen;  
 Blumen von Öl und Wein kränzte sein friedliches Haus;  
 Reichliche Saaten der Ceres und milde Gewächse belebten  
 Seinen Boden, den er tränkte, mit frohem Genuß.  
 Darum decke nun sanft den grauen Scheitel, und laß ihm  
 Dankbar über dem Haupt Kräuter und Blumen blüh'n.

Herder.

Freundlich empfang' den Greis Amyntichos, gütige Erde,  
 Der sein Leben hindurch deine Gefilde verschönt;  
 Denn er reifete dir bald Sprößlinge fetter Oliven,  
 Bald der bromischen Traub' ehle Gesenke zum Schmuß;  
 Reichlich lohn' ihm auch Deo, und froh der wässernden Quellen  
 Prangte das Gartengewächs, prangte balsamisches Obst.  
 Darum decke du sanft die silberhaarige Scheitel,  
 Und mit blühendem Kraut schwebe der Nasen empor.

Voss.

*Verses left on a seat, at the Leasowes; the hand unknown.*

O Earth! to his remains indulgent be,  
 Who so much care and cost bestow'd on thee!  
 Who crown'd thy barren hills with useful shade,  
 And cheer'd with tinkling rills each silent glade;  
 Here taught the day to wear a thoughtful gloom,  
 And there enliven'd nature's vernal bloom.  
 Propitious earth! lie lightly on his head,  
 And ever on his tomb thy vernal glories spread!

Anon. Shenstone's Poems, 1763.

Take to thy bosom, gentle Earth! a swain  
 With much hard labour in thy service worn.  
 He set the vines that clothe yon ample plain,  
 And he these olives that the vale adorn.  
 He fill'd with grain the glebe; the rills he led  
 Through this green herbage, and those fruitful bowers.  
 Thou, therefore, Earth! lie lightly on his head,  
 His hoary head, and deck his grave with flowers.

W. Cowper.

Take to thy bosom, Earth! the dear remains  
 Of sage Amynticus, whose kindly pains  
 Raised the green olives, train'd the cluster'd vines,  
 And led the irriguous rill in lengthen'd lines;  
 Nurtured of herbs and plants the tender shoots,  
 And fill'd the gardens with autumnal fruits.  
 Lie lightly on the old man's hoary brow,  
 And on his grave let thy first flow'rets blow.

W. Shepherd.

Dear Earth, take old Amyntas to thy breast,  
 And for his toils not thankless give him rest.  
 On thee the olive's stem 'twas his to rear;  
 His, with the mantling vine to grace thy year.  
 Through him thy furrows teem'd with plenty; he  
 Fed with rich streams each herb and fruit for thee.  
 For this lie lightly on his hoary head,  
 And with thy choicest spring-flowers deck his bed.

Wrangham.

## CCLXXI.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ. Ι.Χ. Σ. 7.

Τίς σε πάγος δυσέρημος, ἀνήλιος, ἐξέθρεψεν  
 Βορραίου Σκυθίης, ἄμπελον ἀγριάδα,  
 Ἡ Κελτῶν νιφοβλήτες ἀεὶ κρυμώδεες Ἄλπεις,  
 Τῆς τε σιδηροτόκου βῶλος Ἰβηριάδος ;  
 Ἡ τοὺς ὀμφακοῤῥαγας ἐγείναο, τοὺς ἀπεπάντους  
 Βότρυνας, οἱ στυφελὴν ἐξέχεον σταγόνα.  
 Δίξημαι, Λυκόεργε, τεὰς χέρας, ὥς ἀπὸ ῥίζης  
 Κλήματος ὠμοτόκου βλαστὸν ὄλον θερίσῃς.

## PHILIPPI.

Nutriit agrestem te solis nescia vitem  
 Quæ Scythicæ rupis non habitanda silex ;  
 Usque vel horrentes Gallûm nivis imbris Alpes,  
 Et gravidus ferri durus Iberus ager ?  
 Tam tuus immitis sit et asper ut ille racemus,  
 . Unde mihi pressus contrahit ora liquor.  
 Digna, Lycurge, tuis manibus de stirpe recidi,  
 Quæ peperit crudum palmitis arbor onus.

G. B.

Welcher verödete Fels von Scythien, Boreas' Heimath,  
 Hat dich, wildes Gewächß, fern von der Sonne, genähnt ?  
 Oder der Kelten beschneites Gebirg, eisstarrrende Alpen,  
 Und der Iberischen Flur Eisengebärender Schoos ?  
 Dich, die bewilberte Mutter der Herlinge, nimmer erweichter  
 Beeren—ein herbes Getränk presset die Kelter dir ab.  
 Hätten wir jetzt dein Weil, o Lyfurgos ! Oder wer sonst mäht  
 Uns dieß wilde Gerank bis zu der Wurzel hinweg ?

Jacobs.

What cheerless, sunless crag, ill-favoured tree,  
 Mid northern Scythia's wilds gave birth to thee ?  
 Or didst thou mid the Alps' perpetual snow,  
 Or in Spain's soil, parent of iron, grow ?  
 Thy harsh tart grapes ne'er felt the sunny south ;  
 Like verjuice are they to the puckered mouth.  
 O ! for thy hand, Lycurgus, to uproot  
 The graceless plant that bears such bitter fruit !

G. S.

## CCLXXII.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν. Vll. 337.

Μή με θοῶς κύνεισ τε παρέρχεο τύμβον οἰῶτα,  
 Σοῖσιν ἀκοιμήτοις ποσσὶ κελυθοπόρε'  
 Δερκόμενος δ' ἔρέεινε, τίς, ἢ πόθεν; Ἀρμονίαν γὰρ  
 Γνώσεται, ἥς γεγενη λάμπεται ἐν Μεγάροις.  
 Πάντα γὰρ, ὅσσα βροτοῖσι φέρει κλέος, ἦεν ιδέσθαι,  
 Εὐγενίην ἐρατήν, ἥθεα, σωφροσύνην  
 Τοίης τύμβον ἄθρησον· ἐς οὐρανίας γὰρ ἀταρπυνοῦς  
 Ψυχὴ παπταίνει σῶμ' ἀποδυσαμένη.

INCERTI.

Ne me prætereas gressu properante, viator,  
 Perpetuum insomni dum pede tendis iter :  
 Respice ! Posce simul quæ sim, et quo sanguine ? Nosces  
 Harmoniam : Megaris est mihi clara domus.  
 Quicquid enim in terris pulchrum est, convenit in unam ;  
 Nobilitas, virtus, et sine labe pudor.  
 Quod superest, cineres age contemplare, soluta  
 Corpore cœlestes prospicit Ipsa vias.

G. S.

O traveller, pass not here with steps  
 That rest may ne'er beguile :  
 Speed not so swiftly by the grave,  
 But stay and gaze awhile.  
 Ask, who and whence, within this tomb  
 Is laid, and thou shalt know,  
 That one in Megara dear to fame,  
 Harmonia, sleeps below.

Each virtue, that may honour bring  
 To man, in her was seen ;  
 Of noble birth, of modest ways,  
 Of wise and prudent mien.

Mark well her tomb ; and let the while  
 This thought thy spirit raise ;  
 Her soul has doff'd its mortal frame  
 To seek Heaven's happy ways.

T. P. R.

F f



## CCLXXIII.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ. V. 153.

Ἀνθοδίαίτε μέλισσα, τί μοι χροὸς Ἠλιοδώρας  
 Ψαύεις, ἐκπρολιποῦς εἰαρινὰς κάλυκας ;  
 Ἡ σύ γε μὲν νύεις ὅτι καὶ γλυκὺ καὶ δυσύππιστον  
 Πικρὸν αἰὲ κραδίᾳ κέντρον Ἔρωτος ἔχει ;  
 Ναὶ δοκέω, τοῦτ' εἶπας· ἰὼ, φιλέραστε, παλὶμπους  
 Στεῖχε· πάλαι τὴν σὴν οἶδαμεν ἀγγελίην.

MELEAGRI.

Flores nata sequi, quid corpus ad Heliodoræ  
 Nunc, apis, oblitis floribus advolitas?  
 Hoc an significas, pariter quod corde sub illo  
 Dulcia, quæque ferat nullus, amara latent?  
 Hoc erat, ut credo: satis est, nec abire vetaris:  
 Jamdudum venit nuntius iste mihi.

Grotius . G. G. . S. G. 2. 2. 187.

Ape che pasci i fior, perchè le belle  
 Bocce lasciando tu di primavera,  
 D' Eliodora mia tocchi la pelle?  
 Mi vuoi forse accennar ch' essa al mio core  
 Un dolce e acerbo sempre, e tal che male  
 Soffrir si puote, ha pungolo d' Amore?  
 Sì, credo, il dici. O degli amanti amica,  
 Vanne; tornati in dietro; il so ben io:  
 Quella che or tu m' annunzi, è cosa antica.

Pompei.

Abejita, que vagas  
 Buscando florecillas,  
 Por qué de mi Eliodora  
 Los bellos labios picas?  
 Y por qué del ameno  
 Florido valle olvidas  
 Las coloradas rosas  
 Y varias clavellinas?  
 Qué buscas temeraria?

Dónde vas seplecilla?  
 No sabes tú que tiene  
 En su labio escondida  
 La punta dulce amarga  
 Que Amor el crudo vibra?  
 Pareceme que dices:  
 Lo sé; y si quieres vida,  
 Huye del dulce beso  
 Que amoroso suspiras.

Conde.

Blumenkosennde Biene, warum verlässest du deine

Süßen Blumen und störst kumsend der Liebenden Kuss?

Oder willst du mir sagen: o Freund, die Biene der Liebe,

Auch im süßesten Kuss, drückt den Stachel in's Herz.

Ja, das willst du mir sagen: geh' hin zu deinem Geschäfte,

Gute Biene, das sprach lange die Liebe mir selbst.

Herder.

Die Deutung der Biene.

Biene, von Blumen genährt, was berührst du mir Heliodora's

Reizende Glieder, der Au würzigen Kelchen entschwebt?

Willst du mir etwa deuten, sie trag' im Herzen den Stachel

Ero's, bitter und süß, ach den gefährlichen ihn?

Ja, dieß wolltest du künden; so kehre denn jetzt, o geliebte,

Flieg nur! was du gewollt mußt' ich, wie lange ja schon.

Erichson.

Blumengenährte, warum o berührst du Heliodora's

Wangen, o Bien'? und verläßt alle die Blüthen der Au?

Willst du mich lehren vielleicht, daß die Liebliche Pfeile des Eroß,

Süß und bitter zugleich, stets in dem Herzen verbirgt?

Ja, das hast du gemeint. Doch kehre nur, freundliche Botin,

Kehre zurück. Schon längst wußten wir, was du mich lehrst.

Jacobs.

Little bee, on blossoms faring,

Why neglect the spring to seek?

Why to settle art thou daring

On my Heliodora's cheek?

Is it that thou'rt me assuring,

Love has something sweet to bring,

But withal past hearts' enduring

Leaves a bitter in his sting?

Yes: I ween, this was your presage:

Get thee hence, thou lover's friend:

Long ago I've known your message:

Hence, begone; I cannot mend.

G. F. D. T.

## CCLXXIV.

Π Α Λ Λ Α Δ Α. / Χ. 378.

Ἀνδροφόνῳ σαθρὸν παρὰ τειχίον ὑπνώνοντι  
 Νυκτὸς ἐπιστῆναι φασὶ Σάραπιν ὄναρ,  
 Καὶ χρησμοφῆσαι κατακείμενος οὗτος, ἀνίστω,  
 Καὶ κοιμῶ μεταβάς, ὦ τάλας, ἀλλαχόθι.  
 Ὃς δὲ διῷπνισθεὶς μετέβη. τὸ δὲ σαθρὸν ἐκείνο  
 Τειχίον ἐξαίφνης εὐθὺς ἔκειτο χαμαί.  
 Σῶστρα δ' ἔωθεν ἔθνε θεοῖς χαίρων ὁ κακοῦργος,  
 "Ἦδεσθαι νομίσας τὸν θεὸν ἀνδροφόνους.  
 Ἀλλ' ὁ Σάραπις ἔχρησε πάλιν, διὰ νυκτὸς ἐπιστάς·  
 Κήδεσθαί με δοκεῖς, ἄθλιε, τῶν ἀδίκων ;  
 Εἰ μὴ νῦν σε μεθήκα θανεῖν, θάνατον μὲν ἄλυτον  
 Νῦν ἔφυγες, σταυρῷ δ' ἴσθι φυλαττόμενος.

P A L L A D Æ.

Sub muro dormit dum putri homicida, Serapis  
 Huic fuit in somnis visus adesse deus.  
 Surge, inquit, miser ; inque alio citò carpere somnos  
 Festina, tutus si cupis esse, loco.  
 Hic surgens migrat : murusque repentè ruinam,  
 Sub quo decubuit, dat resupinus humi.  
 Diis ratus acceptos homicidas improbus esse,  
 Manè orto, fecit diis sacra multa pius.  
 Dixit at huic adstans iterum sub nocte Serapis :  
 Me curare malos, furcifer, anne putas ?  
 Te morti eripui leni expertique doloris,  
 Ut subeas, quam scis te meruisse, crucem.

Maittaire.

• Au pied d' un méchant mur dormait un meurtrier.  
 Sérapis d' accourir, Sérapis de crier :  
 Lève-toi, lève-toi. Quel danger te menace !  
 Malheureux ! pour dormir choisis une autre place.  
 Notre homme éveillé fuit. Il était à deux pas ;  
 Soudain le mur éclate, et tombe avec fracas.  
 Dès l' aurore, ex voto, sacrifice splendide.  
 Les dieux apparemment protégeaient l' homicide.

Sérapis réparait. Monstre, as-tu pu penser  
Qu'aux jours d'un scélérat j'irais n'intéresser?  
D'une mort sans douleur sauvé par providence,  
Une autre mort t'attend. On dresse ta potence.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Ein Räuber schlief an einer alten Wand  
Da stand der Gott Serapis ihm im Traum  
Vor Augen, und weisfagend sprach der Gott:  
"Glender, schläfst du hier? erwach' und flich'  
Von dieser Mauer." Er erwacht' und floh;  
Die Mauer stürzt' herab mit schnellem Sturz.  
Wie dankte der Errettete dem Gott!  
Frühmorgens bringt er schon sein Opfer dar,  
Und wähnt—der Dube wähnt, den Göttern sey  
Sein Leben lieb. Doch kaum entschlief er wieder,  
Als abermahls Serapis vor ihm stand  
Weisfagend: "Wie? Glender, glaubest du,  
Dass ich der Mörder pflege? Wenn ich dich  
Von diesem Tod errettete, der schnell  
Und schmerzlos auch den Unschuld'gen trifft,  
So wiss: ich that es, dass ich dich damit  
Aufsparete für deinen Tod—das Kreuz.

Herder.

A murderer, sleeping by a tottering wall,  
Saw in a dream Serapis' awful face;  
And, "Ho! thou sleeper, rise!" he heard him call;  
"Go, take thy slumber in some other place."  
The murderer woke; departed: and behold,  
Straight to the earth the tottering fabric rolled.  
The wretch, next morning, offerings brought, as fain  
To think himself to great Serapis dear;  
But the god came by night and spoke again:  
"Wretch! dost thou think the like of *thee* my care?  
To avert a painless death I bade thee wake:  
But learn that Heaven reserves thee for the stake!"

J. W. B.

## CCLXXV.

Α Δ Η Α Ο Ν. / Χ. 373.

Τίπτε με τὸν φιλέρημον ἀναιδέϊ, ποιμένες, ἄγρη  
 Τέττιγα δροσερῶν ἔλκετ' ἀπ' ἀκρεμόνων,  
 Τὴν Νυμφέων παροδίτῳ ἀηδόνα, κῆματι μέσσω  
 Οὔρεσι καὶ σκιεραῖς ξουθὰ λαλεῦντα νάπαις ;  
 Ἦνιδε καὶ κίχλην καὶ κόσσυφον, ἦνιδε τόσσους  
 Ψάρας ἀρουραίης ἀρπαγας εὐπορίας.  
 Καρπῶν δηλητήρας ἐλεῖν θέμις· ὅλλυτ' ἐκείνους.  
 Φύλλων καὶ χλοερῆς τίς φθόνος ἐστὶ δρόσου ;

INCERTI.

Cur me pastores foliorum abducitis umbrâ,  
 Me quam delectant roscida rura vagam ?  
 Me quæ Nympharum sum Musa ? atque æthere sudo  
 Hinc recino umbrosis saltibus, inde jugis.  
 En ! turdum et merulam, si prædæ tanta cupido est,  
 Quæ late sulcos deripuere satos,  
 Quæ vastant fruges, captare et fallere fas est :  
 Roscida non avidæ sufficit herba mihi.

T. Warton.

Warum verfolget ihr mich, ihr Ungerechten, und gönnet  
 Eurer Cicaba nicht Einen bethaueten Zweig ?  
 Ihr, der Einsamen, Ihr, der Sängern, die euch am Wege  
 Unter des Mittags Gluth, euch an der Quelle vergnügt.  
 Fanget andere Feinde, die euch der Saaten berauben,  
 Mir, der Unschädlichen, göunt grünende Blätter und Thau.

Herder.

Warum reißt ihr die einsame nur, die Cicade, der Mildniß  
 Freundin, schonungslos, Hirten, vom thauigen Zweig ?  
 Mich Philomele der Nymphen am Weg, die unter des Mittags  
 Gluth auf den Berghöhen zirpt, oder im Schatten des Hains ?  
 Seht die geschwägigen Staaren umher, und die Drosseln und Amseln,  
 All' die gefräßige Schaar, Räuber der fröhlichen Saat.  
 Diese Verheerer zu fahn, ist Recht ; sie mögt ihr vertilgen ;  
 Aber was neidet ihr mir Blätter und Blumen und Thau ?

Jacobs.

Why do ye, swains, a grasshopper pursue  
 Content with solitude, and rosy dew ?  
 Me, whose sweet song can o'er the nymphs prevail ?  
 I charm them in the forest, hill, or dale,  
 And me they call their summer-nightingale.

See, on your fruits the thrush and black-bird prey !  
See, the bold starlings steal your grain away !  
Destroy your foes : why should you me pursue  
Content with verdant leaves, and rosy dew ?

Fawkes.

Why, ruthless shepherds, from my dewy spray  
In my lone haunt, why tear me thus away ?  
Me, the Nymphs' wayside minstrel, whose sweet note  
O'er sultry hill is heard, and shady grove to float ?  
Lo ! where the blackbird, thrush, and greedy host  
Of starlings fatten at the farmer's cost !  
With just revenge those ravagers pursue :  
But grudge not my poor leaf, and sip of grassy dew.

Wrangham.

CCLXXVI.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ. v. 11. 234.

Ἄλιος ὁ θρασύχειρ, Ἄργους πρόμος, ὁ ψελιώσας  
Αὔχένα χρυσοδέτοις ἐκ πολέμου στεφάνοις,  
Τηξιμελεῖ νούσῳ κεκολουμένος, ἔδραμε θυμῷ  
Ἐς προτέρην ἔργων ἄρσενα μαρτυρίην,  
Ὡσε δ' ὑπὸ σπλάγχχοις πλατὺ φάσγανον, ἐν μόνον εἰπών·  
Ἄνδρας Ἀρης κτείνει, δειλοτέρους δὲ νόσος.

PHILIPPI THESSALONICI.

Ælius, in bellis nulli virtute secundus,  
Cinxerat et cujus laurea sæpe caput,  
Tabifico implicitus morbo, memorique revolvens  
Mente manûs olim fortia facta suæ ;  
Intrepidus ferro trajecit viscera, et inquit ;  
Mars fortes perimit, morbus iners timidos.

Maittaire.

When Ælius of the iron hand (the Argive chief, whose neck  
Full many a victor's golden chain, in battle won, did deck),  
Was wasting with a slow disease, one savage deed expressed  
How brooded he on by-gone deeds within his gloomy breast :  
Pierced by his own broad sword, 'twas thus his parting accents ran :  
"Let the coward die by sickness ; 'tis a sword should slay the man !"

J. W. B.

## CCLXXVII.

Π Α Λ Λ Α Δ Α. ΧΙ. 287.

Μάγνος, ὅτ' εἰς Ἀῖδην κατέβην, τρομέων Ἀιδωνεὺς  
 Ἐλπεν ἀναστήσων ἦλυθε καὶ νέκυας.

PALLADÆ.

Magnus ut in nigrum Styga venerat, intremuit Dis:  
 Reddat ut et vitam manibus, inquit, adest.

Grotius. *de poet. lib. 1. c. 1.*

Quando Magno discese  
 Alle infernali arene,  
 Palpitante gridar Pluto s' intese:  
 Ah costui l' ombre a ravvivar sen viene!

Pagnini.

Hippocrates.

Bitternd sah Gott Pluto den Koer kommen im Orkus;  
 "Daff er mir nur nicht gar, rief er, die Todten erweckt!"

Herder.

Auf den Tod des D. Mead.

Als Mead am Styx erschien, rief Pluto voller Schrecken:  
 Weh mir! nun kommt er gar, die Todten zu erwecken!

Lessing.

On Dr. Mead.

When Mead reach'd the Styx, Pluto started and said:  
 Confound him! he's come to recover the dead.

Anon. Translations from Lessing. 1825.

## CCLXXVIII.

Α Ν Υ Τ Η Σ. ΙΧ. / 44.

Κύπριδος οὗτος ὁ χώρος, ἐπεὶ φίλον ἔπλετο τήνῃ  
 Αἶεν ἀπ' ἡπείρου λαμπρὸν ὄρην πέλαγος,  
 Ὅρφρα φίλον ναύτησι τελῇ πλόον' ἀμφὶ δὲ πόντος  
 Δειμαίνει, λιπαρὸν δερκόμενος ξόανον.

Α Ν Υ Τ Η Σ.

Ista decet Venerem sedes, quæ lucida gaudet  
 Æquora de specula littoris adspicere;  
 Ut placidum præstet nautis iter, et tremat ipsam,  
 Effigiem pulchram dum videt, unda maris.

Grotius. *de poet. lib. 1. c. 1.*

Cypris wohnet allhier. Vom hohen Gestade gefällt ihr's,  
 Auf die Wellen zu schaun, auf das beglänzte Meer  
 Schiffen euch zur glücklichen Fahrt. Das stürmende Meer schweigt  
 Ringsum, wenn es ihr Bild, wenn es ihr Antlitz schaut.

Herder

*Kypris am Meer.*

Dieser Ort ist der Kypris geheiligt; denn es gefiel ihr,  
Stets zu schaun vom Gestad' über das schimmernde Meer:  
Dass erwünscht sei die Fahrt den Schiffenden, und das Gewässer  
Ehrfurchtsvoll anstaun' ihre verklärte Gestalt.

Voss.

*On a Statue of Venus.*

Cythera from this craggy steep  
Looks downward on the glassy deep,  
And hither calls the breathing gale,  
Propitious to the venturous sail;  
While Ocean flows beneath, serene,  
Awed by the smile of Beauty's Queen.

Wrangham.

CCLXXIX.

ΔΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ. Χ. 36.

Οὐδὲν ἐν ἀνθρώποισι Φύσις χαλεπώτερον εὖρεν  
'Ανθρώπου καθαρὰν ψευδομένου φιλήν  
Οὐ γὰρ ἔθ' ὡς ἐχθρὸν φυλασσόμεθ', ἀλλ' ἀγαπῶντες  
'Ως φίλον, ἐν τούτῳ πλείονα βλαπτόμεθα.

LUCIANI.

Non aliud usquam gignitur molestius  
Sacram homine mentito fidem:  
Hunc non cavemus hostem, amico hōc utimur  
In nostra fecundo mala!

G. F. D. T'

Tra gli uomini non v'ha d'un alma infida,  
Che simuli amistà, mostro peggiore.  
Tant'ella recar suol danno maggiore,  
Quanto più credulo altri in lei s'affida.

Pagnini.

No mischief worthier of our fear  
In nature can be found  
Than friendship, in ostent sincere,  
But hollow and unsound;  
For lull'd into a dangerous dream  
We close infold a foe,  
Who strikes, when most secure we seem,  
The inevitable blow.

W. Cowper.

G g



## CCLXXX.

ΠΑΤΩΝΟΣ. VII. 265.

Ναυηγού τάφος εἰμί· ὃ δ' ἀντίον ἐστὶ γεωργού·  
'Ὡς ἀλλ' καὶ γαίῃ ξυνὸς ὕπест' Ἀΐδης.

PLATONIS.

Naufragus hic jaceo; contra, jacet ecce colonus:

Idem orcus terræ, sic, pelagoque subest.

Sam. Johnson *Vol. XI. p. 418.*

D' un naufrago son io la tomba, e quella

Che sta dicontro un campagnuol rinserra:

Morte ha balía del pari e in mare e in terra.

M.

Der gleiche Tod.

Ein Schiffbrüchiger ruht hier neben dem eifigen Landmann:

Ach! auf Erden und Meer findet uns alle der Tod.

Herder.

Ein Schiffbrüchiger ruht in dem Wahl hier, drüben ein Landmann.

Ach, auf der Erd', auf dem Meer gehts in den Hades hinab.

Erichson.

This is a sailor's, that a peasant's tomb:

'Neath sea and land there lurks one common doom.

R. C. C.

## CCLXXXI.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ. / X. 377.

Φεύγε Λάκων ποτὲ δῆριν ὑπαντιάσασα δὲ μήτηρ

Εἶπε, κατὰ στέρνων ἄορ ἀνασχομένη·

Ζώων μὲν σέο μητρὶ διαμπερὲς αἰσχος ἀνάπτεις,

Καὶ κρατερῆς Σπάρτης πάτρια θεσμὰ λύεις·

\*Ὦν δὲ θάνης παλάμῃσιν ἐμαῖς, μήτηρ μὲν ἀκούσω

Δύσμορος, ἀλλ' ἐν ἐμῇ πατρίδι σωζομένη.

PALLADÆ.

Hosti terga dedit Spartanus, at obvia mater

Dixit, in adverso pectore ferrum adigens:

Dedecus æternum matri fers vivus, et urbis

Antiquum evertis fas Lacedæmonix:

Sin nostra moriere manu, misera ipsa vocabor

Mater, servata sed misera in patria.

Grenville, Baro.

A Spartan 'scaping from the fight,  
 His mother met him in his flight,  
 Upheld a falchion to his breast,  
 And thus the fugitive address'd :  
 Thou canst but live to blot with shame  
 Indelible thy mother's name,  
 While every breath that thou shalt draw  
 Offends against thy country's law ;  
 But if thou perish by this hand,  
 Myself indeed, throughout the land,  
 To my dishonour, shall be known  
 The mother still of such a son ;  
 But Sparta will be safe and free,  
 And that shall serve to comfort me.

W. Cowper.

## CCLXXXII.

ΑΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ. ΧΙ. 68.

Τὰς τρίχας, ὦ Νικύλλα, τινὲς βάπτειν σε λέγουσιν,  
 ὥς σὺ μελαινοτάτας ἐξ ἀγορᾶς ἐπρίω.

LUCILLII.

Tingere te falso memorant, Nicylla, capillos,  
 Emta foro medio nam tibi nigra coma est.

Grotius.

Che Chloe si tinga il crin, no non è vero :  
 Io la vidi comprarlo, ed era nero.

Roncalli.

Auf die Galathee.

Die gute Galathee ! Man sagt, sie schwarz' ihr Haar ;  
 Da doch ihr Haar schon schwarz, als sie es kaufte, war.

Lessing.

Manche behaupten, du pflegtest dein Haar, O Nicylla, zu schwärzen,  
 Das du doch schwarz, wie es ist, schon von dem Markte gekauft.

Jacobs.

Nicylla dyes her locks, 'tis said ;  
 But 'tis a foul aspersion ;  
 She buys them black ; they therefore need  
 No subsequent immersion.

W. Cowper.

Some say, Nicylla, that you dye your hair,  
 Those jet-black locks !—you bought them at the fair !

E. S.

## CCLXXXIII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ. / X. 67.

Εἰς ἀγαλμα Νίκης ἄπτερον ἐν Ῥώμῃ, ἥς τὰ πτερὰ κεραυνῷ κατεφλέχθη.

Ῥώμῃ παμβασίλεια, τὸ σὸν κλέος οὔποτ' ὀλεῖται·

Νίκη γάρ σε φυγεῖν ἄπτερος οὐ δύναται.

INCEBTI.

*De simulacro Victoriae sine alis Romæ, quod fulmine crematæ essent alæ.*

Te nunquam amissis fugiet Victoria pennis,

Nec tua laus poterit, maxima Roma, mori.

Jos. J. Scaliger.

En ne te fugiat Victoria, perdidit alas :

Roma, tuæ semper laudis id omen erit.

Grotius. *Ann. 12. l. 509.*

Cum fugere haud possit, fractis Victoria pennis,

Te manet imperii, Roma, perenne decus.

Sam. Johnson *3. 6. X. p. 421.*

Non est quod pereat victricis gloria Romæ :

Nempe sedet raptis custos Victoria pennis.

G. F. D. T.

Auf die Bildsäule der Göttinn Roma, als ein Blitzstrahl der Victoria, die sie in der Hand hält, die Flügel getroffen hatte.

Weltbeherrscherinn Rom ! Die Siegesgöttin entfliehet dir

Nimmer ; Jupiter selbst hat ihr die Flügel verbrannt.

Herder.

Niemals wird dein Name vergehn, allherrschendes Roma,

Denn nie fliehet dich der Sieg, den du der Flügel beraubt.

Jacobs.

Queen of the world, how should thy glory die,

While Vict'ry stays, and hath no wings to fly.

G. F. D. T.

## CCLXXXIV.

ΔΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ. X. 294.

Πλούτων μὲν πλουτύντος ἔχεις, ψυχὴν δὲ πένητος,

Ὡ τοῖς κληρονόμοις πλούσιε, σοὶ δὲ πένης.

LUCILLII.

Divitias locupletis habes, inopis tibi mens est :

O miser, hæredi dives, inopsque tibi.

T. Morus.

Ditis opes tibi sunt, animus sed pauperis : ergo

Hæredi locuples, at tibi pauper eris.

Dan. Heinsius.

Gran ricchezza tu possiedi;  
Ma il tuo cor ricco non è.  
Tu se' ricco per gli eredi,  
E se' povero per te.

Pagnini.

Der arme Reiche.

Schätze des Reichen hast du von aussen, von innen des Armen  
Kleinmuth; bist du dir selbst oder den Erben nur reich?

Herder.

Auf einen Geizigen.

Reichthum hast du des Reichen, doch ganz die Seele des Armen,  
Du den Erben allein Reicher, und Armer ihr selbst.

Voss

*Of a rich miser.*

A misers minde thou hast,  
Thou hast a prince's pelfe:  
Which makes thee welthy to thine heire,  
A beggar to thy selfe.

Turberville

With narrow soul thou swim'st in glorious wealth;  
Rich to thy heir, but wretched to thyself.

Cotton, p. 674.

CCLXXXV.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ. Π. 527.

Κύζικον ἦν ἑλλης, ὀλίγος πόνος, Ἴππακὸν εὐρεῖν  
Καὶ Διδύμην ἀφανὴς οὔτι γὰρ ἡ γενεή·  
Καὶ σφιν ἀνηρὸν μὲν ἐρεῖς ἔπος, ἔμπα δὲ λέξαι  
Τοῦθ', ὅτι τὸν κείνων ὦδ' ἐπέχω Κριτίην.

CALLIMACHI.

*Critiæ epitaphium.*

Cyzicon ingresso, facili est reperire labore  
Hippacon et Didumen; nobile quippe genus.  
His tu mæsta quidem referes jam nuntia, natum  
Dic tamen illorum quodd teneo Critiam.

N. Frischlinus.

If thou should'st go to Cyzicus, pray seek  
For Hippacus and Didyme!  
(Their name is known there: 'twill no trouble be)  
And tell them . . . (well I wot the words thou'lt speak  
Will cut them to the heart!) . . . yet tell them, Here  
I hold the ashes of their Critias dear.

J. W. B.

## CCLXXXVI.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ. /X. 153.

Eis Troίαν.

Ὦ πόλι, πῇ σέο κείνα τὰ τείχεα ; πῇ πολύολβοι  
 Νηοί ; πῇ δὲ βοῶν κράατα τεμνομένων ;  
 Πῇ Παφίης ἀλάβαστρα, καὶ ἡ πάγχρυστος ἐφεστρίς ;  
 Πῇ δὲ Τριτογενοῦς δελκελον ἑνδαπίης ;  
 Πάντα μόθος, χρονίη τε χύσις, καὶ Μοῖρα κραταίη  
 Ἦρπασεν, ἀλλοίην ἀμφιβαλοῦσα τύχην  
 Καὶ σε τόσον νίκησε βαρὺς φθόνος. ἀλλ' ἄρα μούνον  
 Οὔνομα σὸν κρύψαι καὶ κλέος οὐ δύναται.

AGATHIAS.

*De Troja.*

Nunc ubi, Troja, precor, tua mœnia, templaque Divum  
 Splendida, et aurati, victima pulchra, boves ?  
 Et Veneris fulgens alabaster, et aurea vestis,  
 Inclitaque indigenæ Palladis effigies ?  
 Cuncta ferus Mavors, et vis fatalis, et ætas  
 Abstulit, in varias sæpe voluta vices.  
 Hactenus invidiæ licuit te vincere : verum  
 Hac nolente tibi fama decusque manent.

Grotius. *l. c. Tr. l. 1. p. 285.*

Oh ! City, where are those walls of thine ?  
 And thy temples rich with slaughter'd kine ?  
 And where are the perfumes, the vest all gold,  
 That the Paphian queen adorn ?  
 And where the image thou hadst of old  
 Of thy native Triton-born ?  
 The toils of war, and the ruins of time, and the might of Destiny  
 Have seiz'd on all, and brought in their stead far different hap to thee.  
 Thus far bitter Envy hath conquered thee,  
 But alone survives thy name ;  
 And Envy itself shall conquered be,  
 For it cannot hide thy fame.

E. S.

## CCLXXXVII.

ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ. V. 11. 628.

Ἠρνήσαντο καὶ ἄλλαι ἐὼν πάρος οὔνομα νῆσοι  
 Ἀκλεές, ἐς δ' ἀνδρῶν ἦλθον ὁμωνυμίην.  
 Κληθείητε καὶ ὕμμες Ἐρωτίδες· οὐ νέμεσις τοι  
 Ἦξει δὴ ταύτην κλήσιν ἀμειψαμέναις.  
 Παιδί γάρ, δν τύμβῳ Δίης ὑπεθήκατε βώλου,  
 Οὔνομα καὶ μορφὴν αὐτὸς ἔδωκεν Ἐρωτος.  
 Ὡ χθὼν σηματοέσσα, καὶ ἡ παρὰ θινὶ θάλασσα,  
 Παιδὶ σὺ μὲν κούφη κείσο, σὺ δ' ἡσυχή.

CRINAGORÆ.

*De puero formoso, cui nomen Ἐρως, in insula Dia sepulto.*

Mutavit non una suum prius insula nomen  
 Ex hominum dici nomine læta magis.  
 Istud ad exemplum vos jam quoque Erotides este:  
 Non erit hic vobis invidiosus honor;  
 Nam puero præbet Diæ cui gleba sepulchrum,  
 Ut dederat formam, sic quoque nomen Amor.  
 Ossa tegens tellus, et proxima littoris unda,  
 Esto levis puero tu, rogo, tuque sile.

Grotius.

Manche der Inseln nahm, statt ihres, den Namen der Menschen  
 An, und pflanzte damit sich in des Ruhmes Gerücht.  
 Insel, nenne du dich fortan die Insel der Liebe.  
 Nemesis zürnt dir nicht, dass du den Namen erwähilst;  
 Denn den du verbirgst, an deinem heiligen Ufer,  
 Ihm gab die Liebe Gestalt, wie sie den Namen ihm gab.  
 Deß ihn sanft o Erde, den holden Knaben der Liebe,  
 Und ihr Wellen, berührt leise sein ruhiges Grab.

Herder.

Full oft, of old, the islands changed their name,  
 And took new titles from some heir of fame:  
 Then dread not ye the wrath of gods above,  
 But change your own, and be the Isles of Love;  
 For 'Love's' own name and shape the infant bore  
 Whom late we buried on your sandy shore . . .  
 Break softly there, thou never-weary wave,  
 And earth, lie light upon his little grave!

J. W. B.

## CCLXXXVIII.

ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ. V. 67.

Παλλὰς ἐσαθρήσασα καὶ Ἥρη χρυσοπέδιλος  
 Μαιονίδ', ἐκ κραδῆς ἱαχὸν ἀμφότεραν  
 Οὐκέτι γυμνούμεσθα· κρίσις μὲν ποιμένος ἀρκεῖ  
 Οὐ καλὸν ἡττᾶσθαι δις περὶ καλλοσύνης.

RUFINI.

Mæonida aspexit cum Pallas et aurea Juno,  
 Hos simul ex imo corde dedere sonos.  
 Stabimus haud iterum nudæ: satis illud in Ida;  
 In formæ vinci lite bis est nimium.

Grotius. 4. 1. 3. 2. 249.

Come Palla e Giunon dai calzar d' oro  
 Veduto ebber Meonide, amendue  
 Dall' interno gridaron del cor loro:  
 Non mostriamci no più dai veli sciolte:  
 Del pastor basta un sol giudizio: bello  
 Non è vinte in bellezza esser due volte.

Pompei.

Pallas with golden-sandall'd Juno gazed  
 On Mæonis, till both cried out amazed:  
 Once to the shepherd-judge our charms we bared:  
 Twice 'tis not well to be 'less fair' declared.

W.

*Imitation.*

When Minerva, and Juno with gold-sandall'd feet  
 Saw Matilda, they cried from their heart: We are beat.  
 The case was made plain  
 By the Judgment of Paris; we'll not strip again;  
 For it never looks well  
 To be twice disappointed of being the 'Belle.'

W.

## CCLXXXIX.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ. V. 11. 461.

Παμμήτορ γῆ, χαῖρε, σὺ τὸν πάρος οὐ βαρὺν εἰς σέ  
 Αἰσυγένην καὶ τὴν νῦν ἐπέχους ἀβάρης.

MELEAGRI.

Salve progenitrix cunctorum terra, gravisque  
 Ausigeni ne sis; non fuit ille tibi.

Grotius.

Cunctiparens Tellus, salve, levis esto pusillo

Lysigeni; fuerat non gravis ille tibi.

Sam. Johnson. *Br. xi. p. 418.*

Sii leggiere, o terreno,

All' ossa di Bireno:

Uomo di minor pondo

Giammai non ebbe il mondo.

Cesare Montalti.

Terra, madre comune, a te fu lieve

Peso Esigèn; non gli esser or tu greve!

M.

Gütige Mutter Erde, wer dir im Leben nich Last war,

O den birgest du sanft: birg' den Ausigeneß so.

Herder.

Erde, sey mir gegrüßt, Allmutter, und welcher im Leben

Dir nicht Last war, leicht sey dem Aisigenes auch.

Erichson.

Seh, Allmutter, gegrüßt! Wie Aisigenes nie dich gedrückt hat,

Also belaste du jetzt auch den Aisigenes nicht.

Jacobs.

Earth, lightly press Aisigenes, for he,

Mother, ne'er set a heavy foot on thee.

I B.

CCXC.

Μ Ν Α Σ Α Λ Κ Ο Υ. *VI. 122.*

\*Ἦσο κατ' ἡγάθειν τὸδ' ἀνάκτορον, ἀπὲρ φαεννά,

\*Ἀνθεμα Λατώα δῆϊον Ἀρτέμιδι.

Πολλάκι γὰρ κατὰ δῆριν Ἀλεξάνδρου μετὰ χερσὶν

Μαρναμένα, χρυσέαν οὐκ ἐκόμισσας ἔνυν.

Μ Ν Α Σ Α Λ Κ Ε.

Pensilis in sancta Latoidis aede Dianæ,

Parma nitens, bello functa, quieta mane:

Nam tibi Alexandri pugnanti sæpe lacertis,

Aurea pulvereum nesciit ora solum.

G. B.

Raßt igt, glänzendes Schild, in der Artemis heiligem Tempel,

Letz Tochter, des Kriegs würdiges Zeichen, geweiht.

Oftmals strahlend im Kampf in der Kräftigen Hand Alexanders,

Haßt du den goldenen Rand nimmer mit staube bedeckt.

Jacobs.

A holy offering at Diana's shrine,

See Alexander's glorious shield recline;

Whose golden orb, through many a bloody day

Triumphant, ne'er in dust dishonour'd lay.

Merivale.



## CCXCI.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝ. Vll. 530.

Μούναν σὺν τέκνοις νεκυοστόλε δέξο με πορθμεῦ  
 Τὰν λάλον· ἀρκεῖ σοι φόρτος ὁ Τανταλίδος·  
 Πληρώσει γαστήρ μία σὺν σκάφος, εἶσιν κούρους  
 Καὶ κούρας, Φοῖβον σκύλα καὶ Ἀρτέμιδος.

ANTIPATRI THESSALONICENSIS.

Portitor umbrarum, solam cum prole loquacem  
 Me cape : fert oneris Tantalus una satis.  
 En natos spoliū Phœbi, natusque Dianæ :  
 Ex utero nostro plena carina tua est.

Grotius. *Antipat. Thess. 2, 6. 83.*

Charon ! receive a family on board,  
 Itself sufficient for thy crazy yawl.  
 Apollo and Diana, for a word  
 By me too proudly spoken, slew us all.

W. Cowper.

Me with my children only, Charon, take  
 Across thy lake :  
 Lading enough is rash-tongued Niobe.  
 That single womb shall fill thy bark ; for see  
 Her victim train !  
 Youths by Apollo, maids by Dian slain !

W.

## CCXCII.

ΑΝΥΤΗΣ. Vll. 215.

Εἰς δελφίνα ἐκβρασθέντα ἐκ θαλάσσης ἐν τῇ χέρσῳ.  
 Οὐκέτι δὴ πλωτοῖσιν ἀγαλλόμενος πελάγεσσιν  
 Αὐχέν' ἀναρρήψω βυσσόθεν ἀρνύμενος,  
 Οὐδὲ περὶ σκαλμοῖσι νεὼς περικάλλεα χεῖλη  
 Ποιφύσσω, τὰμᾶ τερπόμενος προτομᾶ.  
 Ἀλλὰ με πορφυρέα πόντου νοτὶς ὥς' ἐπὶ χερσόν,  
 Κεῖμαι δὲ ῥαδινὰν τάνδε παρ' ἡῖονα.

ANYTES.

Non iterum lætus pelagi exultantibus undis  
 Jactabo e mediis edita colla fretis ;  
 Nec ratis ad scalmos pulchris profians mare labris  
 Mirabor faciem rostra imitata meam.  
 Huc me cæruleis egit ferus imbris Auster,  
 Et dedit ejecto mollis arena torum.

G. S.

*On a Dolphin cast ashore.*

No more exulting o'er the buoyant sea  
High shall I raise my head in gambols free;  
Nor by some gallant ship breathe out the air,  
Pleas'd with my own bright image figur'd there.  
The storm's black mist has forc'd me to the land,  
And laid me lifeless on this couch of sand.

F. H.

CCXCIII.

Σ Ε Κ Ο Υ Ν Δ Ο Υ . Ι Χ . 36.

Ὅλκας ἀμετρήτου πελάγους ἀνύσασα κέλευθον,  
Καὶ τοσάκις χαροποῖς κύμασι νηξαμένη,  
Ἦν ὁ μέλας οὐτ' Εὐρος ἐπόντισεν, οὐτ' ἐπὶ χέρσον  
Ἦλασε χειμερίων ἄγριον οἶδμα Νότων,  
Ἐν πυρὶ νῦν ναυηγὸς ἐγὼ χθονὶ μέμφομ' ἀπίστω,  
Νῦν ἄλως ἡμετέρης ὕδατα διζομένη.

SECUNDI.

Quæ toties puppis cursu felice natavi,  
Per maris immensas velificata vias;  
Quam neque Corus aquis mersit, nec in horrida saxa  
Impulit hyberni sæva procella Noti;  
De tellure queror, flammis ubi naufraga fio:  
Hei mihi! quod nostræ tam procul estis aquæ.

Grotius. . . . .

*La nave incendiata nel lido.*

Io, che tra il flutto e la tempesta avversa  
Mille rischi sostenni e mille stenti,  
Che salda e integra ognor, nè mai sommersa  
D' Euro e Noto sprezzai l' ire frementi,  
Or naufraga nel foco in questa sponda,  
Cerco e domando invan soccorso all' onda.

Roncalli.

Framed as a ship long voyages o'er ocean's paths to brave,  
And often floating jauntily upon the merry wave,  
I, whom black Eurys could not sink, nor ever on the sand  
The billowy strength of stormy waves had might enough to strand,  
A wreck amid the fire at last I curse the faithless shore,  
And fain would ask some quenching aid from mine own ocean's store.

R. C. C.

## CCXCIV.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ. V. 11. 531.

Αὐτά τοι, τρέσσαντι παρὰ χρέος, ὥπασεν ἄδαν,  
 Βαψαμένα κολίων ἐντὸς ἄρη λαγόνων,  
 Μάτηρ, ἃ σ' ἔτεκεν, Δαμάτριε· φᾶ δὲ σίδαρον  
 Παιδὸς ἐοῦ φύρδαν μεστὸν ἔχουσα φόνου,  
 Ἀφρίειν κοναβηδὸν ἐπιπρίουσα γένειον,  
 Δερκομένα λοξαῖς, οἷα Λάκαινα, κόραις·  
 Αἶπε τὸν Εὐρώταν, ἴθι Τάρταρον· ἀνίκα δειλὰν  
 Οἶσθα φυγάν, τελέθεις οὐτ' ἐμός, οὔτε Λάκων.

ANTIPATRI THESSALON.

Te verso properantem hostili ex agmine tergo,  
 Trajecit ferro vindice mater atrox,  
 Te tua quæ peperit mater: gladiumque recenti  
 Spumantem pueri sanguine crebra rotans,  
 Dentibus et graviter stridens, qualisque Lacæna,  
 Igne retrò torquens lumina glauca fero,  
 Linque, ait, Eurotam; et si mors est dura, sub Orcum  
 Effuge; non meus es; non Lacedæmonius.

T. Warton.

Thy mother gave the death thou'dst basely fled;  
 Through thy deep flank the sword thy mother sped,  
 Demetrius, she that bare thee, and she cried,  
 Her hand upon the steel thy life-blood dyed,  
 Champing her foamy lip in furious wise,  
 And Sparta's daughter glaring in her eyes:  
 Eurotas spurns; Hell calls thee. Thou could'st flee!  
 Craven! thou'rt nought to Sparta, nought to me!

G. S.

## CCXCV.

ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ. Χ. 58.

Γῆς ἐπέβην γυμνός, γυμνός θ' ὑπὸ γαίαν ἄπειμι·  
 Καὶ τί μάτην μοχθῶ, γυμνὸν ὄρων τὸ τέλος;

PALLADÆ.

Nudus in hanc terram matris sum lapsus ab alvo:  
 Quo terra excedam tempore nudus ero.  
 Quid gravibus curis, studiis quid inanibus angor?  
 Dum loquor, à tergo mors quoque nuda venit.

Ph. Melancthon.

Terram adii nudus, de terra nudus abibo.

Quid labor efficiet? non nisi nudus ero.

Sam. Johnson. *R. C. X. 1. 4. 11.*

Ignudo venni in terra,

E ignudo andrò sotterra.

A che mi affanno e sudo

Se finir debbo ignudo?

Paénici.

Nackt kam ich und nackt geh' ich einst unter die Erde;

Nackt von hinnen zu gehn, braucht es wohl Kummer und Leid?

Herder.

Nackt einst kam ich zur Welt; nackt wandel' ich unter die Erde.

Solch ein nacktes Geschick ist es der Mühen wohl werth?

Jacobs.

Naked I came upon earth, and naked beneath it I'm going;

Why then labour in vain, seeing that naked's the end?

W.

Naked, I entered at my birth;

Naked, I hie me back to earth:

Why then should I so anxious be,

Since naked still the end I see?

J. W. B.

CCXCVI.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ἄνθρωπ', οὐ Κροίσου λεύσεις τάφον, ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἀνδρὸς

Χερνήτεω· μικρὸς τύμβος, ἐμοὶ δ' ἱκανός.

Οὐκ ἐπιδὼν νύμφεια λέχη κατέβην τὸν ἄφικτον

Γόργιππος ξανθῆς Φερσεφόνης θάλαμον.

SIMONIDIS.

Non Cræsi hic tumulus; privata condor in urna:

Ut tenui, tenuis sufficit iste lapis.

Nomine Gorgippus, vixi sine conjuge: nunc me

Persephone thalamo non fugienda tenet.

W.

Kroisos Grab nicht siehst du, o Wanderer; sondern des armen

Söldlings. Klein nur ist's, aber genügend für mich.

Folgsam stieg Gorgippos hinab zu Persephonens dunkler

Wohnung, ohne sich je bräutlichen Lagers zu freun.

Jacobs.

A poor man, not a Cræsus, here lies dead,

And small the sepulchre befitting me:

Gorgippus I, who knew no marriage-bed,

Before I wedded pale Persephone.

Sterling.

## CCXCVII.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ. V. 32.

Οὐκ ἀποθυήσκειν δεῖ με ; τί μοι μέλει, ἦν τε ποδαγρός,

Ἦν τε δρομεὺς γεγονὼς εἰς Ἀἶδην ὑπάγω ;

Πολλοὶ γάρ μ' αἵρουσιν ἕα χολὸν με γενέσθαι.

Τῶνδ' ἔνεκεν γὰρ ἴσως οὔ ποτ' ἐὼ θιάσους.

NICARCHI.

Quidquid agam, mors certa manet. Refertne podager,

An cursor Ditis limina nigra petam?

Multi me tollent. Fiam sine claudus: ob illud

Ne dulces thiasos sit mihi deserere.

Grotius. *Ant. 1. 42.*

Muß ich nicht sterben dareinst? Was kummert's mich, ob ich podagrisch,

Oder als Läufer besteh steige zum Hades hinab?

Viele ja tragen mich dann; drum laßt mich hinfen, o Freunde;

Deshalb bleib ich fürwahr nicht von dem Schmause zurück.

Jacobs

Must I not die at all events, and go,

Nimble or gouty, to the shades below?

Then what if I grow lame? There will be found

Bearers enough, to lift me off the ground:

Is it to ease them that you'd now perchance

Bid me leave off the revels and the dance?

W.

*See Simonis. *Recl. 4. 32. p. 160.**

## CCXCVIII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ. V. 32.

ὦ ξεῖν', ἀγγέλλειν Λακεδαιμονίοις, ὅτι τᾶδε

Κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.

SIMONIDIS.

Dic, hospes, Spartæ, nos te hic vidisse jacentes,

Dum sanctis patriæ legibus obsequimur.

Cicero

Nos Lacedæmoniis refer hic, peregrine, jacentes,

Exhibito illorum vocibus obsequio.

Laur Valla

Nos hic esse sitos Spartæ dic, quæsumus, hospes,

Dum facimus prompto corde quod ipsa jubet.

Grotius. *Ant. 1. 42.*

Annunzia a Sparta, o passeggiar, che noi

Qui giacciam, fidi a quanto impone a' suoi.

M.

Wandrer, sag' es in Sparta: Wir sind im Streite gefallen,  
Haben gehorsam erfüllt unsers Landes Gesetz.

Christian von Stolberg.

Wanderer, bringe von uns Lacedæmons Bürgern die Botschaft:  
Folgsam ihrem Gesetz liegen im Grabe wir hier.

Jacobs.

Go, tell the Spartans, thou who passest by,  
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie.

W. L. Bowles.

Stranger! to Sparta say, her faithful band  
Here lie in death, remembering her command.

F. H.

To those of Lacedæmon, stranger, tell,  
That, as their laws commanded, here we fell.

Sterling. *Handwritten note: xxxv. p. 111*

Tell the Spartans, passer-by,  
At their bidding here we lie.

J. R.

CCXCIX.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛ. VI. 59.

Τῇ Παφίῃ στεφάνους, τῇ Παλλάδι τὴν πλοκαμίδα,  
Ἀρτέμιδι ζώνην ἀνθετο Καλλιρόη  
Εὐρετο γὰρ μνηστήρα τὸν ἤθελε, καὶ λάχεν ἥβην  
Σώφρονα, καὶ τεκέων ἄρσεν ἔτικτε γένος.

AGATHIÆ.

Has Paphiæ sertas, crinem hunc tibi, maxima Pallas,  
Dictynnæ hanc zonam Calliroë posuit;  
Quod placito jam juncta viro est, casteque juventam  
Transiit, et prolem masculine peperit.

Dan. Heinsius.

Mutter der Liebe, Dir weiht Callirhoe den Kranz hier  
Pallas, die Locke dir; Dir o Diana den Gurt;  
Denn ihr gabet ihr, Güt, den Mann, den sie wünschte, die Jahre  
Kluger Vernunft und dann Kinder, ein männlich Geschlecht.

Herder.

Venus, this chaplet take! (Callirrhoe pray'd)  
The youth I loved, thy power hath made him mine.  
These locks to thee I vow, Athenian maid!  
By thee I holy kept my virgin shrine:  
To Artemis my zone; a mother's joy  
She gave me to possess; my beauteous boy.

Merivale.

CCC.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ. VII. 348.

Πολλὰ πίων καὶ πολλὰ φαγὼν καὶ πολλὰ κάκ' εἰπὼν  
'Ανθρώπους, κείμει Τιμοκρέων 'Ρόδιος.

SIMONIDIS.

Edi multa, bibi multa, et probra plurima dixi,  
Qui situs hic nunc sum, Timocreon Rhodius.

Grotius. 2. p. 53.

*Epitaphium Joannis Eccii sophistæ et parasiti Pontificii.*

Πολλὰ πίων, καὶ πολλὰ φαγὼν καὶ πολλὰ κακ' εἰπὼν  
'Εν δὲ τάφῳ Ἐκίος γαστέρ' ἔθηκε ἐν.

Multa vorans, et multa bibens, mala plurima dicens  
Eccius, hac posuit putre cadaver humo.

Ph. Melancthon.

Timocreon da Rodi è qui sepolto,  
Ghiotton, beone e maldicente molto.

M.

Timocréon de Rhodes est mort, et git icy,  
Grand mangeur, grand buveur, et grand moqueur aussi.

Tamisier.

After much eating, drinking, lying, slandering,  
Timocreon of Rhodes here rests from wandering.

Merivale.

Timocreon of Rhodes, who much devoured,  
Much drank, much slandered, lies by death o'erpowered.

Sterling. 2. p. 53.

Timocreon of Rhodes lies here, and freely does confess,  
He eat and drank, and slander'd folks, to a very great excess.

W.

CCCI.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ, οἱ δὲ ΒΙΑΝΟΡΟΣ. VII. 671.

Πάντα Χάρων ἀπληστε, τί τὸν νέον ἤρπασας αὐτῷ  
'Ατταλον; οὐ σὸς ἔην, κεί' θάνε γηραλέος;

INCERTI, VEL BIANORIS.

Insatiate Charon, juvenem cur Attalon auferis?  
Non tuus ille, senex si moreretur, erat?

Grotius.

2. p. 53.

O tu, Caron, insaziabil fera,  
A che sì giovin Attalo rapisti?  
S' ei moria vecchio, forse tuo non era?

M.

Nimmergesättigter Lob, was raubst du den blühenden Knaben,  
Attalos? War er nicht dein, wenn er im Alter erblich?

Jacobs.

Why, greedy Charon, haste to take  
Young Attalus away?  
If in old age he cross'd thy lake,  
Were he not still thy prey?

W.

CCCII.

Α Δ Η Δ Ο Ν. 7/1. 55.

Πῶτε καὶ εὐφραίνου· τί γὰρ αὔριον, ἢ τί τὸ μέλλον;  
Οὐδεὶς γινώσκει. μὴ τρέχε, μὴ κοπία.  
Ὡς δύνασαι, χάρισαι, μετᾷδος, φάγε, θνητὰ λογιζου.  
Τὸ ζῆν τοῦ μὴ ζῆν οὐδὲν ὅλως ἀπέχει.  
Πᾶς ὁ βίος τοιόσδε, ῥοπή μόνον· ἂν προλάβῃς, σοῦ  
Ἄν δὲ θάνῃς, ἐτέρου πάντα, σὺ δ' οὐδὲν ἔχεις.

INCERTI.

Pelle mero curas! Sudare et currere frustra  
Mitte. Latet multa postera nocte dies.  
Ut potes, indulge genio; mortalia cura:  
Inter se distant vitæque morsque nihil.  
Momentum est ætas omnis brevis; cunctaque tu si  
Præripias, alter, si moriaris, habet.

G. S.

Trinke, genieße der Zeit! was bringt du der Morgen? die Zukunft?  
Niemand weiß es. Wohl an, laufe nicht, mühe dich nicht!  
Freue dich, liebe, genieße, du kannst es noch, denke des Todes;  
Zwischen Leben und Tod liegt ein unmerklicher Punkt.  
Leben ist nur ein Moment. Ergieße dich ihm, ist er der Deine;  
Stirbst du, so nehmen dein Gut Andre, nichts bleibt dir selbst.

Jacobs.

Drink and be merry. What the morrow brings  
No mortal knoweth: wherefore toil or run?  
Spend while thou mayst, eat, fix on present things  
Thy hopes and wishes: life and death are one.  
One moment: grasp life's goods; to thee they fall.  
Dead, thou hast nothing, and another all.

G. S.



## CCCIII.

ΑΚΗΡΑΤΟΥ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΟΥ. VII. 138.

"Εκτορ 'Ομηρείησιν ἀεὶ βεβησμένε βίβλοισ,  
 Θειοδόμου τέλχευς ἔρκος ἐρυμνότατον,  
 'Εν σοὶ Μαιωνίδης ἀνεπαύσατο· σοῦ δὲ θανόντος,  
 "Εκτορ, ἐσυγῆθη καὶ σελὶς 'Ιλιάδος.

ACERATI.

Hector Homeriadis semper celeberrime libris,  
 Grande decus patriæ præsidiumque tuæ,  
 Mæonidi finis tu carminis: Hectore cæso,  
 Protinus Iliados pagina clausa tacet.

G. S.

Hektor, o du, der Held in allen Gesängen Homerus;  
 Der seinem Vaterland Mauer und Stütze verließ.  
 Auf dir ruhte der Mæonide; denn als du gefallen  
 Warest, o Hektor, da schwieg mit dir die Ilias auch.

Herder.

Hektor, immer und laut im homerischen Liede gepriesen,  
 Göttergegründeter Burg Schützer und kräftiger Hort,  
 Bey dir endet der Sänger der Ilias; als du gestorben,  
 Hektor, schweiget sogleich auch das mæonische Lied.

Jacobs.

Name ever rife in Homer's lore!  
 Hector, of God-built walls the stay!  
 With thine the poet's toils are o'er,  
 And with thy death dies Ilium's lay.

G. S.

## CCCIV.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

'Απλήρωτ' Αἶδα, τί με νήπιον ἤρπασας ἐχθρῶς;  
 Τί σπεύδεις; οὐ σοὶ πάντες ὀφειλόμεθα;

INCERTI.

Infantem quid me rapis, insatiabilis Orce?  
 Omnes debemur nos tibi: quid properas?

Grotius. *Ant. lib. 3, p. 405*

Mich unmündigen Knaben entrafftest du, gieriger Tod, schon?  
 Was so geeilt? Sind nicht alle dir sicher genug?

Voss.

Insatiate Grave! we all are due to thee.  
 Then why such haste? Why seize a babe like me?

W.

CCCV.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ οἱ δὲ ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ. V. 1. 752.

Δεξιτερὴν Ἀΐδαο θεοῦ χέρα, καὶ τὰ κελαινὰ  
 Ὅμνυμεν ἀρρήτου δέμνια Περσεφόνης,  
 Παρθένου ὡς ἔτυμον καὶ ὑπὸ χθονὶ πολλὰ δ' ὁ πικρὸς  
 Αἰσχρὰ καθ' ἡμετέρης ἔβλυσε παρθενίης  
 Ἀρχιλοχὸς ἐπέων δὲ καλὴν φάτιν οὐκ ἐπὶ καλὰ  
 Ἔργα, γυναικεῖον δ' ἔτραπεν ἐς πόλεμον.  
 Πιερίδες, τί κόρησιν ἐφ' ὕβριστήρας ἰάμβους  
 Ἐτράπετ' οὐχ ὁσίῳ φωτὶ χαριζόμεναι;

INCERTI.

Juramus Ditis dextram, nigrumque nefandæ  
 Persephones, nos hæc dicere vera, torum:  
 Castæ migrantes et ad Orcum mansimus, in nos  
 Archilochus quamvis multa vomente probra.  
 At vero is pulchra fama male carminis usus  
 Virgineis movit barbara bella choris.  
 Cur in eos sævis faciles armastis iambis,  
 Musæ, haud curantem fasque nefasque virum?

Liebel.

Vertheidigung der Epikambiden gegen Archilochos.

Ja bei der Rechte des Hades beschwören es, bei dem geschwärmten  
 Lager Persephone's auch, jener Unnennbaren wir:  
 Jungfrau'n sind wir selbst in der tiefe noch; Schmähungen haßt nur  
 Unserer Jungfrauschaft, bitterer Archilochos, du  
 Viele geschwagt, und gewandt Veredtheit schöner Gesänge  
 Auf nicht schönen Gebrauch, weiber befehlenden Krieg.  
 Sagt, Pieriden, weshalb ihr höhnen die Iamben auf Mädchen  
 Habet gewandt, dem nicht heiligen Manne geneigt?

W. Schlegel.

By his right hand that rules the dead we swear,  
 By Proserpine's dread name and darksome lair,  
 True maids are we; though on our maidenhood  
 Archilochus poured forth his venom's flood.  
 Each nobler theme that fills the poet's page,  
 He basely left, on women war to wage.  
 Shame on ye, Muses, that, poor maids to harm,  
 Could thus with ribald verse the miscreant arm.

G. S.

## CCCVI.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ. V. 146.

Σῆμα παρ' Αἰάντειον ἐπὶ Ροιτησίῳ ἀκταῖς  
 Θυμοβαρὴς Ἀρετὰ μύρομαι ἐξομένα,  
 Ἀπλόκαμος, πινόεσσα, διὰ κρίσιν, ὅττι Πελασγῶν  
 Οὐκ ἄρετὰ νικᾶν ἔλλαχεν, ἀλλὰ δόλος.  
 Τεύχεα δ' ἂν λέξειεν Ἀχιλλέος Ἄρσεως ἀκμᾶς,  
 Οὐ σκολιῶν μύθων ἄμμες ἐφιέμεθα.

ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

Hic, ubi Rhœteis Ajax tumultatur in actis,  
 Assideo Virtus icta dolore gravi,  
 Squalida, sparsa comas, quod iniqua lege Pelasgum  
 Fraudibus heu victas sum dare jussa manus!  
 Arma hæc inclamant: Nos fortia pectora bello,  
 Non artem ambigui poscimus eloquii.

Averardus Medicus.

Io qui sul Retèo margine,  
 Da doglia il core oppresso,  
 Virtù siedo mestissima  
 D' Ajace all' urna appresso.  
 Qui rasa e in veste sordida  
 Il Greco stuol condanno  
 Che sopra me vittoria  
 Diede a facondo inganno.  
 L' armi gridato avrebbero  
 Del Tessalo maggiore:  
 Non vogliam noi facondia;  
 Vogliam l' uomo e il valore.

Felici.

Bei dem Aiantischen Grab, am rhytischen Meerestegste,  
 Sitet die Jugend und klagt kummerbelasteten Sinns,  
 Sonder Gelock, und in Trauer gehüllt, weil nach der Belasger  
 Urtheil, täuschende List, aber nicht Jugend gesetzt.  
 Fraget die Waffen Achills, und sie sagen euch: Mannlicher Muth nur,  
 Nicht ein betrüglich Geschwätz reget Verlangen in uns.

Jacobs.

By Ajax' tomb, on the Rhœtean strand,  
 Weigh'd down with grief see Virtue takes her stand  
 In mournful guise, because the Greeks confer  
 The meed of valour upon Fraud, not Her.  
 "Achilles' arms themselves would claim," she cries,  
 "Not cunning words, but manly enterprise."

W.

## CCCVII.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν . Ι Χ . // 6 ,

*Καλὰ Ποσειδάων δίκασεν πολὺ μᾶλλον Ἀθήνης·  
 Ἀσπίς ἐν αἰγιαλοῖσι βοᾷ, καὶ σῆμα τινάσσει,  
 Αἰτόν σ' ἐκκαλέουσα, τὸν ἄξιον ἀσπιδιώτην.  
 Ἐγρεο, παῖ Τελαμῶνος, ἔχεις σάκος Αἰακίδαο.*

## INCERTI.

*Æquius arbitrium Neptunus Pallade dixit :  
 Testis adest clypeus, tumulumque in littora pulsat,  
 Et velut inclamat dignum te talibus armis :  
 Surge, genus Telamonis, habes quod gessit Achilles.*

Grotius. *Ἐγρεο, παῖ Τελαμῶνος, ἔχεις σάκος Αἰακίδαο.*

Nephtune has well reversed Minerva's doom !  
 Hurl'd by the breakers to its Lord, that shield  
 Rings out a righteous summons on thy tomb :  
 Wake, son of Telamon, Achilles' arms to wield !

W.

## CCCVIII.

Μ Ε Λ Ε Α Γ Ρ Ο Υ . Χ . Ι . // 5 .

*Καὶ τὸς Ἔρως ὁ πτανὸς ἐν αἰθέρι δέσμιος ἦλω,  
 Ἀγρευθεὶς τοῖς σοῖς ὄμμασι, Τιμάριον.*

## MELÆAGRI.

*Quinetiam captus medio est Amor ipse volatu :  
 Timarion, oculis præda fit ille tuis !*

G. F. D. T.

*Ich selbst, schwebend im Äthergewölck, der geflügelte Eros,  
 Wurde gefangen, dein Blick fing, o Timarion, mich.*

Erichson.

'Tis Love himself, entangled as he flies !  
 Timarion, you've caught him with those eyes.

W.

## CCCIX.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ. Χ. / 6.

Οὐκ ἔστι γήμας, ὅστις οὐ χειμάζεται.  
 Λέγουσι πάντες, καὶ γαμοῦσιν εἰδότες.

INCERTI.

Ducis uxorem ! pateris procellas :  
 Dicis hoc, et scis : tamen ipse ducis.

Paulus Stephanus.

Omnis maritus in procelloso est mari :  
 Dicunt id omnes : cum sciant, ducunt tamen.

Grotius. *Ad. H. G. 1. p. 47*

Sta in burrascoso pelago chi ha moglie :  
 Ognun lo dice, e il sa, ma ognun la toglie.

M.

Wedlock is but a stormy kind of life.  
 So says each fool, and straightway takes a wife.

W. Shepherd.

The man that marries leads a stormy life,  
 Say all, and with eyes open take a wife.

G. B.

## CCCX.

ΑΛΦΕΙΟΥ ΜΙΤΥΛΗΝΑΙΟΥ. / Χ. 95.

Χειμερίοις νιφάδεσσι παλυνομένα τιθὰς ὄρνις,  
 Τέκνοις εὐναίας ἀμφέχρει πτέρυγας,  
 Μέσφα μιν οὐράνιον κρύος ὤλεσεν ἥ γὰρ ἔμεινεν  
 Αἰθέρος, οὐρανίων ἀντίπαλος νεφέων.  
 Πρόκνη καὶ Μήδεια, κατ' Αἶδος αἰδέσθητε,  
 Μητέρες, ὀρνίθων ἔργα διδασκόμεναι.

ALPHEI.

Sparsa licet nivibus, pennarum stragula pullis  
 Explicuit fida vernula cortis ope,  
 Frigore deriguit donec pia : namque caducis  
 Nubibus et gelido restitit usque polo.  
 Vos pudeat matres, Progne et Medea, sub Orco,  
 Quod faciunt teneræ cum scieritis aves.

G. B.

Gallina mansuetissima,  
 D' aspra neve brumale  
 Aspersa tutta, i teneri  
 Polli copria coll' ale.

Scudo costante ai miseri  
Fu contra il cielo argente,  
Fin che non cadde vittima  
Dell' etere inclemente.  
Progne e Medea vergogninsi  
Laggiù nel cupo Averno,  
E dagli augelli imparino  
Cid ch' opri amor materno.

Felici.

Liebe Henne, du triffest von Schnee und himmlischer Kälte,  
Indeff immer du noch mütterlich wärmest das Nest.  
Seht, sie ist schon erstarrt und deckt mit schützenden Flügeln  
Auch im Tode die ihr zärtlich geliebete Brut.  
O ihr Menschenmütter im Schattenreiche, Medea,  
Progne, erröthet ihr nicht, wenn euch der Vogel erscheint ?

Herder.

Gegen den stürmischen Schnee umschirmete brütend die Henne,  
Ueber dem einsamen Nest sorglich der Kinder Geschlecht,  
Bis sie dem Froste des Himmels erlag ; denn über den Jungen  
Wehrend dem Sturm und Gewölk harrete sie mütterlich aus.  
Progne, schämst du dich nicht in dem Nides ? bebst du, Medea,  
Nicht vor dir selber zurück, hörst du die Thaten des Huhns ?

Jacobs.

When winter's snow in beating storms descends,  
Her callow brood the mother bird defends :  
Her fostering wings their tender limbs embrace :  
Till froze to death, she still retains her place.  
In Pluto's realm, amidst the illustrious dead  
Blush, Procne, blush ; Medea, hide your head,  
Whilst a poor bird, by nature taught alone,  
To save her younglings' lives could sacrifice her own.

Sir A. Croke.

'Twas winter ; and the farm's domestic bird  
Shed her soft pinions round her nestling brood,  
Sprinkled the while with snows : nor yet she stirr'd  
Though 'neath heav'n's frost to perish, as she stood  
Their champion still 'gainst storm and cruel sky !  
Hear, Procne, and Medea, hear, for you  
Were mothers : and, from where in death ye lie,  
Know your full shame by what the fowls can do.

G. F. D. T.

## CCCXI.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν. vii. 7/5.

Εἰς Λεωνίδην.

Πολλὸν ἀπ' Ἰταλίας κείμει χθονός, ἐκ τε Τάραντος

Πάτρης· τοῦτο δέ μοι πικρότερον θανάτου.

Τοιοῦτος πλανίων ἄβιος βίος· ἀλλὰ με Μοῦσαι

Ἔστερξαν, λυγρῶν δ' ἀντὶ μελιχρὸν ἔχω.

Οὔνομα δ' οὐκ ἤμυσε Λεωνίδου· αὐτά με δῶρα

Κηρύσσει Μουσέων πάντας ἐπ' ἡέλους.

INCERTI.

Italia longe jaceo, patriaque Tarento,

Et magis hæc res est aspera morte mihi.

Invita usque adeo vita est peregrina: sed ipsis

A Musis melior nunc mihi vita data est.

Quippe per Aonidum sacra munera tempus in omne

Concelebrat nomen fama Leonideum.

Grotius. *Anth. Gr. 2. p. 271.*

Fern Hesperiens Lande, der glücklichen Heimath Tarantos

Deckt mich das Grab; schmerzvoll mehr als der Tod ist mir das.

Ein Unleben, ach, lebt der Verbannete. Aber die Musen

Waren mir hold; und entwölkt lächelt mir heiter mein Tag.

Nimmer vergehet Leonida's Ruhm; die Geschenke der Musen

Selber erhöh'n mich, wie lang Helios strahlend erwacht.

Erichson.

Fern von Italiens Land und den heimischen Fluren Tarentums

Lieg' ich im Grab; und dieß dünket mir herber als Lob.

Freudlos schwindet das Leben dem Irrenden; aber der Musen

Liebende Huld hat mir Süßes für Bitteres verliehn.

Nimmer verwehrt der Ruhm des Leonidas; sondern der Musen

Gaben verkunden ihn stets bis zu dem Ende der Zeit.

Jacobs.

Far from Tarentum's native soil I lie,

Far from the dear land of my infancy.

'Tis dreadful to resign this mortal breath,

But in a stranger clime 'tis worse than death!

Call it not life, to pass a fever'd age

In ceaseless wanderings o'er the world's wide stage.

But me the Muse has ever lov'd, and giv'n

Sweet joys to counterpoise the curse of Heav'n,

Nor lets my memory decay, but long

To distant times preserves my deathless song.

Merivale.

A long way from the land of Italy,  
And, bitterer to me than death! I lie  
Not in my native Táranto: so fares  
The needy wand'rer! But the tuneful Nine  
Gave me their love, and sweets in lieu of cares.  
And now can no oblivion sink my name;  
For to all time the Muses' gifts proclaim  
Leonidas, where'er the orb of day doth shine.

W.

CCCXII.

Λ Ε Ο Ν Ι Δ Α Α Λ Ε Ξ Α Ν Δ Ρ Ε Ω Σ . Ι Χ . β β ' .

Λυσίππου δ νεογνὸς ἀπὸ κρημνοῦ πάϊς ἔρπων  
'Αστυανακτεῖης ἤρχετο δυσμορίης  
'Η δὲ μεθωδήγησεν ἀπὸ στέρνων προφέρουσα  
Μαζόν, τὸν λιμοῦ ρύτορα καὶ θανάτου.

LEONIDÆ ALEXANDRINI.

Serpserat in scopulum Lysippæ parvulus infans,  
Nec procul a fatis Astyanactos erat.  
Sed retrahit genitrix ostensa a pectore mamma,  
Quæ mortem populit, pellere sueta famem.

Grotius.

*On an Infant playing on the edge of a precipice.*

Her infant playing on the verge of fate,  
When but an instant's space had been too late,  
And pointed crags had claim'd his forfeit breath,  
The mother saw; she laid her bosom bare;  
Her child sprang forward the known bliss to share;  
And that which nourish'd life now saved from death.

Merivale.

While on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,  
And the blue vales a thousand joys recal,  
See, to the last last verge her infant steals!  
O fly—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.  
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,  
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

Sam. Rogers.



— *Εἰπέ, τί σοι ξυνὸν καὶ Παλλάδι;* *τῇ γὰρ ἄκοντες*  
*Καὶ πόλεμοι πάρα· σοὶ δ' εὖαδον εἰλαπίναι.*  
*Β. Μὴ προπετῶς, ὦ ξεῖνε, θεῶν πέρι τοῖα μετᾴλλα·*  
*Ἴσθι δ' ὅσοις ἵκελος δαίμονι τῇδε πέλω.*  
*Καὶ γὰρ ἐμοὶ πολέμων φίλιον κλέος· οἶδεν ἅπας μοι*  
*Ἥφου δηθηθεὶς Ἴνδός ἀπ' Ὀκεανοῦ.*  
*Καὶ μερόπων δὲ φυὴν ἐγερέραμεν, ἡ μὲν, ἑλαίη,*  
*Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ γλυκεροῖς βότρυσιν ἡμερίδος.*  
*Καὶ μὴν οὐδ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ μήτηρ ὠδύνας ὑπέτλη·*  
*Λύσα δ' ἐγὼ μῆρον πάτριον, ἡ δέ, κάρη.*

Α Δ Η Δ Ο Ν.

INCERTI.

*De Bacchi imagine juxta Minervam stante.*

Quid tibi, Bacche, gravi cum Pallade? sanguis et arma  
 Illi sæva placent: at tibi cura dapes.  
 De Dis ne nimium propera cum disseris, hospes:  
 Huic ego sum similis plurima namque Deæ.  
 Est mihi bellatrix etiam manus; India novit  
 Edomita Eoi littus ad Oceani.  
 Munera mortali generi donavimus ambo,  
 Illa oleam, placidæ gaudia vitis ego.  
 Præterea neque me matris peperere dolores;  
 Ipse Jovis solvi sed femur, illa caput.

Grotius.

Bacco, alla Dea Tritonia  
 Come ti stai vicino?  
 L'armi diletta Pallade,  
 Te la crapola e il vino.  
 L'opre de' Numi a svolgere,  
 Rispose, è gran follia;  
 Pur odi quanto simile  
 A Palla Bacco sia.  
 Me pur l'armi diletta;  
 Me gl'Indi e i climi Eoi

Vider fin all' oceano  
 Fra i vincitori eroi.  
 Ambi rendiamo agli uomini  
 Gli spiriti smarriti,  
 Col pingue ulivo Pallade,  
 Io coll' amate viti.  
 Non io discesi a vivere  
 Dal sen d' alcuna madre:  
 Nacque dal capo Pallade;  
 Io dal fianco del Padre.

Felici.

A. Sprich, was hast du gemein mit Tritonen? Jener gefallen  
Langen und Waffengeräusch, dir das erfreuliche Mahl.

B. Forst'ich, o Fremdling, nicht nach den göttlichen Dingen mit Vorwiss.  
Aber doch wisse, mir ist Vieles mit dieser gemein.

Denn auch mich freut Ruhm in dem Kampf; ich besetzte der Inder  
Weit hinwohnend Geschlecht an des Okeanos Rand.

Beide begabten das Leben der Sterblichen; sie, mit dem Delbaum,  
Ich, mit dem süßen Gewächs, welches die Trauben erzeugt.

Ohne den Schmerz der Geburt erblickten wir beyde das Leben.  
Denn sie trennte das Haupt, Bacchos die Lenden des Zeus.

Jacob a.

A. What hath Bacchus to do with Minerva? the spear  
And the battle please her, thee the feast and good cheer.

B. Not so fast, my good friend, when you question the Gods:  
'Twixt that Goddess and me there are no such great odds.

As a proof that war's glories me also can please,  
Take all India subdued to the easternmost seas.

To enliven man's race both our blessings combine,  
Her's the olive, my gift is the sweet clust'ring vine.

Nor of me was a mother in pangs brought to bed:  
I slipt out of Jove's thigh, and she sprang from his head.

CCCXIV.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

Εἰς λουτρὸν μικρόν. / Χ. 754.

Μὴ νεμέσα βαιοῖσι· χάρις βαιοῖσιν ὀπηδεῖ.

Βαῶς καὶ Παφίης ἐπλετο κούρος Ἔρως.

INCERTI.

Parvula ne temnas, parvis nam gratia juncta est:

Parvulus et Paphiæ filius ales Amor.

Janus Jac.

Why should little things be blamed?

Little things for grace are famed;

Love, the winged and the wild,

Love is but a little child.

T. P. R.

## CCCXV.

ΜΟΥΣΙΚΙΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ. /X. 39.

Ἄ Κίπρις Μούσαισι· κοράσια, τὰν Ἀφροδίταν  
 Τιμᾶτ', ἥ τὸν Ἑρῶν ὕμνων ἐφοπλίσομαι.  
 Χαί' Μούσαι ποτὶ Κίπριν Ἄρει τὰ στωμύλα ταῦτα·  
 Ἀμῖν δ' οὐ πέταται τοῦτο τὸ παιδάριον.

MUSICII, VEL PLATONIS.

Cypris ait Musis : Agnoscite nostra, puellæ,  
 Numina, vel jussus vos male perdet Amor.  
 Has, Dea, respondent Musæ, Marti occine nugas.  
 Ad nos lascivus non volat ille puer.

Commirius.

Ad Musas Venus hæc : Veneri parete, puellæ,  
 In vos ne missus spicula tendat Amor.  
 Hæc Musæ ad Venerem : Sic Marti, Diva, mineris ;  
 Huc nusquam volitat debilis iste puer.

Sam. Johnson. Ἰν. ΧΙ. β. 238

Vener disse alle Muse : O m' onorate,  
 Ovver l' arme d' Amor tosto aspettate.  
 Ed elle : Non dir più ; che 'l tuo figliuolo  
 Così alto ove siam, non drizza il volo.

L. Alamanni.

Disse alle Muse un dì la Cipria Dea :  
 Fate a Dione, o verginelle, onore,  
 O v' arme contro Amore.  
 E le Muse alla vaga Citerea :  
 Queste belle parole  
 Serba al tuo Marte amato ;  
 Chè intorno a noi mai non avvien che vole  
 Quel garzoncello alato.

Fr. Forzoni Accolti.

Alle Muse Ciprigna : Fate onore,  
 O giovincelle, a Venere ; od armato  
 Farò che contra voi ne venga Amore.  
 E a Ciprigna le Muse : Questi tuoi  
 Ciarlari a Marte. Non ispiega il volo  
 Cotesto fanciulluzzo inverso noi.

Pompei.

Venus und die Musen.

Paphia sprach zu den Musen: " verehrt, o Mädchen, die hohe  
Paphia, oder ich . . . rüste den Amor auf euch!"  
Schwägerinn, sprachen die Musen, dem ungestitteten Mavors  
Drohe; den Musen bringt nimmer dein Knabe Gefahr.

Herder.

Gros und die Musen.

Kypria sprach zu den Musen: Ihr Mädchen, verehrt Aphroditens  
Gottheit, oder ich rüst' Gros zum Kampfe mit euch.  
Aber der Göttin erwiederten jen', Enyalios sage  
Die Prahlworte; bedroht Uns das geflügelte Kind?

Erichson.

Musen und Aphrobite.

Kypria sprach zu den Musen: Ihr Mägdelein, ehrt Aphrobiten,  
Oder mit Waffen bewehrt send' ich den Gros zu euch.  
Aber die Musen erwiederten ihr: Dieß drohe dem Ares;  
Gegen uns, Kypria, fehrt nimmer der Knabe den Flug.

Jacobs

Yee Nymphs, quoth Venus, stand of mee in awe,  
Or armed Love shall all your hearts invade.  
Goddesse, sayd they, wee reckon not a straw  
That winged boy; these threats to Mars upbraid.

Leximos Uthalmus.

*Imitation.*

Thus to the Muses spoke the Cyprian dame:  
Adore my altars, and revere my name;  
My son shall else assume his potent darts:  
Twang goes the bow: my girls, have at your hearts!

The Muses answer'd Venus: We deride  
The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride.  
Send him to nymphs who sleep on Ida's shade,  
To the loose dance and wanton masquerade.

Our thoughts are settled, and intent we look  
On the instructive verse and moral book:  
On female idleness his power relies,  
But when he finds us studying hard, he flies.

Prior.

*... 12. 13. [P. 165]*  
 CCCXVI.  
 ΕΥΗΝΟΥ.

*Eis ἄγαλμα Ἀφροδίτης τῆς ἐν Κνίδῳ.*

*Παλλὰς καὶ Κρονίδαο συνευνέτις εἶπον, ἰδοῦσαι  
 Τὴν Κνιδίην· ἀδίκως τὸν Φρύγα μεμφόμεθα.*

ΕΥΕΝΙ.

*Ut Cnidiam videre Jovis soror atque Minerva,  
 Dixerunt: Querimur non bene de Paride.*

Grotius.

*Palla e Giunon, allor che vedut' hanno  
 La Gnidia Citerea, dissero: A torto  
 Biasmi al Frigio pastor da noi si danno.*

Pompei.

*Ἐschauend die Knidische Kypria, begannen Athēn' und des Donn'ers  
 Gattinn: mit Unrecht doch strafen wir Priamos Sohn.*

Erichsen.

*Here und Pallas, als sie die Knidische Göttin erblickten,  
 Riefen: Mit Unrecht, traun, schalten wir Paris Gericht.*

Jacobs.

*When Pallas and Jove's bedfellow  
 Survey'd the Cnidian dame,  
 We have no right, they cried, to throw  
 On Paris all the blame.*

*... 64.*

*... 82. [P. 165]*  
 CCCXVII.  
 ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

*Μὴ σύ γ' ἐπ' οἰονόμοιο περίπλεον ἱλύος ὦδε  
 Τοῦτο χαραδραίης θερμόν, ὀδῖτα, πλῆγ·  
 Ἀλλὰ μολὼν μάλα τυτθὸν ὑπὲρ δαμαλήβοτον ἄκραν,  
 Κεῖσέ γε παρ κείνῃ ποιμενία πίτυϊ  
 Εὐρήσεις κελαρύζον εὐκρήνου διὰ πέτρης  
 Νᾶμα, Βορειαίης ψυχρότερον νιβάδος.*

LEONIDÆ.

*Hic, ubi pascit ovis, luteam torrentis ab alveo,  
 Si sapis, hanc tepidam sperne, viator, aquam.  
 Sed juga tu supera, brevis est via, tonsa juvencæ;  
 Grata ubi pastori pinus obumbrat humum:  
 Irrigua de rupe latex ibi murmurat; illic  
 Fonte leva nivibus frigidior sitim.*

G. B.

Nicht aus dem reichen Gesümpf, o Wanderer, das von den Anhöhn  
Nieder geschwemmt nachblieb, schöpfe den laulichen Trunk.  
Weiter ein wenig nur um den kälberweibenden Hügel,  
Dort, wo Hirten zur Lust säuselnd die Fichte sich hebt,  
Findest du voll aufströmend des quelligen Felsengeflüßtes  
Klare Fluth, wie des Nord's Floßengeflöber, so kalt.

Voss.

Trinke nicht hier aus dem einsamen Sumpf und des wilben Gewässers  
Nesten das laulige Raß, Wandrer, mit Schlamm gemischt;  
Sondern ein wenig entfernt an der Kinderernährenden Anhö,   
Neben der Fichte, dem Sitz weibender Hirten zunächst,  
Gießet sich dir ein silberner Bach aus der moßigen Felskluft,  
Kalt wie thrakischer Schnee, rieselnd zur Ebne herab.

Jacobs:

Too lonely is this place; nor cool nor clear  
The torrent's water; wand'rer, drink not here.  
Climb but yon knoll, the heifer's pasture sweet;  
There, by yon pine, the shepherd's noonday seat,  
Thou'lt see from out its rocky fountain flow  
The gurgling wave, more cold than Scythian snow.

G. S.

CCCXVIII.

[Anth. 201, 272]

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Πάντες, Μιλτιάδη, τὰ σ' ἀρήϊα ἔργα ἴσασιν  
Πέρσαι, καὶ Μαραθῶν σῆς ἀρετῆς τέμενος.

INCERTI.

Cognita, Miltiade, tua facta ingentia Persis:  
Virtuti Marathon est sacra terra tuæ.

Grotius. *Ant. Gr. Bib. III (Grotius)*

Was du im Kriege gethan, o Miltiades, kennet der Perser  
Heerschaar. Marathons Feld ist dir ein Tempel des Ruhms.

Jacobs.

Miltiades! thy valour best  
(Although in every region known)  
The men of Persia can attest,  
Taught by thyself at Marathon.

W. Cowper.

Miltiades, thy victories  
Must ev'ry Persian own;  
And hallow'd by thy prowess lies  
The field of Marathon.

W.

## CCCXIX.

IOYΔΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΝΤΙΚΕΝΣΟΡΟΣ. x/. 369.

Ἀσφαλῆως οἴκησον ἐν ἄστει, μή σε κολάψῃ  
 Αἵματι Πυγμαλῶν ἡδομένη γέρανος.

JULIANI ANTECESSORIS.

Obvia, Pygmæo quæ gaudet sanguine, ne te  
 Grus fodiat rostro, tutus in urbe mane.

G. B.

Statti in casa, o le grù ti assaliranno,  
 Chè de' pigmei ghiotte del sangue vanno,

M.

Don't venture out of town: a crane, may be,  
 Scenting out pigmy blood, will peck at thee.

W.

Keep safe in town; some rav'ning crane, mayhap,  
 In pigmy's blood delighting, thine may tap.

G. B.

*Rondeau.*

Stay in town, little wight,  
 Safe at home:  
 If you roam,  
 The cranes, who delight  
 Upon pigmies to sup,  
 Will gobble you up.  
 Stay at home.

W.

## CCCXX.

AMMIANOY. x/. 152.

Εἰ βούλει τὸν παῖδα διδάξαι ῥήτορα, Παῦλε,  
 Ὡς οὗτοι πάντες, γράμματα μὴ μαθέτω.

AMMIANI.

Institui puerum si vis a rhetore, Paule,  
 Nil legat: illorum more disertus erit.

Grotius.

1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

Vuoi che a' nostri orator divenga pari,  
 Paolo, tuo figlio? Fa che nulla impari.

Pagnini.

Would you breed your son a speaker, like the men who rule the nation,  
 Have a care you don't unfit him by a learned education.

W.

## CCCXXI.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ. VII. 664.

Ἀρχίλοχον καὶ στᾶθι καὶ εἶσιν τὸν πάλαι ποιητᾶν,  
 Τὸν τῶν ἰάμβων οὐ τὸ μυρίον κλέος  
 Διήλθε κήπῳ νύκτα καὶ ποτ' ἄω.  
 Ἥ ῥά νιν αἱ Μοῦσαι καὶ ὁ Δάλιος ἡγάγευν Ἀπόλλων,  
 Ὡς ἐμμελής τ' ἔγεντο κήπιδέξιος  
 Ἐπεὰ τε ποιεῖν, πρὸς λύραν τ' ἀειδεῖν.

LEONIDÆ, VEL THEOCRITI.

Consiste, Archilochumque hic aspice principem poetam  
 Antiquum iambi, cujus ingens gloria  
 Ad vesperum pervenit atque ad ortum.  
 Is sane a Musis, et Apolline Delio est amatus ;  
 Tam suavis, et tam carminis solers fuit  
 Pangendi, et ad modos lyræ canendi.

Liebel.

Il piè sofferma, o passeggiere, e mira  
 Archiloco di iambi autore antico,  
 Il cui gran nome Occaso ed Orto ammira :  
 Fu al Delio Apollo ed alle Muse amico ;  
 Sì egli era in compor versi abile e destro,  
 E in su la lira del cantar maestro.

Vicini.

Wanderer, steh' und schau den Archilochos, Paros alten Sprößling,  
 Des Iambus Sänger ; endlos ist sein hoher Ruhm  
 Vom Morgen bis zum Niedergang gebrungen.  
 Denn ihn liebten die Musen, und Delios schützte huldreich ihn,  
 Daff vielgewandt er und der Liebergabe voll  
 Des Epos Weisen und den Lyra Ton fand.

Jacobs.

## On Archilochus.

Archilochus, that antient bard, behold !  
 Arm'd with his own iambics keen and bold ;  
 Whose living fame with rapid course has run  
 Forth from the rising to the setting sun.  
 The Muses much their darling son approv'd,  
 The Muses much, and much Apollo lov'd ;  
 So terse his style, so regular his fire,  
 Composing verse to suit his sounding lyre.

Fawkes.



Νεβρέλων ὀπόσον σάλπιγξ ὑπερίαχεν αὐλῶν,  
 Τόσσον ὑπὲρ πάσας ἔκραγε σείῳ χέλυσ'  
 Οὐδὲ μάτην ἀπαλοῖς ξουθὸς περὶ χέλυσιν ἐσμός  
 Ἐπλασε κηρόδετον, Πινδारे, σείῳ μέλι.  
 Μάρτυς ὁ Μαινάλιος κέρους θεός, ὕμνον ἀέσας  
 Τὸν σέο, καὶ νομίων λησάμενος δονάκων.

Ut pastorales vincit tuba martia cantus,  
 Exsuperat cunctas sic tua voce chelys.  
 Nec frustra in teneris puero tibi mellea labris  
 Dona supervolitans, Pindare, finxit apis.  
 Mænalius Pan testis erit: tua carmina namque  
 Jam canit, et calamos abjicit ille suos.

Wie die Tuba den Klang der kleinen ländlichen Flöte  
 Übertönt, so tönt, Pindar, dein hoher Gesang  
 Über alle Gesänge. Vergebens trugen die Bienen  
 Dir, dem Kinde, nicht schon Honig im Schlummer herbey;  
 Selbst der Mänalische Pan vergiffet deine Gesänge,  
 Singt statt ihrer anjetzt, Pindar, dein heiliges Lied.

So wie die Tuba des Kriegs weit über die Endcherne Pfeife  
 Hinschallt, weicht dir auch jeglicher Laute Getön,  
 Pindaros. Nicht umsummten vergebens dich Schwärme der Bienen,  
 Dir süßduftenden Seim bildend auf lieblichem Mund.  
 Zeugte nicht Pan dir selbst, der Mänalische, welcher bey deinen  
 Liedern, den Hirtengesang ländlicher Flöten vergaß.

## On Pindar.

As the loud trumpet to the goatherd's pipe,  
 So sounds thy lyre, all other sounds surpassing;  
 Since round thy lips, in infant fulness ripe,  
 Swarm'd honied bees, their golden stores amassing.  
 Thine, Pindar, be the palm, by him decreed  
 Who holds on Mænalus his royal sitting;  
 Who for thy love forsook his simple reed,  
 And hymns thy lays in strains a god befitting.

As the voice of the jubilant trumpet's swell  
 Surpasses the goatherd's flute,  
 So, Pindar, whenever thou strik'st the loud shell,  
 Overpower'd all others are mute.  
 T' was for this, on thy soft lips the bees in a throng  
 Honied labours are said to have plied,  
 And Mænalian Pan, for the charm of thy song,  
 Laid his pastoral ditty aside.

W.

## CCCXXIII.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ. Vll. 519.

*Δαίμονα τίς δ' εὖ οἶδε τὸν αὔριον, ἀνίκα καὶ σέ,  
 Χάρμι, τὸν ὀφθαλμοῖς χθίζον ἐν ἀμετέροις,  
 Τᾷ ἑτέρᾳ κλαύσαντες ἐθάπτομεν; οὐδὲν ἐκείνου  
 Εἶδε πατὴρ Διοφῶν χρῆμ' ἀνιηρότερον.*

CALLIMACHI.

Fata, quis est hominum, novit qui crastina, Charmi,  
 Si te, quem populus vidimus omnis heri,  
 Nunc flemus, terræque damus? Nil tempore tanto  
 Aspexit Diophon tam sibi triste pater.

Grotius. *See also Vol. I. p. 172.*

Crastina nescimus quæ lux mala proferat: et te  
 Vidit heri in vivis deliciasque pater,  
 Charmi, novâ quem luce sepulcro tradimus: istâ  
 Nil poterit, Diophon, tristius esse die.

T. F.

Chi può il domane saper mai, se visto  
 Te ieri, o Carmi, co' nostri occhi abbiamo,  
 E sotterra piangendo or ti poniamo?  
 Tuo padre non provò caso più tristo!

Pagnini.

Who shall pretend to read tomorrow's doom?  
 O Charmis dear!  
 One day, our eyes beheld thee in thy bloom;  
 The next, we laid thee weeping in the tomb:  
 Ne'er knew thy sire a sorrow so severe!

J. W. B.

## CCCXXIV.

ΑΛΦΕΙΟΥ ΜΙΤΥΛΗΝΑΙΟΥ. 1X. 97.

Ἀνδρομάχης ἔτι θρήνον ἀκούομεν, εἰσέτι Τροίην  
 Δερκόμεθ' ἐκ βάθρων πᾶσαν ἐρειπομένην,  
 Καὶ μόθον Αἰάντειον, ὑπὸ στεφάνῃ τε πόλλης  
 Ἔκδετον ἐξ ἵππων Ἐκτορα συρόμενον,  
 Μαιονίδεω διὰ μούσαν, ὃν οὐ μία πατὴρ ἀοιδὸν  
 Κοσμεῖται, γαίης δ' ἀμφοτέρης κλίματα.

ALPHEI MITYLENÆI.

Nunc etiam Andromaches auditur planctus, et imis  
 Sedibus ante oculos Troja revulsa ruit.  
 Iliacis ciet arma furens sub mœnibus Ajax,  
 Raptus Achilleis et volat Hector equis,  
 Carmine Mæonidis, quem non sua patria vatem  
 Sola, sed Europæ vox Asiæque colit.

G. S.

D' Andromaca odo ancor gli alti lamenti,  
 E di Troja le mura desolate  
 Svelte rimiro ancor da' fondamenti,  
 E le prodi d' Ajace opre onorate,  
 E strascinato da' corsier frementi  
 Ettor, pe' carmi del Meonio vate,  
 Che cittadin non d' una patria sola,  
 Ricco d' onor per l' universo vola.

Pagnini.

Der unsterbliche Homer.

Immer noch tönen sie mir, der Andromache Klagen. In Flammen  
 Stehet Troja vor uns, stürzend in Trümmer und Graus.  
 Ajax kämpfet noch jetzt vor Iliens heiligen Mauern,  
 Hektorn sehen wir noch sinken in schmachlichen Staub.  
 Einer, der Mäonide, gab Allen unsterbliches Leben,  
 Und sein Vaterland ist jede bewohnte Welt.

Herder.

Immer noch hör' ich den Schmerz Andromachens; immer noch sehn wir  
 Iliens heilige Burg tief aus den Wurzeln zerstört;  
 Und den Miantischen Kampf, und von feurigen Roffen Achilleus  
 Hektors Leiche geschleift unter den Mauern der Stadt,  
 Durch die Gesänge Homers. Nicht bloß Ein Vaterland preißt ihn;  
 Beyde Klimaten der Welt feyern den Sänger zugleich.

Jacobs.

Still in our ears Andromache complains,  
And still in sight the fate of Troy remains;  
Still Ajax fights, still Hector's dragged along,  
Such strange enchantment dwells in Homer's song;  
Whose birth could more than one poor realm adorn,  
For all the world is proud that he was born.

Anon. Spectator. 1757.

Troy from its base all tott'ring still we see,  
Still hear thy wail, Andromache,  
See Ajax toil, and Hector dragg'd beneath  
The high embattled wreath  
That girds the city round,  
To war steeds bound;  
Through Homer's muse: whom not one land alone  
Boasts, for the world declares the bard her own.

E. S.

CCCXXV.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν . Χ / V . 45.

Αἰνιγματώδη. Εἰς ἔσοπτρον.

\*Αν μ' ἐσίδῃς, καὶ ἐγὼ σέ· σὺ μὲν βλεφάροισι δέδορκας,  
'Αλλ' ἐγὼ οὐ βλεφάροισ· οὐ γὰρ ἔχω βλέφαρα.  
\*Αν δ' ἐθέλῃς, λαλέω φωνῇς δόξα· σοὶ γὰρ ὑπάρχει  
Φωνή, ἐμοὶ δὲ μάτην χεῖλε' ἀνουγόμενα.

INCERTI.

Specto, si spectas: oculis tu, non ego vero  
Cerno oculis; nulli nam mihi sunt oculi.  
Quod si vis, sine voce loquar; nam vox tibi; vano  
Sola labore mihi labra movere datum.

Grotius.

Allor che tu mi guardi, anch' io ti guardo,  
Bench' io non abbia come hai tu pupille:  
Se vuoi ch' io parli, a spalancar non tardo  
Mie labbra, ma parlar nessun udille.

Pagnini.

As we gaze on each other, your eyes look at me;  
But eyes I have none; though I look, I don't see.  
I'll converse if you please: you'll hear nothing it's true,  
For I open my lips, but have no voice like you.

W.

## CCCXXVI.

ΜΑΚΚΙΟΥ. ΙΧ. 703.

Αὐτός, ἀναξ, ἔμβαينه θεῷ πηδήματι, ληνοῦ  
 Λακτιστής, ἔργου δ' ἡγέο νυκτερίου,  
 Λεύκωσαι πόδα γαῦρον, ἐπὶ ῥῶσαι δὲ χορείην  
 Λάτρην, ὑπὲρ κούφων ζωσάμενος γονάτων  
 Εὐγλωσσον δ' ὀχέετευε κενούς, μάκαρ, ἐς πιθεώνας  
 Οἶνον, ἐπὶ ψαιστοῖς καὶ λασίῃ χιμάρῳ.

MACCII.

Ipsē meum calca prelum pede, Liber, ovanti,  
 Et te nocturnum præsīde currat opus.  
 Crura, age, detractis nudes animosa cothurnis :  
 Turba volet celeri te duce serva choro,  
 Inque cados vacuos derives dulcia vina.  
 Digna tibi merces, liba, capella manent.

G. S.

Die Weinlese.

Komm und stürze dich, Bacchos, mit schnellem Sprung' in die Kelter,  
 Stampfe die Trauben, und sei König des nächtlichen Werks!  
 Schürze dich auf, und ermuntre den Keltertanz, von den leichten  
 Füßen triefe der Most und vom geschmeibigen Knie,  
 Daff der zungebelebende Wein, bei 'm Opfer der Fladen  
 Und der zottigen Geiß, ström' in die Fässer hinein!

Christian von Stolberg.

Steige nur selber herein mit dem flüchtigen Fusse, des Weinfeßts  
 Rüstiger Länger, o Herr! Leite das nächtliche Werk.  
 Nimm bis über das kräftige Knie dir das lange Gewand auf;  
 Treibend die Kelterer zum Tanz, färbe die Füße mit Schaum.  
 Leit' auch endlich den Most in die reinlichen Fässer, und nimm dann  
 Freundlich die zottige Geiß, freundlich die Kuchen zum Dank.

Jacobs.

Come, Lord of joy, with bound so light,  
 Thyself our wine-press deign to tread,  
 That merrily the livelong night  
 Our work may run, by Bacchus led.  
 Gird up thy kirtle, and lay bare  
 Thy lusty shank, thy li'some knee :  
 Our maidens all more feat and yare  
 The round will pace cheered on by thee.

Fill to the brim each empty cask  
 With rivulets of luscious wine;  
 And then, blest sprite, to quit thy task  
 Cakes and a shaggy kid are thine.

G. B.

## CCCXXVII.

ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ. V. 234.

Ὅ πρὶν ἀμαλθάκτοισιν ὑπὸ φρεσὶν ἡδὺν ἐν ἡβῃ  
 Οἰστροφόρου Παφίης θεσμὸν ἀπειπάμενος,  
 Γυιοβόροις βελέεσσιν ἀνέμβατος ὁ πρὶν Ἑρώτων,  
 Αἰχένα σοὶ κλίνω, Κύπρι, μεσαιπόλιος.  
 Δέξο με καγχαλώσα, σοφὴν ὅτι Παλλάδα νικᾷς  
 Νῦν πλέον, ἢ τὸ πάρος μῆλ' ἔφ' Ἑσπερίδων.

PAULI SILENTIARII.

Ille ego qui quondam, dum ver mihi floruit ævi,  
 In Paphiæ leges corde rebellis eram;  
 Ille ego qui vixi telis intactus Amoris,  
 Submitto senior jam tibi colla, Venus.  
 Suscipe me rideque : magis jam Pallada vincis,  
 Quam cum de malo lis fuit Hesperidum.

Grotius. *Œd. 261.*

Quell' io, che già degli anni miei sul fiore  
 Venere odiai, a Palla ognor costante,  
 A nuovo stral decrepito amatore  
 Offro oggi il cuor non mai piagato avante.  
 Lieta m' accogli, o madre alma d' Amore,  
 E insuperbisci pel canuto amante;  
 Per cui nuovo trionfo hai sulla Dea  
 Più bello assai della vittoria Idea.

Averardo de' Medici.

The youth who with unmitigated mind  
 Inciting Paphia's gentle sway declined,  
 Who proved so unassailable when blooming,  
 And set at nought Love's arrows limb-consuming;  
 Now, Cypris, with his wise head frosted over,  
 Bends low to thee his neck and turns a lover.  
 Take me and laugh. Thou thwartest Pallas wise,  
 E'en more than when she lost the Hesperid golden prize.

G. C. S.

## CCCXXVIII.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ. 1x. 823,

Eis ἄγαλμα Πανὸς συρίζον.

Συγάτω λάσιον δρυάδων λέπας, οἳ τ' ἀπὸ πέτρας  
 Κρουνοί, καὶ βληχὴ πούλυμυγῆς τοκάδων,  
 Αὐτὸς ἐπεὶ σύρυγγι μελίσδεται εὐκελάδῳ Πάν,  
 Ἵγρὸν εἰς ζευκτῶν χεῖλος ὑπὲρ καλάμων  
 Αἰ δὲ πέριξ θαλεροῖσι χορὸν ποσὶν ἐστήσαντο  
 Ἵδριάδες Νύμφαι, Νύμφαι Ἀμαδρυάδες.

PLATONIS.

*De effigie Panis fistula canente.*

Balatus ovium sileant, Dryadumque recessus  
 Frondiferi, et murmur rupe cadentis aquæ :  
 Ipse canens silvis carmen resonabile Faunus  
 Labra super vinctis ponit arundinibus :  
 At circum in numeros perplexa ambage feruntur  
 Pulcher Amadryadum Naiadumque chorus.

Grotius. *h. 1. 2. p. 445.*

Auf eine schöne Gegend, in der Pans Bildniß stand.

Schweige, du Eichenhain ! Ihr Quellen unter den Felsen,  
 Murmelt leiser, und ihr, Hirten und Herden, schweigt  
 Vor der Säule des Pans, der hier aus künstlicher Fldte  
 Süße Gesänge lockt, locket den Schlummer herbei.  
 Und rings um ihn schwebt der Nymphen und Hamadryaden  
 Und der Naiaden Chor in den frohlockenden Tanz.

Herder.

Schweiget, ihr Eichen des schroffen Gebirgs, du, rauschender Felsbach,  
 Raste ; verworrenes Geblöck saugender Herden, auch du.  
 Denn Pan selber erhebt den Gesang auf melodischer Syrinx,  
 Ueber der Röhre Verein gleitet der störende Mund ;  
 Und es verschlingen im zierlichen Chor schönblühende Nymphen,  
 Hamadryaden um ihn und Hydriaden den Arm.

Jacobs.

Hush'd be the Dryad band on wooded rock !  
 Hush'd be the water's dash, and bleating flock !  
 E'en now his moist lips o'er the reeds he ran,  
 Himself the reeds attuning, mighty Pan !  
 In frolic dance their many-twinkling feet  
 Nymphs of the grove and fount around him beat.

J. B.

## CCCXXIX.

ΚΡΙΝΑΓΟΡΟΥ. / X. 234.

"Αχρι τεῦ, ᾧ δαίλαιε, κεναῖς ἐπὶ ἐλπίσι, θυμέ,  
 Πωτηθεὶς ψυχρῶν ἀσσοτάτω νεφέων,  
 "Αλλοις ἄλλ' ἐπ' ὄνειρα διαγράψεις ἀφένιοι;  
 Κτητὸν γὰρ θνητοῖς οὐδὲ ἐν αὐτόματον.  
 Μουσέων ἄλλ' ἐπὶ δῶρα μετέρχεο· ταῦτα δ' ἀμυδρὰ  
 Εἶδωλα ψυχῆς ἡλεμάτοισι μέβες.

CRINAGORÆ.

Quo precor usque citis, quas spes tibi subjecit, alis,  
 O anime, ad cœli nubila summa volas,  
 Divitiasque tibi semper, nova somnia, pingis?  
 Parce; parant homines absque labore nihil.  
 Pieridum placeant tibi munera: qui velit, amens  
 Obscuris animum pascat imaginibus.

Grotius. — *Ant. v. 1. p. 239.*

Die Wolken.

Arme Seele, wie lang', o wie lang willst du den leeren  
 Hoffnungen fliegen nach, unter die Wolken hinauf?  
 Kalte Wolken und leere Träume jagen einander,  
 Geben den Sterblichen nichts, nichts sie Beglückendes hier.  
 Komm' herunter, und suche der Weisheit Gaben. Der Eitle  
 Hasche den leeren Wind, der nur die Leeren beglückt.

Herder.

Sprich, o thöriges Herz, wie lang noch wirfst du von eitler  
 Hoffnung trunken empor schweben zum kalten Gewölk;  
 Dieß Phantom mit jenem, und Träume mit Träumen vertauschend?  
 Nichts wird Menschen zu Theil, ohne Bemühen und umsonst.  
 Aber der Müssen Geschenk erstrebe dir! Sener verworrenen  
 Bilder von Glück und Genuß mögen sich Thoren erfreun.

Jacobs.

How long upon vain hopes, oh wretched Soul,  
 Still fluttering too near the cloud's cold chill,  
 Shall dream on dream of riches thee cajole?  
 For nought accrues to mortals as they will.  
 Seek thou the Muses' gifts; and leave to fools  
 These visions dim, wrought by thy fancy's tools.

E. S.

M m



## CCCXXX.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ. ΙΧ. 331.

Αἱ Νύμφαι τὸν Βάκχον, ὅτ' ἐκ πυρὸς ἤλατο κοῦρος,  
 Νίψαν ὑπὲρ τέφρης ἄρτι κυλιόμενον.  
 Τοῦνεκα σὺν Νύμφαις Βρόμιος φίλος· ἦν δέ νιν εἵργησεν  
 Μίσγεσθαι, δέξῃ πῦρ, ἔτι καίόμενον.

MELEAGRI.

Bacchus ut e flammis puer exiliisset, in undis  
 Tinxerunt Nymphæ sordidum adhuc cinere.  
 Hinc junctus Nymphis est Bacchus gratus: at ignem  
 Ardentem capies, hunc nisi miscueris.

Erasmus.

*Bacchus fonti impositus.*

Nondum natus eram, cum me prope perdidit ignis.  
 Ex illo fontes tempore Bacchus amo.

*Idem, ex adverso respiciens Fontem Nympharum.*

Qui colitis Bacchum, comites simul addite Nymphas;  
 Nam sine ope illarum munera nostra nocent.

Muretus.

Quando del rayo ardiente	De puras dulces aguas
Salío el festivo Baco	Le diéron frescos baños;
De pavesa y cenizas	Y por eso las Ninfas
Y de humo rodeado,	Son amadas de Baco,
Las apacibles Ninfas	Y sin ellas es fuego
De las fuentes y lagos,	Su licor soberano.

Conde.

*De Bacchus et des Nymphes.*

Quand Bacchus du paternel foudre  
 Fut par les Nymphes enlevé,  
 Elles de la soufreuse poudre  
 Dans leurs fontaines l'ont lavé:  
 Dès-lors il ayma tant les belles,  
 N' estant ingrat de leur bienfait,  
 Que celui qui le prend sans elles  
 Prend un feu qui encor méfait.

Baif.

## Wein und Wasser.

Als Dionysus einst aus Jupiters Flammen an's Licht sprang,  
Wuschen die Nymphen ihn freundlich am Küh'lenden Quell;  
Und noch liebt er die Nymphen, und wird mit ihnen so milde;  
Ohne der Küh'lenden Bad ist er ein brennender Gott.

Herder.

Als Dionysos eben als Kind aus den Flammen hervorging,  
Noch von der Asche bedeckt, wuschen die Nymphen ihn ab.  
Darum bringt er Genuß mit den Nymphen nur. Störst du die alte  
Eintracht, findest du nur flammendes Feuer in ihm.

Jacobs.

Great Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,  
By native heat asserts his dreadful sire.  
Nourish'd near shady rills and cooling strea  
He to the Nymphs avows his amorous flame  
To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine,  
The moral says : Mix water with your wine.

Prior. let. 1. a. 196.

While heavenly fire consumed his Theban dame,  
A Naiad caught young Bacchus from the flame,  
And dipp'd him burning in her purest lymph.  
Still, still he loves the sea-maid's crystal urn,  
And when his native fires infuriate burn,  
He bathes him in the fountain of the Nymph.

T Moore.

*Vidua leucurus*, "Functio. Loc. - 15-17.

CCCXXI.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.  
Εἰς Διόνυσον.

Ἐκ πυρός, ὃ Διόνυσσε, τὸ δεύτερον, ἡνίκα χαλκοῦς,  
Ἐξεφάνης· γενεὴν εὗρε Μύρων ἑτέρην.

**INCERTI.**

Dat tibi natales alios ex igne, Lyæe,  
Efformat dum te rursus in ære Myron.

P. Francius.

Einmahl warst du aus Feu'r, einmahl aus Erz, Dithyrambos ;  
Myrons Kunst, sie erfand dir eine andre Geburt.

Erichson.

Bacchus, the flames have brought thee twice to view :  
From Myron's forge thou'rt born in bronze anew.

W.

## CCCXXXII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

"Οτε λάρνακι ἐν δαιδαλέῳ ἄνεμος  
 Βρέμῃ πνέων, κινηθεῖσά τε λίμνα  
 Δείματι ῥριπεν, οὐδ' ἀδιάντοισι  
 Παρειαῖς, ἀμφί τε Περσεῖ βάλε  
 Φίλαν χέρα, εἰπέν τε ᾧ τέκος,  
 Οἶον ἔχω πόνον· σὺ δ' ἄωτεῖς, γαλαθηνῶ τ'  
 "Ἡτορι κνώσσεις ἐν ἀτερπεῖ δώματι,  
 Χαλκεογόμφῳ δέ, νυκτιλαμπεῖ,  
 Κυανέῳ τε δνόφῳ. τὺ δ' αὐαλέαν  
 "Υπερθε τεὰν κόμαν βαθεῖαν  
 Παριόντος κύματος οὐκ ἀλέγεις,  
 Οὐδ' ἀνέμου φθόγγων, πορφυρέα  
 Κείμενος ἐν χλανίδι, πρόσωπον καλόν.  
 Εἰ δέ τοι δεινὸν τόγε δεινὸν ἦν,  
 Καί κεν ἐμῶν ῥημάτων λεπτόν  
 Ὑπεῖχες οὖας, κέλομαι, εὐδε, βρέφος,  
 Εὐδέτω δὲ πόντος, εὐδέτω ἄμετρον κακόν.  
 Μεταβουλία δέ τις φανείη,  
 Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἐκ σέο· ὃ τι δὴ θαρσαλέον  
 Ἔπος, εὐχομαι τεκνόφι δίκας σύγγνωθί μοι.

SIMONIDIS.

Nocte sub obscura verrentibus æquora ventis,  
 Quum brevis immensa cymba nataret aqua,  
 Multa gemens Danaë subjecit brachia nato,  
 Et teneræ lacrymis immaduere genæ.  
 Tu tamen ut dulci, dixit, pulcherrime, somno  
 Obrutus, et metuens tristia nulla, jaces.  
 Quamvis, heu quales cunas tibi concutit unda,  
 Præbet et incertam pallida luna facem,  
 Et vehemens flavos everberat aura capillos,  
 Et prope; subsultans, irrigat ora liquor!  
 Nate, meam sentis vocem? Nil cernis, et audis,  
 Teque premunt placidi vincula blanda dei,  
 Nec mihi purpureis effundis blæsa labellis  
 Murmura, nec notos confugis usque sinus.

Care, quiesce, puer, sævique quiescite fluctus,  
 Et mea qui pulsas corda, quiesce, dolor.  
 Cresce puer; matris cari atque ulciscere luctus,  
 Tuque tuos saltem protege summe Tonans.

Jortin

Ventus quum fremeret, superque cymbam  
 Horrentis furor immineret undæ,  
 Non siccis Danaë genis puellum  
 Circumfusa suum; "Miselle," dixit,  
 "O quæ sustineo! sopore dulci  
 "Dum tu solveris, insciâque dormis  
 "Securus requie; neque has per undas  
 "Illætabile, luce sub malignâ,  
 "Formidas iter, impetumque fluctûs  
 "Supra cæsariem tuam profusam  
 "Nil curas salientis, ipse molli  
 "Porrectus tunicâ, venustus infans;  
 "Nec venti fremitum. Sed, o miselle,  
 "Si mecum poteras dolere, saltem  
 "Junxisses lacrymas meis querelis.  
 "Dormi, care puer! gravesque fluctus,  
 "Dormite! O utinam mei dolores  
 "Dormirent simul! . . . O Pater Deorum,  
 "Cassum hoc consilium sit, et quod ultra  
 "(Fortè audacius) oro, tu parentis  
 "Ultorem puerum, supreme, serves."

R. Smith

Danaë's Klage. Ein Fragment.

Urfios zwang seine Tochter Danaë, mit ihrem Sohne  
 Perseus in einem Rachen über das Meer zu flüchten.

Da der Sturm sich erhob mit wilhem Brausen,  
 Und die empörten Wogen zu zerschellen  
 Drohten den Rachen; schlang die bange Mutter  
 Mit bethränten Wangen den Arm um ihren  
 Perseus, und rufte klagend: O, mein Kindlein!  
 Welchen Jammer erdulde ich? sorglos schlummerst  
 Du indeß in der süßen Säuglingsunschuld  
 Deines Herzens! Eingeschlossen im grausen Kerker,

Von den Fluthen geschleubert, und in finstre  
 Mitternächtliche Schatten eingehüllet.  
 Ach, du liegest indeß bedeckt mit deinem  
 Purpurmantel, unweht von deinen krausen  
 Wallenden Locken; unbekümmert durch die  
 Stürzende Wog', und durch des Sturmes Sausen!  
 Ach du schönes Knäblein! wenn dir fürchtbar,  
 Fürchtbar dir wäre diese Noth, du würdest  
 Neigen dein zartes Ohr zu meiner Klage!  
 Ach, ich flehe dir, schlafe Kind! und schlafet  
 Wogen! und du, unendlicher Jammer, schlafe!

Christian von Stolberg.

When the wind, resounding high,  
 Bluster'd from the northern sky,  
 When the waves, in stronger tide,  
 Dash'd against the vessel's side,  
 Her care-worn cheek with tears bedew'd,  
 Her sleeping infant Danae view'd;  
 And trembling still with new alarms,  
 Around him cast a mother's arms.  
 "My child! what woes does Danae weep!  
 But thy young limbs are wrapt in sleep.  
 In that poor nook all sad and dark,  
 While lightnings play around our bark,  
 Thy quiet bosom only knows  
 The heavy sigh of deep repose.  
 The howling wind, the raging sea,  
 No terror can excite in thee;  
 The angry surges wake no care  
 That burst above thy long deep hair;  
 But couldst thou feel what I deplore,  
 Then would I bid thee sleep the more!  
 Sleep on, sweet boy; still be the deep!  
 Oh could I lull my woes to sleep!  
 Jove, let thy mighty hand o'erthrow  
 The baffled malice of my foe;  
 And may this child, in future years  
 Avenge his mother's wrongs and tears!"

D.

## CCCXXXIII.

ΑΡΧΙΟΥ ΜΙΤΥΛΗΝΑΙΟΥ. ΙΧ. ///.

Θρήϊκας αἰνεῖτω τις, ὅτι στοναχεῦσι μὲν νῆας  
 Μητέρος ἐκ κόλπων πρὸς φάος ἐρχομένους·  
 Ἐμπαλὶ δ' ὀλβίζουσιν ὅσους αἰῶνα λιπόντας  
 Ἀπροΐδης Κηρῶν λάτρης ἔμαρψε Μόρος.  
 Οἱ μὲν γὰρ ζῶντες αἰὲ παντοῖα περῶσιν  
 Ἐς κακά, τοὶ δὲ κακῶν εὖρον ἄκος φθίμενοι.

## ARCHIÆ.

Thracum laudanda est sapientia ; queis modo natus  
 Excipitur fletu tristitiaque puer ;  
 Ast anima e vita discedens non sine plausu  
 Mittitur ad Stygias lætitiaque domos.  
 Principium luctus nasci est mortalibus ægris,  
 Perfugium luctus et medicina mori.

G. S.

Danno i Traci a ragion per chi vien fuore  
 Dal sen materno segni di dolore,  
 E stiman sovra tutti avventurato  
 Quel cui ratto involò di vita il fato ;  
 Chè mille e mille mali a' vivi assedio  
 Fan : morte sola è d' ogni mal rimedio.

Pagnini.

The Thracians' custom I applaud, for they  
 Bewail the infant on his natal day ;  
 But joy when death with unexpected blow  
 Consigns the spirit to the shades below.  
 Full well ; for every ill besets man's life ;  
 But death's the balm of all its varied strife.

T. F.

Wise Thracians ! O'er the new-born boy  
 Just entering on the world they weep ;  
 But speed, when life is o'er, with joy  
 The spirit to its last long sleep.  
 For misery comes to man with breath,  
 And misery's sovereign balm is death.

G. S.

## CCCXXXIV.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ. x. 372.

Σῶμα φέρων σκιοειδές, ἀδερκέϊ σύμπνοον αὔρη,

Μή ποτε θαρσύνῃς ἄγχι τινὸς πελάσαι.

Μή τις ἔσω μυκτῆρος ἀναπνέων σε κομίσσῃ,

Ἄσθματος ἡερίου πολλὸν ἀφαιρότερον.

Οὐ σὺ μόνον τρομέεις· τότε γὰρ πάλιν οὐδὲν ἀμείψας

Ἔσσεαι ὡσαύτως φάσμα, τότερ τελέθεις.

## AGATHIÆ.

Par tenui vento vereque umbratile corpus,

Ne propius quenquam conspiciare, cave.

Ne, si respiret, trahat et te naribus intro,

Cum collata tibi nulla sit aura levis.

Nec tibi mors metuenda ; tibi nil auferet illa :

Nam spectrum nunc es, tunc quoque rursus eris.

Grotius. 9. 372. 38. 1. 4

So shadow-like a form you bear,

So near allied to shapeless air,

That with some reason you may fear,

When you salute, to draw too near ;

Lest, if your friend be short of breath,

The dire approach may prove your death,

And that poor form, so light and thin,

Be at his nostrils taken in.

Yet, if with philosophic eye

You look, you need not fear to die ;

For (if poetic tales be true)

No transformation waits for you.

You cannot, ev'n at Pluto's bar,

Be more a phantom than you are.

Merivale.

Light as the viewless breeze, thin shadowy mite,

Approach not any one too near ; beware,

Lest with his nostrils he inhale a sprite

Far lighter than the lightest breath of air.

Fear thou no change by death ; for any how

Thou'lt be a phantom still, as thou art now.

W.





## CCCLXXVII.

ΑΙΣΩΠΟΥ. X. 125.

Πῶς τις ἄνεν θανάτου σε φύγοι, βίε ; μυρία γάρ σευ  
 Λυγρά· καὶ οὔτε φυγεῖν εὐμαρές, οὔτε φέρειν.  
 Ἡδέα μὲν γάρ σου τὰ φύσει καλὰ, γαῖα, θάλασσα,  
 Ἄστρο, σεληναίης κύκλα καὶ ἡελίου  
 Τάλλα δὲ πάντα φόβοι τε καὶ ἄλγεα· κῆν τι πάθῃ τις  
 Ἐσθλόν, ἀμοιβαίην ἐκδέχεται Νέμεσιν.

ÆSOP.

Quæ sine morte fuga est vitæ, quam turba malorum  
 Non vitanda gravem, non toleranda facit?  
 Dulcia dat natura quidem, mare, sidera, terras,  
 Lunaque quas et sol itque redditque vias.  
 Terror inest aliis, mœrorque, et siquid habebis  
 Forte boni, ultrices experiere vices.

Sam. Johnson. 2. 2. 1. 1.

Das Gute des Lebens.

Wer konnt' ohne den Tod dich fliehn, o Leben? Du hast zwar  
 Tausend Ueß, und sie meiden und tragen ist schwer.  
 Aber du schenkst uns auch viel schöne Gaben, die Sonne,  
 Meer und Erde, den Mond und die Gestirne der Nacht.  
 Freilich ist Alles sonst voll Furcht und Schmerzen. Es schleicht  
 Jedes Glückes Genuß immer die Nemesis nach.

Herder.

Wer kann ohne zu sterben dich fliehen, o Leben, unzählbar  
 Ist dein Leiden! dich fliehn und dich erdulden ist schwer!  
 Dennoch blühen uns schöne Freuden, die Erd' und die Sonne  
 Geben sie uns, und der Mond, und die Gestirn' und das Meer;  
 Aber, je mehr die Freude dem Sterblichen lächelt, je näher  
 Schwebet des Unglücks Flug über die Scheitel ihm hin.

Christian von Stölberg.

Leben, wie flieht man dich ohne den Tod? unsagliche Leiden.  
 Drücken dich; weder zu fliehn, noch dich zu tragen ist leicht.  
 Lieblich ist, was die Natur dir verlieh'n hat, Himmel und Erde,  
 Meer und Gestirn' und der Mond, Helios leuchtender Glanz.  
 Furcht und Leiden erfüll'n das übrige. Gönnet das Glück dir  
 Gutes, so wäget dafür Nemesis Böses uns zu.

Jacobs.

From thee, o Life ! and from thy myriad woes  
Who but by death can flee or find repose ?  
For though sweet Nature's beauties gladden thee,  
The sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, the sea,  
All else is fear and grief ; and each success  
Brings its retributive unhappiness.

W.

CCCXXXVIII.

ΜΑΚΚΙΟΥ. ΙΧ. 249.

Εἰς Πᾶνα.

Εὐπέταλον γλαυκὰν ἀναδενδράδα τάνδε παρ' ἄκραις  
Ἰδρυνθεὶς λοφιαῖς Πᾶν ὄδ' ἐπισκοπέω.  
Εἰ δέ σε πορφύροντος ἔχει πόθος, ὦ παροδῖτα,  
Βότρυος, οὐ φθονέω γαστρὶ χαριζομένῃ  
Ἦν δὲ χερὶ ψαύσης κλοπῇ μόνον, αὐτίκα δέξῃ  
Ὅζαλέην βάκτρον τήνδε κερηβαρίην.

QUINTI MACCII.

Hos ego cærulea frondentes vite racemos  
In summo collis vertice Pan tueor.  
Purpureas si vis uvas gustare, viator,  
Non tibi quod ventri sit satis invideo.  
At si fure manu properes vel tangere tantum,  
Hoc faciam doleat jam tibi fuste caput.

Grotius. *See the note on the preceding page.*

Hic stans vertice montium supremo  
Pan, glaucei nemoris nitere fructus  
Cerno desuper, uberemque silvam.  
Quod si purpureæ, viator, uvæ  
Te desiderium capit, roganti  
Non totum invideo tibi racemum.  
Quin si fraude malâ quid hinc reportes,  
Hoc pœnas luito caput bacillo.

T. Warton.

To guard the gleamy-leaved and clust'ring vine  
Here Pan is placed aloft upon the hill.  
The purple grape to taste shouldst thou incline,  
I bid thee welcome, traveller ; eat thy fill.  
But if thou lay'st one finger here, to steal,  
The weight of this good cudgel shalt thou feel.

G. S.

*See the note on the preceding page.*

## CCCXXXIX.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν, οἱ δὲ Ε Υ Η Ν Ο Υ. 1 Χ. / 22.

Ἀτθὶ κόρα, μελίθρεπτε, λάλος λάλον ἀρπάξασα  
 Τέττιγα πτανοῖς δαῖτα φέρεις τέκεσιν,  
 Τὸν λάλον ἅ λαλόεσσα, τὸν εὐπτερον ἅ πτερόεσσα,  
 Τὸν ξένον ἅ ξείνα, τὸν θερινὸν θερινά ;  
 Κούχῃ τάχος ῥίψεις ; οὐ γὰρ θέμις, οὐδὲ δίκαιον,  
 Ὅλλυσθ' ὑμνοπόλους ὑμνοπόλοις στόμασιν.

E U E N I.

Attica, mellis amans, stridentem, virgo, cicadam  
 Stridula fers pullis pabula parva tuis ?  
 Garrula multiloquam, volucris super arva volantem,  
 Hospitem in æstivis hospes et ipsa locis ?  
 Non cito dimittes ? nec fas tibi ferre nec æquum est ;  
 Non sunt in vates vatibus ora data.

G. F. D. T.

An die Nachtigall, die eine Cicada davon trägt.

Attische Sängerin, wie ? Philomela, du Honniggenährte,  
 Eine Cicada trägst du für die Jungen ins Nest ?  
 Raubt die Geflügelte, raubt der singende Bothe des Frühlings  
 Eine Geflügelte, die mit ihr den Frühling besang ?  
 Nachtigall, laß die Arme ! Sie ist eine Fremde, wie du bist :  
 Keinem Sänger Apoll's ziemet des Anderen Mord.

Herder.

Attisches Mädchen, mit Honig genährt, du entführst die Cicade  
 Hin zu dem zwitschernden Nest deiner besflügelten Brut,  
 Sie, die Geschwähige, du, die Geschwähige, Fremde die Fremde ;  
 Beyde mit Flügeln beschwingt ; sommerlich jene wie du !  
 Wirfst du sie nicht schnell weg ? Nicht Recht ist's oder geziemend,  
 Daß ein singender Mund andere Sänger erwürgt.

Jacobs.

On the Swallow.

Attic maid ! with honey fed,  
 Bear'st thou to thy callow brood  
 Yonder locust from the mead,  
 Destined their delicious food ?

Ye have kindred voices clear,  
Ye alike unfold the wing,  
Migrate hither, sojourn here,  
Both attendant on the spring.

Ah! for pity drop the prize;  
Let it not with truth be said,  
That a songster gasps and dies,  
That a songster may be fed.

W. Cowper.

*To a Nightingale.*

Sweet bird of night, whose honied throat  
So softly pours thy Attic note;  
Why to thy young ones bear away  
Yon grasshopper so blithe and gay?  
For he, like you, with cheerful voice,  
Oft does the listening swain rejoice:  
Like you, in spring is wont to rove,  
A welcome guest in every grove;  
Like you, with spirits brisk and light,  
From tree to tree he wings his flight.  
Sweet nightingale, I pray, forbear;  
A songster should a songster spare.

Ph. Smyth.

Honey-nurtured Attic maiden,  
Wherefore to thy brood dost wing  
With the shrill cicada laden?

'Tis, like thee, a prattling thing:

'Tis a sojourner and stranger  
And a summer's child like thee;  
'Tis, like thee, a winged ranger  
Of the air's immensity.

From thy bill this instant fling her;  
'Tis not proper, just, or good,  
That a little ballad-singer  
Should be killed for singer's food.

G. C. S.

## CCCXL.

ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΑΡΓΕΝΤΑΡΙΟΥ. V. 32.

Ποιεῖς πάντα, Μέλισσα, φιλανθέος ἔργα μελίσσης,  
 Οἶδα, καὶ ἐς κραδίην τοῦτο, γύναι, τίθεμαι.  
 Καὶ μέλι μὲν στάξεις ὑπὸ χείλεσιν ἡδὺ φιλεῦσα·  
 Ἦν δ' αἰτῆς, κέντρῳ τύμμα φέρεις ἄδικον.

MARCI ARGENTARII.

Melissa, facis quod mellis artifex :

Id mente servo conditum :

Des basia, fluis melle ; mercedem petas,

Iniqua aculeos agis.

G. F. D. T.

Cuncta, Melissa, facis, quæ mellificans apis : olim

Id novi ; id, mulier, mente manet memori.

Dulcia fers modo nunc mellitis basia labris ;

Injusto repetis mox pretium stimulo.

G. F. D. T.

Melissa, your name, and your deeds are the same

As all those of the flow'r-loving bee ;

No truth on my breast is more deeply imprest ;

And, woman, 'tis thus d'ye see.

From your lips, as you kiss, so sweet is the bliss ;

Methinks they drop with honey :

And you carry a sting, an iniquitous sting,

That strikes, as you ask for money.

## CCCXLI.

ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΥ. V. 257.

Τί πλέον εἰς ὠδῖνα πονεῖν ; τί δὲ τέκνα τεκέσθαι ;

Μὴ τέκοι, εἰ μέλλει παιδὸς ὄρῳ θάνατον.

Ἡθέω γὰρ σῆμα Βιάνορι χεύατο μήτηρ·

Ἐπρεπε δ' ἐκ παιδὸς μητέρα τοῦδε τυχεῖν.

DIOTIMI.

Quid juvat eniti miseras sua pondera matres ?

Ne pariant potius, funera quam videant.

Nam tumultum juvenis tenet hunc a matre Bianor,

Quem potius matri debuit ipse dare.

Grotius.

Sohn und Mutter.

Nach, was frommet es, Kinder mit Mutter Schmerzen dem Lichte  
 Zu gebären, und sie sorgend aufzuerzieh'n?  
 Meinem Sohne Bianor muss ich die Mutter ein Grab bau'n;  
 Und ich hoffete, Er würde das meine mir bau'n.

Herder.

Mutterschmerz.

Was doch frommt der Gebälerin Angst? was Kinder mit Schmerzen  
 Auferziehn, um sie bald wieder verwelfen zu sehn?  
 Ihrem Bianor ein Grab, dem Jünglinge, baute die Mutter;  
 Billig hätte der Sohn solches der Mutter gebaut.

Voss.

Why travail we in childbirth? Far better not give breath,  
 In useless pangs, to babes foredoomed, and see their early death.  
 This tomb, to young Bianor raised, a mother's care bestows;  
 When 'tis, alas, the tribute which a son his mother owes.

W.

CCCXLII.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ. 1. 1.

Λιμὸν οἰζυρὴν ἀπαμυνομένη πολὺ γήρως  
 Νικῶ σὺν κούραις ἡκρολόγει στάχυν.  
 Ὀλετο δ' ἐκ θάλπου· τῇ δ' ἐκ καλᾶμης συνέριθι  
 Νῆσαν πυρκαϊὴν ἄξυλον ἐκ σταχύων.  
 Μὴ νεμέσα, Δήμητερ, ἀπὸ χθονὸς εἰ βροτὸν οὖσαν  
 Κοῦραι τοῖς γαλῆς σπέρμασιν ἡμφίεσαν.

PHILIPPI THESSALONICENSIS.

Præteritas Nico grandæva legebat aristas,  
 Ut non emta gravem pelleret esca famem.  
 Sed necat hanc æstus : sociæ fecere puellæ  
 Non lignis, stipula sed crepitante, rogam.  
 Tu veniam dabis, alma Ceres, tellure creatam  
 E tellure sata fruge quod induerint.

Grotius.

Her cot from hunger's fell approach to shield,  
 Old Nico went a-gleaning in the field :  
 There died of heat, and on a pile was laid,  
 Which from the stalks of wheat the reapers made.  
 Kind Ceres, be not wroth : of mortal birth,  
 Earth's child, was she, thus lapped in fruits of earth.

G. S.

## CCCXLIII.

ΣΙΜΜΙΟΥ ΘΗΒΑΙΟΥ. VII. 22

Ἡρέμ' ὑπὲρ τύμβοιο Σοφοκλέος, ἡρέμα, κισσέ,  
 Ἑρπύχοις, χλοερούς ἐκπροχέων πλοκάμους,  
 Καὶ πέταλον πάντη θάλλοι ῥόδου, ἥ τε φιλοῖρῶξ  
 Ἀμπελος, ὕγρὰ πέριξ κλήματα χευαμένη,  
 Εἵνεκεν εὐμαθίης πινυτόφρονος, ἣν ὁ μελιχρὸς  
 Ἦσκησεν Μουσῶν ἄμμιγα καὶ Χαρίτων.

## SIMMIÆ.

Leniter, o hedera, in Sophoclis mihi leniter urnam  
 Serpe, virescentes undique nexa comas.  
 Flosque rosæ passim vigeat; complexaque vitis  
 Purpureos fusi palmitis addat opes.  
 Tam fuit arguto mellitus acumine vates,  
 Quod coluit Charitum Pieridumque comes.

G. B.

Schleiche dich sanft um's Grab, du immergrünender Epheu,  
 Sanft um Sophokles Grab schlinge die Locken umher;  
 Rosenbüsche, pflanzet euch hin; mit glühenden Trauben  
 Siehe der Weinstock schlankgleitende Reben hinan;  
 Denn der weise Dichter, der hier schläft, hatte der süßen  
 Anmuth viel; ihm war Muse und Grazie hold.

Herder.

Reis' umschleiche den Hügel des Sophokles, Ranken des Epheus,  
 Gießet das grüne Gelock über das Schlummernden Grab;  
 Rosen, entfaltet den purpurnen Kelch, und mit Trauben belastet  
 Breite sich schlankes Geflecht blühender Reben umher;  
 Schönes Symbol flugsinniger Kunst, die im Chöre der Musen,  
 Unter den Chariten einst eifrig der Süße geübt.

Jacobs.

Winde, gentle ever-green, to form a shade  
 Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid;  
 Sweet ivy wind thy boughs, and intertwine  
 With blushing roses and the clustring vine:  
 Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,  
 Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung;  
 Whose soul exalted like a God of wit,  
 Among the Muses and the Graces writ.

Anon. Spectator. - 1757.

CCCXLIV.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ. V. 176.

Δεινὸς Ἔρως, δεινός. τί δὲ τὸ πλεον, ἦν πάλιν εἶπω,  
 Καὶ πάλιν, οἰμώζων πολλάκι, δεινὸς Ἔρως;  
 Ἡ γὰρ ὁ παῖς τούτοισι γελᾷ, καὶ πυκνὰ κακισθεῖς  
 Ἡδεται ἦν δ' εἶπω λοῖδορα, καὶ τρέφεται.  
 Θαῦμα δέ μοι, πῶς ἄρα διὰ γλαυκοῖο φανείσα  
 Κύματος, ἐξ ὑγροῦ, Κύπρι, σὺ πῦρ τέτοκας.

MELEAGRI.

Sævus Amor, sævus . . . Sed quid juvat usque gementem  
 Nunc iterum atque iterum dicere, 'sævus Amor?'  
 Ridet enim puer hæc, multùmque ut ab ore lacesso,  
 Gaudet; et opprobriis pascitur ipse suis.  
 Hoc tamen admiror, glauco Venus edita ponto,  
 Humida aquis ignem quî genuisse potes.

G. F. D. T.

Crudele Amor, crudel . . . Ma poi che giova  
 Dir mille volte urlando, Amor crudele?  
 Quel garzon ride a' miei lamenti, e trova  
 L' onte a lui dette un saporoso mele.  
 Ah! come, Vener, tu del glauco umore  
 Nata, hai prodotto un sì cocente ardore?

Pagnini.

Arg ist Groß, arg!—Was hilft es mir, sag' ich noch einmal,  
 "Arg ist Groß," und oft wieder, mit stöhnendem Schmerz?  
 Immer ja lacht er darob, und freut sich nur, wenn ich ihn oftmals  
 Schelte; und läßt' ich auf ihn, wächst und gedeiht er noch mehr.  
 Aber ich wundre mich nur, Aphrodite, wie du, der blauen  
 Meerfluth Tochter, aus Nass Gluth zu gebähren vermocht.

Jacobs.

Cruel is Love! But where's the use  
 Still 'Love is cruel' thus to say?  
 The urchin laughs, nay on abuse  
 He thrives, revile him as you may.  
 Venus, thou daughter of the sea,  
 O how can fire thus spring from thee?

G. S.



## CCCXLV.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΕΩΣ. VII. 554.

Δάτυπος Ἀρχιτέλης Ἀγαθάνορι παιδὶ θανόντι  
 Χερσὶν οἰζυραῖς ἡρμολόγησε τάφον,  
 Αἰ αἰ, πέτρον ἐκείνων, δν οὐκ ἐκόλαψε σίδηρος,  
 Ἄλλ' ἐτάκη πυκινοῖς δάκρυσι τεγγόμενος.  
 Φεῦ, στήλη φθιμένῳ κούφη μένε, κέϊνος ἴν' εἶπη·  
 Ὅντως πατρώῃ χεὶρ ἐπέθηκε λίθον.

PHILIPPI THESSALONICENSIS.

Parvi busta vides Agathanoris, ipse paterna  
 Condidit Architeles quæ lapicida manu.  
 Sæve lapis, non te nota ferrum excavat arte,  
 Lapsa sed ex oculis plurima gutta meis.  
 Sis puero, precor, usque levis; sic dixerit, hunc quæ  
 Imposuit, vere dextra paterna fuit.

G. S.

The stone-hewer Architeles uprears,  
 Fashion'd by sorrowing hands, this monument  
 To Agathanor his departed son.  
 That stone alas! needed no chisel; tears,  
 Fast flowing tears their melting streams had lent  
 To wear deep characters of woe thereon.  
 Lie light upon the dead, thou stone! that He  
 May own a father's care in placing thee.

W.

## CCCXLVI.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ. VII. 228.

Αὐτῷ καὶ τεκέεσσι γυναικί τε τύμβον ἔδειμεν  
 Ἀνδροτῶν οὐπω δ' οὐδενός εἰμι τάφος.  
 Οὕτω καὶ μείναιμι πολὺν χρόνον· εἰ δ' ἄρα καὶ δεῖ,  
 Δεξαίμην ἐν ἐμοὶ τοὺς προτέρους προτέρους.

INCERTI.

Quod sibi, et uxori fecit natisque sepulcrum  
 Androtio, vacuum corpore cernis adhuc:  
 Atque diu vacuum maneam! post, ordine justo,  
 Queis prior est ætas, hos prius accipiam.

W.

Sich und seiner Gattinn und seinen Kindern erbaute  
 Mich Androtion ; noch steh' ich ein wartendes Grab.  
 Mög' ich es lange noch sehn ; doch schlägt die Stunde des Abschieds,  
 Wunsch' ich den Altern mir stets vor dem Jüngern voran.

Herder.

Das leere Grab.

Dieses Grab erbaute sich selbst, dem Weib' und den Kindern  
 Agathon ; doch bis jetzt ruhet noch keiner allhier.  
 Daff ich also noch lang' hindauerte ! Wenn es denn endlich  
 Sein muss, berg' ich in mir freundlich die Ersten zuerst.

Voss.

Androtion's care hath founded me,  
 His own, wife's, children's tomb to be.  
 Still tenantless I am, and fain  
 Would ever tenantless remain :  
 But Fate forbids. Then to their tomb  
 May all in nature's order come.

G. S.

CCCXLVII.

[Anth. P. 16]

A Δ Η Δ Ο Ν.

Πᾶν τὸ περιττόν, ἄκαιρον ἐπεὶ λόγος ἐστὶ παλαιός,  
 Ὡς καὶ τοῦ μέλιτος τὸ πλεόν ἐστὶ χολή.

INCERTI.

Insuave est quicquid nimium est : nam dicitur olim :  
 Mel quoque, si immodica est copia, bilis erit.

Erasmus.

Omne nocet nimium, vetus est sententia : nam quod  
 Mel fuerat, fiet fel tibi, si nimium est.

Grotius.

Ogni troppo è nocivo ; ed anche il mele  
 (Dice antico proverbio),  
 Presone troppo, si converte in fiele.

M.

Zu viel wird widrig, sagt ein altes Sprüchwort wahr ;  
 Zu Galle mach't's den Honigseim sogar.

Gockingk.

Ill-timed is all excess. 'Tis known to all  
 That even too much honey turns to gall.

W.

## CCCXLVIII.

ΑΡΙΦΡΟΝΟΣ ΣΙΚΥΩΝΙΟΥ.

*Ἑγεία, πρεσβίστα μακάρων, Sic. Gr. Lat. p. 984.**Μετὰ σεῦ ναλοίμῃ**Τὸ λειπόμενον βιωτᾶς.**Σὺ δέ μοι πρόφρων σύνοικὸς εἶης.**Εἰ γάρ τις ἢ πλούτου χάρις, ἢ τεκέων,**Τὰς ἰσοδαίμονός τ' ἀνθρώποις**Βασιληίδος ἀρχᾶς, ἢ πόθων,**Οὐδ' κρυφίοις Ἀφροδίτης ἄρκυσι θηρεύομεν**Ἢ εἰ τις ἄλλα θεόθεν ἀνθρώποισι τέρψις,**Ἢ πόνων ἀμπνοὰ πέφανται,**Μετὰ σεῖο, μάκαιρ' Ἑγεία,**Τέθηλε πάντα, καὶ λάμπει Χαρίτων ἔαρ'**Σέθεν δὲ χωρὶς οὐ τις εὐδαίμων.*

ARIPHRONIS SICYONII.

*Divarum antiquissima Sanitas,**Utinam semper tecum habitarem,**Animus dum meus hos reget artus !**Placeant nostri tibi, Diva, lares.**Nam si gratia opum est, aut sobolis,**Superisque homines reddentis pares**Regalis honoris, amorumque,**Occultis quos Veneris laqueis**Carpimus ; aut siqua viris a Deo**Missa voluptas, requiesque mali est ;**Ubi ades cunque, alma favens Sanitas,**Florent omnia ; Charitum ver nitet :**Te sine nulli esse beato licet.*

Fed. Morellus.

*Alma Salus, qua nulla magis veneranda dearum**Incolit æterni regna serena poli ;**Esse velim tecum, superest quod mobilis ævi,**Tuque meo faveas hospes amica lari.**Siquis enim dives censu lætatur opimo,**Seu pia cui sobolis pectora mulcet amor :**Regia cœlesti par visa potentia sorti,**Præda Cytheriacis illaqueanda dolis ;*

Sive alia est hominum divinitus orta voluptas,  
 Grata vel alterno facta labore quies :  
 Omnia, blanda Salus, florent ea gaudia tecum,  
 Et Charitum vernans splendet ubique decus.  
 Te sine, non hominum cuiquam licet esse beato,  
 Non superis placita, te sine, luce frui.

G. B.

Alma Salus, superos inter sanctissima, tecum  
 Sit mihi vitæ degere quod superest.  
 Tuque volens in tecta veni ; nam siquid amœni  
 Divitiæ, si quid pignora amoris habent,  
 Regis honos si quid, superisque æquata potestas,  
 Aut dolus, et Paphiæ dulcia furta Deæ,  
 Sive alia humanis dantur bona munera votis,  
 Si requies curæ, si medicina mali,  
 Alma Salus, tecum surgunt tecumque virescunt,  
 Tecum agitat nitidos Gratia verna choros.  
 Omnia tu tecum mortalibus optima præbes,  
 Teque carens felix vivere nemo potest.

J. E. B.

*Imitation.*

O charmante Santé,  
 Que ta présence aimable  
 Est un bien désirable !  
 Quelle félicité  
 De t' avoir pour partage,  
 En tout temps, à tout âge !  
 Est-il d' autre bonheur,  
 Dans le cours de la vie  
 Qui doive faire envie,  
 Et chatouiller un cœur ?  
 Le luxe, l' abondance,  
 Le savoir, l' éloquence,  
 Les amours, les grandeurs,  
 Et les faveurs des princes  
 Sont des présens bien minces.  
 Un monceau de trésors,

Une grande lignée,  
 Et la beauté du corps  
 D' une femme bien née,  
 Sont-ils des biens sans toi ?  
 Quand ce seroit un Roi,  
 Si la douleur l' accable,  
 Je le tiens misérable.  
 Tous les bienfaits divers  
 Qu' accorde à la nature  
 L' auteur de l' univers ;  
 La charmante verdure  
 Qui renaît tous les ans  
 Au retour du printemps,  
 Ce qu' il produit de rare  
 Pour récréer nos sens,  
 Tout ce qui les répare

Quand ils sont languissants,  
Et ce que sa largesse  
Répand sur nous sans cesse,  
Peut-il être compté

Comme un bien désirable,  
Sans ta présence aimable,  
O charmante Santé!

M.<sup>me</sup> Deshoulières.

An die Gesundheit.

Gesundheit, älteste der Seligen,  
Möcht' ich wohnen mit dir mein übriges Leben hindurch,  
Und möchtest du auch huldreich mit mir wohnen!  
Denn wenn der Reichthum Grazie hat,  
Wenn Kinder erfreuen, wenn der glücklichen Herrschaft Glanz,  
Wenn Lieb' ergetzt, die wir mit der Cypris heimlichem Neg  
Erjagen, und andere Freuden mehr  
Von Gott uns blüh'n, nach Mühe  
Der erquickenden Ruhe Genuß;  
O selige Göttinn!  
Gesundheit, so entsproffeten sie mit Dir,  
Mit Dir blüht jeder Grazie Lenz,  
Und ohne dich gibt's keinen Glücklichen je.

Herder.

Hymnus an die Göttinn der Gesundheit.

Hygieia, Segnende Göttinn,  
Lass mich wohnen bei dir!  
Sei du der Lage, die mein Harren,  
Holde Gefährtinn!  
Wenn dem Menschen lacht der Haben Fülle,  
Wenn er pranget in der gerechtigkeitwaltenden  
Herrschaft Glanz,  
Wenn der Liebe schmachtende Sehnsucht sich wandelt  
In der süßesten Freude Genuß,  
Wenn in des Vaters Auge der Nührung Thränen der Säugling lockt,  
Selige Hygieia!  
Wenn die Götter auf uns herab  
Träufeln des Segens Mannichfaltige Tropfen,  
Wenn uns Erdenpilger der Ruhe  
Süßes Labsal erquickt—  
Dann, o Göttin, blühet jede Freude duftender durch dich!  
Dir lächelt der Grazien Lenz,  
Und wenn du weichst,  
Welchet der Segen mit Dir!

Christian von Stolberg.

*To Health.*

Eldest born of powers divine !  
Bless'd Hygeia ! be it mine  
To enjoy what thou canst give,  
And henceforth with thee to live :  
For in power if pleasure be,  
Wealth or numerous progeny,  
Or in amorous embrace,  
Where no spy infests the place ;  
Or if aught that Heaven bestows  
To alleviate human woes,  
When the wearied heart despairs  
Of a respite from its cares ;  
These and every true delight  
Flourish only in thy sight ;  
And the sister Graces three  
Owe, themselves, their youth to thee,  
Without whom we may possess  
Much, but never happiness.

W. Cowper.

Health, brightest visitant from heav'n,  
Grant me with thee to rest !  
For the short term by nature giv'n  
Be thou my constant guest !  
For all the pride that wealth bestows,  
The pleasure that from children flows,  
Whate'er we court in regal state  
That makes men covet to be great ;  
Whatever sweets we hope to find  
In love's delightful snares,  
Whatever good by Heaven assign'd,  
Whatever pause from cares,  
All flourish at thy smile divine :  
The spring of loveliness is thine ;  
And every joy that warms our hearts  
With thee approaches and departs.

Bland.

Oh! honour'd most of heavenly powers!

Health, be it mine to dwell with thee,  
To pass with thee life's closing hours,

Nor thou my partner scorn to be.

For, oh! whate'er of joy we prove

In coffer'd gold, in children's love,

Or regal power, and state that vies

E'en with th' immortal deities;

Or if there be a sweet delight

In furtive toils of Aphrodite,

With thee, sweet Health, they burst to light,

With thee the Graces' spring is bright;

Each charm with thee conspires to bless:

Without thee, where is happiness?

J. E. B.

CCCXIX.

ΔΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ. XL. 12.

*Μακροτέρῳ σταυρῷ σταυρούμενον ἄλλον ἑαυτοῦ*

*Ὁ φθονερὸς Διοφῶν ἐγγὺς ἰδὼν ἐτάκη.*

LUCILLII.

In cruce cùm figi socium majore videret,

Liventi Diophon tabuit invidia.

H. Stephanus.

Paul, cet envieux maraut,

Sur l' échelle même enrage,

Qu' un autre ait eu pour partage

De deux gibets le plus haut.

Pelisson.

Der Neibische.

Als der gekreuzigte Thrar an einem höheren Kreuze

Hangen den Nachbar sah, bis er zusammen und starb.

Herder.

Als am höheren Kreuze gekreuziget seinen Gefährten

Sah der neibische Thrar, ärgert' er sich, und verschied.

Voss.

Poor Cleon out of envy died,

His brother thief to see

Nail'd near him to be crucified

Upon a higher tree.

F. H.

**CCCL.**

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΔΙΚΟΥ ΡΟΔΙΟΥ. VII. 189.

**Εἰς ἀκρίδα.**

Οὐκέτι δὴ σε λῆγεια κατ' ἀφνεὸν Ἀλκίδος οἶκον

*Ἀκρὶ μελιζομένην ὄψεται ἁέλιος·*

*\*Ἦδη γὰρ λειμῶνας ἔπι Κλυμένου πεπότησαι,*

*Καὶ δροσερὰ χρυσέας ἄνθεα Περσεφόνας.*

ARISTODICI RHODII.

**Non te sol oriens posthac, locusta, videbit**

Acidos in nitida dulce sonare domo ;

Quippe hinc avolitans flores Plutonis oberras,

Prataque reginæ roscida Persephonæ.

Grotius. 4. 1. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5.

## Die Grille.

Liebliche Grille, du wirst nun bei dem Hause des Acls

Nicht mehr singen, du wirst nimmer die Sonne mehr sehn:

Denn du bist hinunter zu Pluto's Wiese geflogen,

Trinkst auf Blumen daselbst zarten elyſſiſchen Thau.

Herder.

Nicht mehr also erblickt, heiltönende Grille, der Tag dich ;

Nicht mehr schallet von dir Alfis begütert's Haus.

Denn schon flogst du hinab zu des Rhythmos thauigen Wiesen,

Und in Persephonens Hain schwirrst du auf Blumen umher.

Jacobs.

Oh never more, thou locust, shall the sun behold thee trill,

By the wealthy house of Acis, thy carollings so shrill ;

For now to flutter o'er the fields of gracious Dis 'tis thine,

And the dewy flowers, of the peaceful bowers, of the golden Proserpine.

May.

CCCLI.

[Arch. P. 27] ΣΙΜΩΝΙΑΟΥ.

*Μίλωνος τόδ' ἄγαλμα καλοῦ καλόν, ὃς ποτὶ Πίσση*

*Ἐπτάκι νικήσας ἐς γόνατ' οὐκ ἔπεσεν.*

SIMONIDIS.

**Pulchra hæc Milonis statua est, cui præmia septem**

**Pisa dedit, lapso nec semel in genua.**

Grotius.

Fair statue this of Milo fair, who won

Seven times the Pisan prize, and quailed to none.

Sterling. 11.



## CCCLII.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ. VII. 271.

Ἦφ' ἔλεγε μὴδ' ἐγένοντο θαλὶ νέες· οὐ γὰρ ἂν ἡμεῖς  
 Παῖδα Διοκλείδου Σώπολιν ἐστένομεν·  
 Νῦν δ' ὁ μὲν εἰν ἀλλ' οὗ φέρεται νέκυς· ἀντὶ δ' ἐκείνου  
 Οὔνομα καὶ κενὸν σᾶμα παρερχόμεθα.

CALLIMACHI.

O si nulla foret navis! non flenda fuisset  
 Sopolidis nobis mors Dioclides sati.  
 Corpus at exanimum volvit mare; nosque tenemus  
 Nomen, et hoc junctum marmor inane viæ.

G. B.

Ah se fossier le navi al mondo ignote,  
 Per Sopoli, figliuol di Dioclides,  
 Non righerebbe il pianto a noi le gote.  
 Avvolto ora sen va tra l' onde infide  
 Il suo freddo cadavero, e di quello  
 Solo a noi resta il nome e il voto avello.

Pagnini.

Oh that no ships to speed across the seas had been invented!  
 Then Dioclid's son Sopolis we ne'er should have lamented.  
 But now, ah where! a corpse he floats o'er the trackless ocean's bed,  
 And a name upon this empty tomb is all we have instead.

W.

## CCCLIII.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ. VII. 586.

Οὔτε σε πόντος ὄλεσσε, καὶ οὐ πνέοντες ἀῆται,  
 Ἄλλ' ἀκόρητος ἔρως φοιτάδος ἐμπορίας.  
 Εἴη μοι γαίης ὀλίγος βίος· ἐκ δὲ θαλάσσης  
 Ἄλλοισιν μελέτω κέρδος ἀελλομάχον.

JULIANI ÆGYPTII.

Non tibi causa necis venti, neque Nereos unda,  
 Verum ex merce lucri non satiat amor.  
 Vita sit in terra tenuis mihi: quos maris urit  
 Quæstus, eant, et cum turbine bella gerant.

Grotius. - *Antic. Bibl. 2. p. 10.*

Let not thy loss to winds and waves be laid,  
But to th' insatiate lust of vent'rous trade!  
Be mine a humble competence on shore,  
While others wrestle with the storm for more.

W.

CCCLIV.

Π Α Λ Λ Α Δ Α. X, 51.

Ὁ φθόνος οἰκτιρμοῦ κατὰ Πίνδαρόν ἐστιν ἀμείνων.  
Οἱ βασκαίνόμενοι λαμπρὸν ἔχουσι βίον.  
Τοὺς δὲ λίαν ἀτυχεῖς οἰκτείρομεν. ἀλλὰ τις εἴην  
Μήτ' ἄγαν εὐδαίμων, μήτ' ἐλεεινὸς ἐγώ.  
Ἡ μεσότης γὰρ ἄριστον, ἐπεὶ τὰ μὲν ἄκρα πέφυκεν  
Κινδύνους ἐπάγειν, ἔσχατα δ' ὕβριν ἔχει.

PALLADÆ.

Invidear potius quam sim miserabilis, inquit  
Pindarus; excellunt quos petit invidia.  
Pessima perpeccos miserescimus: ast ego felix  
Nec nimium, nimium nec miser esse velim.  
Optima res modus est. Summis affine periculum:  
Infima contemptum ludibriumque ferunt.

Grotius.

*On Envy.*

Pity, says the Theban bard,  
From my wishes I discard;  
Envy, let me rather be,  
Rather far, a theme for thee!  
Pity to distress is shown,  
Envy to the great alone.  
So the Theban: but to shine  
Less conspicuous be mine!  
I prefer the golden mean,  
Pomp and penury between;  
For alarm and peril wait  
Ever on the loftiest state,  
And the lowest to the end  
Obloquy and scorn attend.

W. Cowper.

## CCCLV.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Ο Υ. V//. 266.

*Ναυηγού τάφος εἰμὶ Διοκλῆος· οἱ δ' ἀνάγονται,  
Φεῦ τόλμης, ἀπ' ἐμοῦ πείσματα λυσάμενοι.*

LEONIDÆ.

*Naufragus hic jaceo Diocles. Audacia quanta est !  
Est hinc quæ capiat per mare navis iter.*

Grotius. *Antic. Græc.* 2. p. 163.

*La tomba io son di Diocle  
Già in mar dai flutti assorto :  
Pur, da me sciolti i canapi,  
Escono, oh ardir ! dal porto.*

M.

*The tomb am I of shipwrecked Diocles !  
Yet see, alas ! how these,  
A reckless crew, from me  
Their cables dare to loose, and put to sea !*

W.

## CCCLVI.

Θ Ε Ο Δ Ω Ρ Ι Δ Ο Υ. V///. 282,

*Ναυηγού τάφος εἰμὶ· σὺ δὲ πλέε· καὶ γὰρ ὅθ' ἡμεῖς  
᾿Ωλόμεθ', αἱ λοιπαὶ νῆες ἐποντοπόρουν.*

THEODORIDÆ.

*Naufragus hic jaceo ; fidens tamen utere velis ;  
Tutum aliis æquor, me pereunte, fuit.*

Sam. Johnson. *Græc.* XI. p. 420.

*Naufragus hic perii : nihil est : per cærula tutam  
Carpebant reliqui, me pereunte, viam.*

W. L.

*Ich fand Tod in der Fluth. Doch schiffe nur ! Als ich im Schiffbruch  
Umfam, freuten sich doch Andre der glücklichen Fahrt.*

Jacobs.

*A ship-wreck'd sailor, buried on this coast,  
Bids you set sail.  
Full many a gallant ship, when we were lost,  
Weather'd the gale.*

W.

CCCLVII.

Α Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Ο Υ. VII. 675.

Ἀτρομος ἐκ τύμβου λύε πείσματα ναυηγοῖο·  
Χήμων ὀλλυμένων ἄλλος ἐνηπόρει.

LEONIDÆ.

Aude de tumulo submersi solvere funem :  
Tunc quoque cum perii, quos mare ferret, erant.

Grotius. *Ant. Græc. 2. 1. 115.*

Sciogli le sarte pur senza pavento  
Da quest' avel : spiegava un' altra nave,  
Mentre noi perivam, le vele al vento.

M.

Tu me vois sur le rivage,  
Pilote, et tu crains la mort ?  
Va, suis ta course et ton sort.  
Lorsque je faisois naufrage,  
D' autres arrivoient au port.

Pelisson.

Loose from my tomb thy hawser : though I died  
Shipwreck'd, my comrades 'scaped the raging tide.

W. Shepherd.

Fearless set sail from this wreck'd seaman's grave.  
We perish'd : others safely rode the wave.

W.

CCCLVIII.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν. X. 113.

Οὐκ ἐθέλω πλουτεῖν, οὐκ εὔχομαι· ἀλλὰ μοι εἶη  
Ζῆν ἐκ τῶν ὀλίγων, μηδὲν ἔχοντ' ἀκακόν.

INCERTI.

Non opto aut precibus posco ditescere : paucis  
Sit contenta mihi vita dolore carens.

Sam. Johnson. *Ant. Græc. 2. 1. 115.*

I ask not wealth ; let me enjoy  
An humble lot without annoy !

Cumberland.

I neither wish nor pray for wealth : my prayer  
Is for a small subsistence, free from care.

W.

## CCCLIX.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ. VI. 340.

Εἰς ἀγαλμα Οὐρανίας Ἀφροδίτης.

Ἄ Κύπρις οὐ πάνδημος ἰλάσκειο τὰν θεὸν, εἰπὼν  
 Οὐρανίαν, ἀγνῆς ἄνθεμα Χρυσογόνας,  
 Οἴκῳ ἐν Ἀμφικλέους, ᾧ καὶ τέκνα καὶ βίον ἔσχε  
 Ξυνόν· αἰεὶ δέ σφιν λώϊον εἰς ἔτος ἦν  
 Ἐκ σέθεν ἀρχομένοις, ὃ πότνια κηδόμενοι γάρ  
 Ἀθανάτων αὐτοὶ πλείον ἔχουσι βροτοί.

THEOCRITI.

Publica non isthæc Venus est : placare memento  
 Uranien, castæ munere Chrysogonæ  
 In thalamo Amphicli, socii prolisque larisque.  
 His facilis quovis tempore vita fuit  
 A te principium ducentibus, o Dea ; nam qui  
 Dulcia cumque colit numina, lætus agit.

Dan. Heinsius.

Non è già questa la volgar Ciprigna.  
 Fatti la Dea benigna,  
 Ed al suo piè t'inchina,  
 Chiamandola divina.  
 Lei già ponea la buona  
 Pudica Crisogona  
 In casa Anficle, con cui figli ottenne,  
 E comun vita tenne :  
 Quindi un miglior evento  
 Tutte le cose loro ogni anno aveano,  
 Perchè da te faceano,  
 O venerabil Dea, cominciamento :  
 Chè a momenti i mortali  
 Crescono di ventura  
 Qualora gli Immortali  
 Ei si dan d' onorar pensiero e cura.

C. Gastani della Torre.

Eine Inschrift auf die Bildsäule der Venus Urania.

Diese Kypris ist nicht die gemeine Göttinn des Volkes;  
 Daff sie günstig dir sei, nenne die Himmlische sie!  
 Chrysogona weihte sie, das Weib des Amphikles,  
 Welchem liebend sie lebt, welchem sie Kinder gebär!  
 Immer wächst ihr Glück, von dir, o Göttinn! begann es,  
 Dreimal selig ist der, welcher die Götter verehrt!

Fried. Leopold von Stolberg.

Here Venus, not the vulgar, you survey;  
 Style her celestial, and your offering pay:  
 This in the house of Amphicles was plac'd,  
 Fair present of Chrysogona the chaste:  
 With him a sweet and social life she led,  
 And many children bore, and many bred.  
 Favour'd by thee, O venerable fair,  
 Each year improv'd upon the happy pair;  
 For long as men the deities adore,  
 With large abundance Heav'n augments their store.

Fawkes.

CCCLX.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν. V. 51

Ἡράσθην, ἐφίλουν, ἔτυχον, κατέπραξ', ἀγαπῶμαι.  
 Τίς δέ, καὶ ἦς, καὶ πῶς; ἡ θεὸς οἶδε μόνη.

INCERTI.

Exarsi, petii, tenui, successit, amat me.  
 Quis, quæ, quove modo? scit Dea sola Venus.

Grotius.

Je la vis, je l'aimai, lui plûs, et fus heureux;  
 Où? qui? comment? ceci n'est su que de nous deux.

Poinsinet de Sivry.

Wißt! Ich lieb' und werde geliebt, und küß' und genieße—  
 Aber wer? und bey wem, wiße die Göttinn allein.

Herder.

I fell in love, I loved, I won, I triumph'd, she's mine own!  
 Who, I or she, or how we loved, the Goddess knows alone.

R. C. C.

## CCCLXI.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Ο Υ . V II . 57.

Ἄιδεω λυπηρὲ διήκονε, τοῦτ' Ἀχέροντος  
 Ὕδωρ δὲ πλώεις πορθμίδι κυανέῃ,  
 Δέξαι μ', εἰ καὶ σοὶ μέγα βρίθεται ὀκρυνέσσα  
 Βάρης ἀποφθιμένων, τὸν κύνα Διογένην.  
 Ὀληθ' μοι καὶ πῆρ' ἐφόλκ'ια, καὶ τὸ παλαιὸν  
 Ἔσθος, ᾧ φθιμένους ναυστολέων ὀβολός.  
 Πάνθ' ὅσα κῆν ζωῶς ἐπεπάμεθα, ταῦτα παρ' Αἶδαν  
 Ἔρχομ' ἔχων λείπω δ' οὐδὲν ὑπ' ἡλίῳ.

LEONIDÆ.

Qui subigis conto tristem ferrugine lintrem  
 Per Stygis hanc, Orci dure minister, aquam;  
 Tot sit onusta licet tibi cymba horrenda sepultis,  
 Diogenem capiat me tamen arcta Canem.  
 Pera, lagenæ mihi sunt sarcina, tritaque vestis,  
 Manibus et quanti per vada constat iter.  
 Quæ tenui vivus, me tota sequuntur ad Umbras,  
 Sub supero quidquam nec mihi sole, manet.

G. B.

Finst'rer Diener der Reich' Aïdoneu's, der du die Wasser  
 Hier des Kolytos auf schwarzdämmernder Barke beschiffst,  
 Nimm, ob lastend die Schaar Abgeschiedner den schaurigen Todten  
 Nachen dir anfüllt, Mich, Kynen, Diogenes auf.  
 Mit mir gehet der Krug, und mein altes Gewand, und der Ranzen,  
 Und der zum Schattengebiet löset die Fahrt, der Obol.  
 Jegliches, was ich besaß auch im Reich der Lebend'gen, ich führ es  
 Mit mir zum Hades, und nichts lass' ich der Sonne zurück.

Erichson.

Der du, o trauriger Diener des Aïdes, diese Gewässer  
 Acherons emsig befährst mit dem umnachteten Kahn,  
 Drückt auch schon der Gestorbnen Gedräng auf das schreckliche Fahrzeug,  
 Nimm als übrige Fracht doch den Diogenes auf.  
 Klein nur ist das Gepäck des Hund's; Tornister und Koffer,  
 Und des besahrten Gewands Rest, und der Schiffenden Zoll.  
 Jegliches, was ich besaß bey den Lebenden, folgt zu des Hades  
 Nacht mir hinab, und nichts ließ ich der Erde zurück.

Jacobs.

Nether Pluto's most troublesome slave,  
That puntest 'cross Acheron's wave  
In that ferry-boat dismal and dread;  
Though with shuddering ghosts of the dead  
Supercargoed, receive on your log  
Diogenes surnamed the dog.  
For my old coat and satchel and flask  
To take with me is all I shall ask,  
With a penny to pay for the shippage.  
Here I am with all my équipage:  
And, as rich now, as when with mankind,  
I am sure I leave nothing behind.

G. F. D. T.

CCCLXII.

ΜΝΑΣΑΛΚΟΥ. VII. 486.

*Αἱ αἱ Ἀριστοκράτεια, σὺ μὲν βαθὺν εἰς Ἀχέροντα  
Οἶχεαι, ὠραίου κεκλιμένα πρὸ γάμου  
Ματρὶ δὲ δάκρυα σὴ καταλείπεται, ἃ σ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ  
Πολλάκι κεκλιμένα κοκύνει ἐκ κεφαλᾶς.*

ΜΝΑΣΑΛΟΞ.

Inter complexus Acherontis, Aristocratia,  
Non ubi debueras nupta jacere, jaces.  
Liquitur at mater lachrymis, quas sæpe recentes  
Ad tumulum strato dejicit ex capite.

Grotius.

*Wel' Aristokrataia, du stiegst in die Tiefe des Hades  
Und zu des Acherons Rand, ehe der Hymen erschien.  
Thränen nur blieben der Mutter zurück, die hier an dem Grabmal  
Stöhnend aus innerster Brust, oft die Entschlafne beweint.*

Jacobus

Ah, thou art gone, Aristocratia! gone  
To deep, deep Acheron:  
Thou shouldst have been a blooming bride, but thou  
Art lying low.  
Trickles adown thy mother's cheek the tear,  
O daughter dear!  
As oft, with drooping head, she mourns thy doom  
Stretch'd by thy tomb.

J. W. B.



## CCCLXIII.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν. Χ/. 27.8.

Χωλὸν ἔχεις τὸν νοῦν, ὡς τὸν πόδα· καὶ γὰρ ἀληθῶς  
Εἰκόνα τῶν ἐντὸς ἢ φύσιν ἔξω φέρει.

INCERTI.

Clauda tibi mens est ut pes : naturaue rectè,  
Quod latet interius, prodidit exterius.

Paulus Stephanus.

*Contro uno zoppo maligno.*

Torta hai la mente e il piede. In te l'esterno  
Natura architettò come l'interno.

Pagnini.

*De Cotin.*

Tu as l'ame autant contrefaïcte,  
Cotin, comme tu as le cors :  
Car en la forme du dehors  
Du dedans l'image est pourtraïcte.

Baif.

If the outward form's akin  
To the nature that's within,  
By your limping gait we learn,  
Your intellect's a lame concern.

W.

## CCCLXIV.

Θ Ε Ο Κ Ρ Ι Τ Ο Υ. VII. 338

Τὰ ῥόδα τὰ δροσόεντα, καὶ ἁ κατάπυκνος ἐκείνα  
Ἐρπυλλος κείται ταῖς Ἐλικωνιάσιν  
Ταὶ δὲ μελάμφυλλοι δάφναι τίν, Πύθιε Παιάν,  
Δελφίς ἐπεὶ πέτρα τοῦτό τοι ἀγλαῖσεν.  
Βωμὸν δ' αἰμάξει κεραὸς τράγος, οὔτος ὁ μαλλός,  
Τερμίνθου τρώγων ἔσχατον ἀκρέμονα.

THEOCRITI.

Serpillum Aoniis servo munuscula Nymphis,  
Et, matutino quæ madet imbre, rosam :  
Et tu nigrantem, proles Latonia, laurum,  
Quæ tibi Delphitica in rupe adolescit, habe.  
Rodit et extremas qui frondes, corniger hircus  
Concidet ante aram, victima cæsa, tuam.

Averardus Medices.

Sermollino eletto, e rose  
 Porporine e rugiadose  
 V' offro, o Dee delle pendici  
 D' Elicona abitatrici.  
 Te, de' carmi o Nume, onoro  
 Di sacrato e fosco alloro,  
 Che germoglia là nel cieco  
 Immortal Delfico speco :  
 E un capron di corna armato  
 All' altar cadrà svenato ;  
 Quello appunto, che le vette  
 D' ogni ramo manomette.

Averardo de' Medici.

This wild thyme, and these roses, moist with dew,  
 Are sacred to the Heliconian Muse ;  
 The bay, Apollo, with dark leaves is thine ;  
 Thus art thou honour'd at the Delphick shrine ;  
 And there to thee this shagg'd he-goat I vow,  
 That loves to crop the pine-tree's pendent bough.

Fawkes.

## CCCLXV.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

\*Η τοῖον Κυθήρειαν ὕδωρ τέκεν, ἣ Κυθήρεια  
 Τοῖον τεύξευ ὕδωρ, ὃν χροά λουσαμένη.

INCERTI.

Vel talis Veneri genetrix aqua, vel Venus ipsa  
 Talem lota suo corpore fecit aquam.

Grotius.

O d' acqua tal nacque la Dea più bella,  
 O tal fe' l' acqua col bagnarsi in quella.

Pagnini.

Solch' ein Wasser erzeugte Kytheren wol ; oder Kythere  
 Hat es mit Reizen begabt, habend den göttlichen Leib.

Jacobs

Did Cytherea to the skies  
 From this pellucid lymph arise ?  
 Or was it Cytherea's touch,  
 When bathing here, that made it such ?

W. Cowper.

## CCCLXVI.

ΙΟΥΔΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΠΟ ΥΠΑΡΧ. ΑΙΓΥΠΤ.

Els 'Ανακρέοντα. V. 11. 32.

Πολλάκι μὲν τόδ' ἄεισα, καὶ ἐκ τύμβου δὲ βοήσω  
 Πίνετε, πρὶν ταύτην ἀμφιβάλῃσθε κόνιν.

JULIANI.

Hortor et ex tumulo, cecini quod sæpe, Bibatis!  
 Dum nondum talis vos quoque vestit humus.

Grotius. *See. 2 p. 2.*

Je l'ai chanté souvent; et même de nouveau  
 Je le crierai de mon tombeau:  
 Buvez auparavant que la Parque sévère,  
 Comme moi, vous réduise en un peu de poussière.

Longepierre.

Vielfach sang ich es sonst, und ruf es euch noch aus der Gruft zu:  
 Trinkt, eh' durftiger Staub eure Gebeine verhüllt.

Jacobs.

What oft alive I sung, now dead I cry  
 Loud from the tomb, "Drink, mortals, ere you die."

Fawkes.

This lesson oft in life I sung,  
 And from my grave I still shall cry:  
 Drink, mortal! drink, while time is young,  
 Ere death has made thee cold as I.

T Moore.

Oft have I sung, now from the tomb I cry:  
 Drink! ere enveloped in this dust you lie.

W.

## CCCLXVII.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ ΤΑΡΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ. IX. 337.

Εὐάγρει, λαγόθηρα, καὶ εἰ πετεεινὰ διώκων  
 Ἰξευτῆς ἦκεις τοῦθ' ὑπὸ δισσὸν ὄρος,  
 Κάμῃ τὸν ὑλῆωρόν ἀπὸ κρημνοῖο βόασον  
 Πᾶνα· Συναγρεύω καὶ κυσὶ καὶ καλάμοις.

LEONIDÆ.

Et leporem quicumque venis venaberis, hospes,  
 Et si forte meo tramite quæris avem.  
 Et me Pana tibi comitem de rupe vocato,  
 Sive petas calamo præmia, sive cane.

Propertius. 3. 1. 43.

Rem bene venator leporum gere, fallere visco

Monte sub hoc gemino seu meditaris aves.

Panaque me rupis clama de vertice ; juncta

Et canis et calami te comitabor ope.

G. B.

Reichliche Jagd dir, Jäger des Wilds, auch wenn du zum Vogel-  
fange das Thal des Gebirgs hier mit den Nezen betriffst.

Und von der Bergeshöh' ruf' mich Pan, den Beherrscher der düstern

Buschigen Walbnacht ; mitfang' ich mit Hunden und Garn.

Erichson.

Good luck to you, sportsman, or chasing the hare,

Or plying for bird in this dell the lim'd snare.

Me, the forester Pan, from the crag if you call,

I'll help you to quarry, with dog, reeds, and all.

G. B.

# CCCLXVIII.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Εἰς Νιόβην. VII 3.

Ὁ τύμβος οὗτος ἔνδον οὐκ ἔχει νεκρόν

Ὁ νεκρὸς οὗτος ἐκτὸς οὐκ ἔχει τάφον.

Ἄλλ' αὐτὸς αὐτοῦ νεκρὸς ἐστὶ καὶ τάφος.

INCERTI.

Habet sepulchrum non id intus mortuum,

Habet nec ipse mortuus bustum super,

Sibi sed est hic ipse sepulchrum et mortuus.

Ausonius.

Hoc est sepulchrum intus cadaver non habens,

Hoc est cadaver et sepulchrum non habens,

Sed est cadaver et sepulchrum idem sibi.

Politianus.

*An Epitaph on Niobe turned to stone.*

This pile thou seest built out of flesh, not stone,

Contains no shroud within, nor mould'ring bone :

This bloodless trunk is destitute of tombe

Which may the soul-fled mansion en-wombe.

This seeming sepulchre (to tell the troth)

Is neither tomb nor body, and yet both.

H. King.

Lo, corpseless tomb, and tombless corpse ! strange doom !

She to herself at once is corpse and tomb.

G. S.

## CCCLXIX.

ΚΑΡΦΥΛΛΙΔΟΥ. V. 11. 260.

Μὴ μέμψῃ παριὼν τὰ μνήματά μου, παροδίτα·  
 Οὐδὲν ἔχω θρήνων ἄξιον οὐδὲ θανόν.  
 Τέκνων τέκνα λέλονται· μή τις ἀπέλαυσα γυναικὸς  
 Συγγήρου· τρισσοῖς παισὶν ἔδωκα γάμους,  
 Ἐξ ὧν πολλάκι παῖδας ἐμοῖς ἐνεκοίμισα κόλποις,  
 Οὐδενὸς οἰμώξας οὐ νόσον, οὐ θάνατον,  
 Οἳ με κατασπείσαντες ἀπήμονα, τὸν γλυκὺν ὕπνον  
 Κοιμᾶσθαι χώρην πέμψαν ἐπ' εὐσεβέων.

CARPHYLLIDIS.

Hoc tumulo tectum ne me contemne, viator ;  
 Nam ne morte quidem sors lachrymanda mea est.  
 Factus avus senui mutata conjuge nunquam ;  
 Terna tori soboles fœdere juncta mea est ;  
 Unde sinu dulces gestavi sæpe nepotes,  
 Nullius ex illis morte malove dolens.  
 Hi factis me rite sacris misere beatas  
 Ad sedes, habitat quas sine fine sopor.

Grotius. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

Traveller, regret not me ; for thou shalt find  
 Just cause of sorrow none in my decease,  
 Who, dying, children's children left behind,  
 And with one wife lived many a year in peace :  
 Three virtuous youths espoused my daughters three,  
 And oft their infants in my bosom lay,  
 Nor saw I one, of all deriv'd from me,  
 Touch'd with disease, or torn by death away.  
 Their duteous hands my funeral rites bestow'd,  
 And me, by blameless manners fitted well  
 To seek it, sent to the serene abode  
 Where shades of pious men for ever dwell.

W. Cowper.

Friend ! o'er this sepulchre forbear  
 The plaintive sigh, the pitying tear :  
 No just pretence my death supplies  
 To heave thy breast, or dim thine eyes.

With children's children grac'd, one wife  
Walk'd with me down the vale of life :  
Three blooming youths my joyous hands  
Entwin'd in Hymen's blissful bands :  
The numerous race those nuptials blest,  
Oft slumber'd on their grandsire's breast :  
No streams of grief through life I shed,  
O'er child, or grand-child, sick or dead.  
By them to my departed shade  
The tear was pour'd, the rites were paid :  
Thus convoy'd to eternal rest !  
In life, in death, supremely blest.

G. Wakefield.

CCCLXX.

[ΔΙΟΓ. ΛΑΕΡΤ.] VI' ...

Οὐ μὰ τόν, οὐδὲ Λυκωνα παρήσομεν, ὅττι ποδαλγῆς  
Κάθανε· θαυμάζω τοῦτο μάλιστα δ' ἐγώ,  
Τὴν οὕτως ἀέδαι μακρὴν ὁδόν, ἃ πρὶν ὁ ποσσὶν  
' Ἀλλοτρίοις βαδίσας, ἔδραμε νυκτὶ μῆν.

[DIOG. LAERT.]

Hercule ! nec nobis Lyco prætereundus, obivit  
Quod podagra, namque est res ea mira mihi.  
Alterius pedibus solitus quod repere, longum  
Ad manes una nocte cucurrit iter.

Grotius.

Sehe das Grab nicht vorbei. "Wer lieget da?" Lamon, der Schwelger.

"Der am Podagra starb?" Richtig. Was wundert dich dran?

"Dass, der sonst auf Krücken nur humpelte, jetzt in einer  
Nacht mit hurtigem Fuß bis zu dem Tartaros lief."

Voss.

No, nor by Jove ! may Lyco's name be passed,  
Whose gouty feet brought on his death at last :  
And yet, if I a candid man must be,  
How, in one night, a wretched imp,  
Who all his life-time used to limp  
On crutches, ran so long a way  
As down to Hades, I must say,  
Is that which seems the strangest thing to me.

J. W. B.

## CCCLXXI.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ. V. 313

Εἰς Τίμωνα τὸν μισάνθρωπον.

'Ενθάδ' ἀπορρήξας ψυχὴν βαρυδαίμονα κείμεν

Οὐνομα δ' οὐ πεύσοισθε, κακοὶ δὲ κακῶς ἀπόλοισθε.

INCERTI.

Hic situs abrupta vita infelice quiesco :

Nomen ne rogitate : malos Di vos male perdant.

My luckless breath cut short, my grave ye view.

Grotius. *Antiq. Græc. 2. 89.*

Ask not my name : a curse on all of you !

*For Antiq. & ceteris see Mithras. ~~Antiq. Græc. 2. 89.~~ W. 198. — Cluverius. *Itin. 2. 22.**

## CCCLXXII.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ. V. 319.

Καὶ νέκυς ὦν, Τίμων ἄγριος· σὺ δὲ γ', ὦ πυλαῶρὲ

Πλούτωνος, τάρβει, Κέρβερε, μὴ σε δάκη.

INCERTI.

Timon, umbra licet, ferus est : tu janitor Orci

Cerberus, ne morsu te petat ille, cave.

Grotius. *Antiq. Græc. 2. 89.*

Et ferus est Timon sub terris ; janitor Orci

Cerberus, te morsu ne petat ille, cave.

Sam. Johnson. *Græc. xi. 2. 419.*

Timon, though dead, is savage : have a care,

Dread watch-dog, Cerberus ! He bites : beware !

W.

## CCCLXXIII.

ΠΤΟΛΕΜΑΙΟΥ. V. 314.

Μὴ πόθεν εἰμὶ μάθης, μηδ' οὐνομα· πλὴν ὅτι θνήσκειν

Τοὺς παρ' ἐμὴν στήλην ἐρχομένους ἐθέλω.

PTOLEMÆI.

Unde ego non disces, nec quo sim nomine : sed quod,

Hunc tumultum quisquis præterit, opto mori.

Grotius. *Antiq. Græc. 2. 89.*

Unde, et quid nomen ne percontere, sed ipse

Mortuus hoc de te, morte jacere, volo.

T. F.

My name and whence I come cease to enquire ;

That you like me may die is my desire.

T. F.

Ask not my name, nor whence I am ; and you,

Who pass my grave, would you were buried too !

W.

CCCLXXIV.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ. γλ. ζ.

Λαῖς, ἀμαλδυνθεῖσα χρόνῳ περικαλλέα μορφήν,  
Γηραλέων στυγέει μαρτυρίην ῥυτίδων  
"Ενθεν πικρὸν ἔλεγχον ἀπεχθήρασα κατόπτρου,  
"Ανθετο δεσποίνῃ τῆς πάρος ἀγλαΐης.  
'Αλλὰ σύ μοι, Κυθέρεια, δέχου νεότητος ἑταῖρον  
Δίσκον, ἐπεὶ μορφή σὴ χρόνον οὐ τρομέει.

JULIANI.

Lais, ut eximix linguebat gratia formæ,  
Factaque jam, ruga teste, dolebat anus ;  
Tunc speculum prisci dominæ neglecta decoris,  
Indicium vultus triste perosa, tulit :  
Tu, Venus, hunc primi socium cape temporis orbem ;  
Nam tua non ævum forma beata timet.

G. B.

Als mit den Jahren Laïs nun ihre Netze verblüh'n sah,  
Als sie das Alter sah kommen auf ihrem Gesicht,  
Haffete sie den Spiegel, den Zeugen des kommenden Alters ;  
" Kehre zurück," sprach sie, " kehre zur Gottinn zurück,  
Die mich lange geliebt hat !—Nimm den Spiegel, o holde  
Baphia ! Dir nur sind ewige Netze verlieh'n."

Herder.

Laïs, when time had spoil'd her wonted grace,  
Abhorr'd the look of age that plough'd her face :  
Her glass, sad monitor of charms decay'd,  
Before the queen of lasting bloom she laid.  
The sweet companion of my youthful years  
Be thine (she said) ; no change thy beauty fears.

Ogle.

Laïs saw nature's quick decay,  
The wrinkled cheek, the ringlet grey,  
And heav'd a heartfelt sigh :  
" Witness of all that makes me grieve,  
Venus, this hateful glass receive ;  
Your charms can time defy."

Ph. Smyth.

R R



CCCLXXV. VII.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Ἡ σοβαρὸν γελάσασα καθ' Ἑλλάδος, ἡ τὸν ἐραστῶν  
 Ἑσμὸν ἐνὶ προθύροις Λαῖς ἔχουσα νέων,  
 Τῇ Παφίῃ τὸ κάτοπτρον ἐπεὶ τοίῃ μὲν ὀρᾶσθαι  
 Οὐκ ἐθέλω· οἷα δ' ἦν πάρος οὐ δύναμαι.

PLATONIS.

Lais anus Veneri speculum dico : dignum habeat se  
 Æterna æternum forma ministerium.  
 Ast mihi nullus in hoc usus, quia cernere talem  
 Qualis sum, nolo ; qualis eram, nequeo.

Ausonius, *Ep. 54.*

Illa triumphatrix Graiūm consueta procorum  
 Ante suas agmen Lais habere fores,  
 Hoc Veneri speculum : nolo me cernere qualis  
 Sum nunc, nec possum cernere qualis eram.

Sam. Johnson. *Ver. 11. p. 425.**Imitazione.*

Ruppe lo specchio, e disse,  
 Piangendo la fuggita età novella,  
 Donna che fu già bella :  
 Specchio incostante, omai  
 Morta la mia beltà tu non vivrai ;  
 Che mirar questo volto  
 Qual è non voglio, e qual già fu m' è tolto.

Alessandro Guarini.

Lo specchio mio ti dono,  
 O Diva del piacere :  
 Qual fui non posso, e come fatta sono  
 Non mi voglio vedere.

Pananti.

Pour mirer désormais l' éternelle beauté  
 De ta face, o Venus, je t' offre ce miroir,  
 Car je ne m' y vois plus telle que j' ai été,  
 Et telle que je suis, je ne m' y veux plus voir.

Jacques de la Taille.

*Vœu d'un miroir à Venus.*

Moy qui pour mon folastre ris  
 En mon ceilladante jeunesse  
 Avois à ma porte une presse  
 De jeunes amoureux épris,  
 A la princesse de Pasie  
 Ce miroir voué je dédie ;  
 Car telle qu' aujourd'hui je suis  
 Me mirer je ne voudrois onques,  
 Et telle que j' estois adonques,  
 Aujourd'hui me veoir je ne puis.

Baif.

Je le donne à Venus, puis qu' elle est toujours belle :  
 Il redouble trop mes ennuis.  
 Je ne saurois me voir en ce miroir fidèle,  
 Ni telle que j' étois, ni telle que je suis.

Voltaire.

Ich, deren Vorsaal sonst von schmach tenden Jünglingen voll war,  
 Die mit der Griechen herz wie mit dem Balle gespielt ;  
 Lais weiht der Paphia jetzt den Spiegel. Er zeigt ihr  
 Nicht was sie war ; was sie ist, mag sie nicht sehen in ihm.

Herder.

Sie, die Hellas einst mit üppigem Hohne verlachte,  
 Deren Gemächer ein Schwarm liebender Männer umgab,  
 Lais widmet den Spiegel der Paphia. Mich, wie ich jetzt bin,  
 Will ich nicht schaun ; wie ich war, zeigt der Spiegel mir nicht.

Jacobs.

Venus, take my votive glass,  
 Since I am not what I was :  
 What from this day I shall be,  
 Venus, let me never see.

Prior.

I Lais, once of Greece the pride,  
 For whom so many suitors sigh'd,  
 Now aged grown, at Venus' shrine  
 The mirror of my youth resign ;  
 Since what I am I will not see,  
 And what I was I cannot be.

Edmund L. Swift.

## CCCLXXVI.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΤΟΥ. VII, 465.

‘Α κόνις ἀρτίσκαπτος, ἐπὶ στάλας δὲ μετώπων  
 Σέλονται φύλλων ἡμθαλεῖς στέφανοι.  
 Γράμμα διακρίναντες, ὄδονόρε, πέτρων ἴδωμεν  
 Λευρὰ περιστέλλειν ὁστέα φατὶ τίνος.  
 “Ἐεῖν’ Ἀρετημίας εἰμι· πάτρα Κνίδος· Εὐφρονος ἦλθον  
 Εἰς λέχος· ὠδίνων οὐκ ἄμορος γενόμεν  
 Δισσὰ δ’ ὁμοῦ τίκτουςα, τὸ μὲν λίπον ἀνδρὶ ποδηγόν.  
 Γήρως· ὃν δ’ ἀπάγω μναμόσυνον πόσιος.”

## HERACLETI.

Fossa recenter humus, cujus quæ in fronte columna est,  
 Serta gerit florum, mortua parte sui.  
 Cernamus propius lapidemque notasque, viator.  
 Tristes se cineres cujus habere refert.  
 Patria mi Cnidos est, vocitorque Aretemias, hospes ;  
 Euphroni sum conjunx dicta, sed et peperī.  
 Quos peperī geminos dux sit patris, oro, senectæ  
 Ille, mihi pignus conjugis alter adest.

Grotius. *Antiq. Græc.* p. 133.

Neulich gegraben erhebt sich der Staub ; an der Stirne des Denkmals  
 Schütteln vom Winde bewegt welkende Kränze das Laub.  
 Treten wir näher, den Stein zu besehn, und zu lesen die Inschrift ;  
 Sicher verkundet er uns, wessen Gebein er bedeckt.  
 “Freund, Aretemias ward ich genannt ; aus dem Knidischen Lande ;  
 Euphron führte mich heim ; Kinder gebahr ich ihm zweh.  
 Sterbend verließ ich ihm eines davon zum Tröster des Alters ;  
 Eines entführt’ ich, im Grab mich der Erinnerung zu freun.”

Jacobs.

In Cnidos born, the consort I became  
 Of Euphron : Aretimias was my name.  
 His bed I shared, nor proved a barren bride,  
 But bore two children at a birth, and died :  
 One child I leave to solace and uphold  
 Euphron hereafter, when infirm and old ;  
 And one, for his remembrance sake, I bear  
 To Pluto's realm, till he shall join me there.

W. Cowper.

4. Anth. Pol. 12. 2. 263 [Anth. Pol. 263]

CCCLXXVII.

Α Δ Η Ο Ν.

Eis Nέμεσιν.

Πρλν Κα) με λίθον Πέρσαι δεῦρ' ἤγαγον, ὄφρα τρόπαιον  
Στήσονται νίκας· εἰμὶ δὲ νῦν Νέμεσις.  
'Αμφοτέροις δ' ἔστηκα, καὶ Ἑλλήμεσσι τρόπαιον  
Νίκας, καὶ Πέρσαις τοῦ πολέμου νέμεσις.

INCERTI.

Me lapidem quondam Persæ advexere tropæum  
Ut fierem bello: nunc ego sum Nemesis.  
At sicut Græcis victoribus asto tropæum,  
Punio sic Persas vaniloquos Nemesis.

Ausonius. Ep. 42 [21]

Me pietra i Persi qua recaro, ond' io  
Fossi di lor vittoria  
Ai secoli memoria.  
Nemesi or sono, e Fidia me scolpío  
Trofeo de' Greci a un tempo e della rea  
Guerra de' Persi infesti ultrice Dea.

Pagnini.

Vormals führten die Meder den Stein her, künftiger Siege  
Brunkendes Zeichen zu seyn. Nemesis ward ich darauf.  
Beides nun bin ich vereint; ein Zeichen des Siegs den Hellenen,  
Über dem Medischen Volk Nemesis frevelnden Kriegs.

Jacobs.

Brought by the Medes a stone to be  
A trophy sure of victory;  
By Phidias carv'd, I stand to teach  
The pow'r of Nemesis to each.  
Trophy of Greece's conquering host,  
I shame defeated Persia's boast.

Cf. Pausanias, I. 33. 2. + D'Arbois de Jubainville, op. cit. II. 6. 488-490.  
On the first Stone of Buonaparte's marble column, raised by the Expeditionary  
army and Flotilla of Boulogne, and afterwards made to commemorate the res-  
toration of the Bourbons.

Frenchmen! who brought this marble block to stand  
A trophy of th' invasion of yon land,  
Behold! it marks a Bourbon's restoration,  
And tells that you are the invaded nation.

W.

cf. Mithras in Samos, etc. - "Mithras in Samos"  
the column, 1825 - "The column"  
by Buonaparte, by the expeditionary  
army, by the restoration of the

CCCLXXVIII.

*Ant. Lib. 12. Ep. 71. [Ant. P. 22]*  
 Θ Ε Α Ι Τ Η Τ Ο Υ .

Εἰς τὴν Ἀθηναίων Νέμεσιν.

Χιονέν με λίθον παλιναυξέος ἐκ περιωπῆς  
 Λαοτύπος τμήξας πετροτόμοις ἀκλῖσι  
 Μῆδος ἐποντοπόρευσεν, ὅπως ἀνδρείκελα τεύξη,  
 Τῆς κατ' Ἀθηναίων σύμβολα καμμονίης.  
 Ὡς δὲ δαΐζομένοις Μαραθῶν ἀντέκτυπε Πέρσαις,  
 Καὶ νέες ὑδροπόρουν χεύμασιν αἱμαλέοις,  
 Ἐξεσαν Ἀδρήστειαν ἀριστῶδινες Ἀθῆναι,  
 Δαίμον' ὑπερφίαλοις ἀντίπαλον μερόπων.  
 Ἀντιταλαντεύω τὰς ἐλπίδας· εἰμὶ δὲ καὶ νῦν  
 Νίκη Ἐρεχθείδαις, Ἀσσυρίοις Νέμεσις.

THE ÆTETI.

Me niveum viva lapidem de rupe cecidit,  
 Marmoream rumpens cuspidе duritiem,  
 Persa daret cum vela notis, ut fingeret ex me  
 De Cecropis victrix gente trophæa manus.  
 Cladibus at Marathon postquam resonavit Eois,  
 Perque cruore rubens æquor iere rates,  
 Fecit Adrastean de me gens fortis Athenæ  
 Ulcisci solitam facta superba Deam.  
 Spes ego libratas teneo. Victoria nam sum  
 Cecropidis, Nemesis nec minus Assyriis.

Grotius.

Mich weißblendenden Stein brach einst mit dem Meißel der Steinmeg  
 Felsengerspaltend im Bruch wiedererwachsender Höhen ;  
 Ueber das Meer hin fuhren die Weder mich, daß ich zum Bildniß  
 Würde, zum Zeichen des Kampfs gegen die Bürger Athens.  
 Aber als Marathon kühn die zerschmetterten Perser besiegte,  
 Und die Geschwader zurück fohren auf blutigem Meer,  
 Formte die Mutter der Helden Athen, die der Sterblichen Hochmuth  
 Strafende Göttin aus mir, die den vermessenen Flug  
 Freuelnder Hoffnung hemmt. Zur Nemesis ward ich den Persern ;  
 Aber für Ketrops Geschlecht bin ich des Sieges Symbol.

Jacoba

Of ivory whiteness, from a mountain rock  
A Median sculptor in a massive block  
Shipp'd me for Attica, and doom'd to stand  
His mark of triumph o'er this Attic land.  
But when at Marathon fall'n Persia groan'd,  
And for invasion shatter'd ships aton'd,  
By Attic art, perfection's nurse, I rose  
In form a goddess, who the proud o'erthrows.  
In different characters my figure speaks,  
To Persians vengeance, victory to Greeks.

Hayley.

CCCLXXIX.

ΕΥΗΝΟΥ ΑΣΚΑΔΩΝΙΤΟΥ. 18. 75

**Κῆν με φάγῃς ἐπὶ ῥίζαν, ὅμως ἔτι καρποφορήσω,  
Ὅσον ἐπισπείσαι σοί, τράγε, θυομένη.**

**E U E N I.**

Rode caper vitem : tamen hinc, cum stabis ad aram,  
In tua quod spargi cornua possit, erit.

Ovidius. . . . .

*Parodia, in Domitianum ob edictum de excidendis vineis : ex Suetonio. c. lvi. xlv.*

**Κἦν με φάγῃς ἐπὶ ῥίζαν, ὅμως ἔτι καρποφορήσω,  
Ὅσσον ἐπισπείσαι Καίσαρι θυομένῳ.**

Me penitus rodas ; vini tamen illud habebō,  
Quod cæso infusum sat tibi, Cæsar, erit.

De Bosch. . . .

Nagender Boß, du benagst mich bis zur Wurzel. Und dennoch  
Bleibt in der Wurzel mir Saft, der dich als Opfer besprengt.

Herder.

Stiess auf die Wurzel mich ab, doch trag' ich der Frucht genug noch,  
Dir auf dem Opfer altar, Gott, zu begiessen des Blut.

Erichson.

Nagst du mich auch bis zur Wurzel, o Boß, doch trag' ich zum Opfer  
Immer des Weines genug, dich zu beneßten am Heerd.

Jacobs.

Though thou shouldst gnaw me to the root,  
Destructive goat, enough of fruit  
I bear, betwixt thy horns to shed,  
When to the altar thou art led.

**Merivale.**

CCCLXXX.

ΣΙΜΟΝΙΔΟΥ. *Σπέρ. Gr. Ep. p. 899.*

Ἑλλήνων προμαχοῦντες Ἀθηναῖοι Μαραθῶνι  
Χρυσοφόρων Μήδων ἐστόρεσαν δύναμιν.

SIMONIDIS.

Attica pro patria pugnans Marathonis in ora  
Aurea Medorum contudit arma cohors.

G. S.

At Marathon for Greece the Athenians fought;  
And low the gilded Medians' power they brought.

*Sterling New Ed. p. 11.*

CCCLXXXI.

*Simon. Gr. Ep. p. 899. ΔΑΜΑΓΗΤΟΥ. [Anth. P. 17]*

Οὐτ' ἀπὸ Μεσσάνας, οὐτ' Ἀργόθεν εἰμὶ παλαιστάς·  
Σπάρτα μοι Σπάρτα κυδιάνειρα πατρίς.  
Κεῖνοι τεχνάεντες· ἐγὼ γε μέν, ὥς ἐπέουκε  
Τοῖς Λακεδαιμονίων παισὶ, βία κρατέω.

DAMAGETI.

Non Argos pugilem, non me Messana creavit;  
Patria Sparta mihi est, patria clara virūm.  
Arte valent isti, mihi robore vincere solo est,  
Convenit ut natis inclyta Sparta, tuis.

*Sam. Johnson. Gr. Ep. p. 437.*

Io giostrator, non d' Argo o di Messene,  
In Sparta, inclita Sparta, ebbi il natale.  
Quèi fidano in lor arte: in me prevale  
Forza e vigor, come a Spartan conviene.

Pagnini.

Nicht von Messanas Flur, noch von Argolis kam ich zum Ringkampf;  
Mich hat Sparta gezeugt; Sparta die Mutter des Ruhms.  
Andere pflegen der Kunst; ich, wie es den muthigen Edhnen  
Lakedamonias ziemt, siege durch männliche Kraft.

Jacobs.

No Messenian wrestler, no Argive is here;  
Of Sparta, fam'd Sparta, my birth.  
Let them brag of their skill; by my strength 'twill appear  
How the Spartan evinces his worth.

W.

CCCLXXXII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ. *Simonidis*

Ἔστι τις λόγος  
 Τὰν Ἀρετὰν ναίειν δυσαμβάτοις ἐπὶ πέτραις,  
 Ἐνθα μιν θεὸν χάρον ἀγνὸν ἀμφέπειν.  
 Οὐδὲ πάντως βλεφάροις θνατῶν ἔσοπτος,  
 Ὀ μὴ δακέθυμος ἰδρῶς  
 Ἐνδοθεν μόλῃ, ἱκητάμ τ' ἐς ἄκρον ἀνδρείας.

SIMONIDIS.

Ardus narratur Virtus juga montium tenere,  
 Et diva sanctam temperare sedem ;  
 Seque oculis hominum coram dare nullius videndam,  
 Cui non profusus corda sudor urens  
 Exeat interno de robore, gloriamque summam  
 Attingat instans pectoris virilis.

G. B.

Virtue in legend old is said to dwell  
 On high rocks, inaccessible ;  
 But swift descends from high,  
 And haunts of virtuous men the chaste society.  
 No man shall, ever, rise  
 Conspicuous in his fellow mortals' eyes  
 To manly virtue's pinnacle ;  
 Unless within his soul, he bear  
 The drops of painful sweat, that slowly well  
 From spirit-wasting thought, and toil, and care.

Elton.

'Tis said that Virtue dwells on high  
 'Mid rocky steepes that seek the sky,  
 Where o'er a hallow'd realm she holds her sway.  
 No mortal eye her form hath met  
 Save his, from whom heart-galling sweat  
 Breaks out, and wins to manhood's top the way.

G. B.

SS



## CCCLXXXIII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.  
Σκόλιον.

Ἑγχαίνεω μὲν ἄριστον ἀνδρὶ θνατῷ,  
Δεύτερον δὲ, καλὸν φῦαν γενέσθαι,  
Τὸ τρίτον δὲ πλουτεῖν ἀδόλως,  
Καὶ τὸ τέταρτον ἡβᾶν μετὰ τῶν φίλων.

SIMONIDIS.

*Scolium.*

Pars est prima boni, valere recte :  
Pollere ingenii, secunda, dote :  
Justas, tertia, possidere gazas :  
Compubescere, quarta sors, amicis.

Grotius.

Firma salus primâ, prece forma petenda secundâ,  
Tertia fraude venit congesta pecunia nullâ,  
Quantum erit æquales inter pubescere votum.

G. S.

Die Wünsche des Lebens.

Gesundheit ist dem sterblichen Mann  
Das Erste ; das Zweite Wohlgestalt ;  
Das Dritte Reichthum ohne Betrug ;  
Das Vierte, mit seinen Geliebten sich iung erfreuen.

Herder.

The first of human gifts is health ;  
The next on beauty's power attends ;  
The third, possessing well-earned wealth ;  
The fourth is youth, enjoyed with friends.

Burney.

Of mortal blessings here, the first is health,  
And next, those charms by which the eye we move ;  
The third is wealth, unwounding guiltless wealth,  
And then, an intercourse with those we love.

Moore, *ib.* 84.

Good health for mortal man is best,  
And next to this a beauteous form ;  
Then riches not by guile possessed,  
And lastly youth with friendships warm.

Sterling.

xxx

## CCCLXXXIV.

ΑΝΑΞΑΝΔΡΙΔΟΥ. . . . . XV. 697.

Ὅ τὸ σκολιὸν εὐρὼν ἐκείνος, ὅστις ἦν,  
 Τὸ μὲν ὑγιαίνειν πρῶτον ὡς ἄριστον ἦν,  
 Ὀνόμασεν ὀρθῶς· δεύτερον δ' εἶναι καλὸν,  
 Τρίτον δὲ πλουτεῖν, τοῦθ' ὀρθῶς, ἐμαίνετο.  
 Μετὰ τὴν ὑγίαν γὰρ τὸ πλουτεῖν διαφέρει·  
 Καλὸς δὲ πεινῶν ἐστὶν αἰσχρὸν θηρίον.

ANAXANDRIDÆ.

Conscriptor scolii carminis, quiqui fuit,  
 Quod bene valere posuit in primo loco,  
 Bene fecit. At pulcrum esse cum facit alterum,  
 Et divitem esse tertium, insanit nimis.  
 Divitiæ, res a sanitate est proxima :  
 Nam foedum est animal, pulcher quem vexat fames.

Schweighaeuser.

That health is the *first* of all blessings below,  
 Is a truth which no logic can fairly confute ;  
 But the *second* on personal charms to bestow,  
 And on riches the *third*, I beg leave to dispute :  
 Next to health give me riches ; for beauty, though bright,  
 In hunger and rags is a villainous sight.

Burney.

Well says the father of the song,  
 "The first of human joys is health ;"  
 But when he thus pursues the strain,  
 "Then beauty, and the next is wealth,"  
 Indeed, I think him very wrong,  
 And bid him tune his harp again :  
 For, in these days of want and evil,  
 Unportion'd beauty is—the devil.

Merivale.

## CCCLXXXV.

ΠΙΤΤΑΚΟΥ ΜΙΤΥΛΗΝΑΙΟΥ.

*Recl. Lex. Graec. p. 736.*

Σκόλιον.

Ἔχοντα δὲ τόξον καὶ ἰοδόκον φαρέτραν  
 Στείλειν ποτὶ φῶτα κακόν  
 Πιστὸν γὰρ οὐδὲν γλῶσσα διὰ στόματος λαλεῖ,  
 Διχόμυθον ἔχουσα κραδίῃ νόημα.

PITTACI MITYLENÆI.

*Scolium.*

Esse sagittifera tutum latus expedit pharetra  
 Arcuque, vadat quisquis ad scelestum.  
 Namque fide dignum loquitur nihil ore lingua, mentem  
 In corde gestans duplicem doloso.

G. B.

Wandle mit straffem Geschoss und pfeilumsfassendem Köcher  
 Gegen den tückischen Mann!  
 Treulos schwagt aus den Lippen die Zung', und getrennt von der Rede  
 Lau'rt der Gedank' in der Brust!

Voss.

March, with bow and well-stock'd quiver  
 Arm'd, against the evil wight;  
 For his tongue is faithless ever,  
 Words and thoughts just opposite.

Merivale.

## CCCLXXXVI.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

*Recl. Lex. Graec. p. 1221.*

Σκόλιον.

Ἐκ γῆς χρὴ κατιδεῖν πλῶον,  
 Εἴ τις δύναιτο, καὶ παλάμην ἔχοι·  
 Ἐπεὶ δέ κ' ἐν πόντῳ γένηται,  
 Τῷ παρέοντι τρέχειν ἀνάγκη.

INCERTI.

*Scolium.*

Si potes, e terrâ pontum adspice; credita ponto,  
 Quo jubeant auræ, cogitur ire ratis.

G. S.

Du rivage observons le cours de nostre flotte,  
 Considérons son bord, et quel est son pilote;  
 Que si nous avons mis nostre sort en la mer,  
 Il faut contre l'orage espérer et ramer.

L'abbé de Marolles.

Vom Lande schaue der Schiffe Fahrt,  
Wenn dir's vergönnt ist und dein Geschick es will;  
Doch wenn du auf den Fluthen schwimmest,  
Mußt du dem Rufe des Schicksals folgen.

Jacobs.

'Tis best from land to watch the raging sea,  
If so you may, and have the pow'r;  
But if you chance on the wild waves to be,  
Then make the best o' th' present hour.

Merivale.

From shore look out, and turn thine eyes  
Seaward, if thou art weather-wise.  
The vessel, if it once set sail,  
Must run according to the gale.

W

CCCLXXXVII.

Σ Ο Δ Ω Ν Ο Σ.

Σκόλιον.

Πεφυλαγμένος ἄνδρα ἕκαστον ὄρα,  
Μὴ κρυπτόν ἐγγὺς ἔχων κραδίῃ  
Φαιδρῷ σε προσενέπη προσώπῳ,  
Γλῶσσα δέ οἱ διχόμυθος  
Ἐκ μελαίνης φρενὸς γεγωνή.

SOLONIS.

Scolium.

Quamlibet observans caveas tibi ne, dolosus ensem  
Tenens latentem cordis in recessu  
Ore renidenti gratus licet alloquatur, edat  
E mente nigra verba lingua duplex.

G. B.

Seh wachsam auf jeglichen Mann,  
Schau, ob nicht im Herzen er trägt  
Ein verborgenes Schwert, und nur  
Er mit freundlich heuchelndem Blick  
Zu dir redet, indeß im Sprich  
Doppelsinnige Rede der Mund  
Im heimtückischen Herzen.

Falbe.

Beware smooth words and smiling face!  
A dagger lurks within.  
The double tongue speaks fair, the heart  
Is foul with darkling sin.

G. S.

## CCCLXXXVIII.

ΠΙΤΤΑΚΟΥ ΜΙΤΥΛΗΝΑΙΟΥ. *Πίττακος, Σκόλιον.*

Σκόλιον.

Συνετῶν ἐστὶν ἀνδρῶν,  
 Πρὶν γενέσθαι τὰ δυσχερῇ  
 Προνοῆσαι ὅπως μὴ γένηται·  
 Ἀνδρείων δὲ, γενόμενα εὖ θέσθαι.

PITTACI MITYLENÆI.

*Scolium.*

Venturos arcet casus mens provida; fortis

Præsentes animus verterit in melius.

G. S.

Le mal venu il le faut endurer,  
 Bon gré, mal gré; rien n'y sert murmurer;  
 Mais paravant qu'il vienne, l'homme sage  
 Peut par conseil dévancer son dommage.

Jean de la Peruse.

'Tis for the wise,  
 Each difficult event  
 Foreseeing to prevent,  
 E'er it arise:

When come, the manly breast  
 Adjusts it for the best.

W.

The prudent mind averts the coming ill;  
 When come, brave hearts to good may turn it still.

G. S.

## CCCLXXXIX.

*Πίττακος, Σκόλιον.* Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν . *Πίττακος, Σκόλιον.*

Σκόλιον.

Σύν μοι πῖνε, συνήβα, συνέρα, συστεφανηφόρει,  
 Σύν μοι μαινομένῳ μαίνεο, σὺν σώφρονι σωφρόνει.

INCERTI.

*Scolium.*

Mecum potor, amans, sarta ferens, te juvenem geras;  
 Mecum sisque furens, et sapiens, cum sapiam, comes.

G. B.

Bois, rajeunis, aime, couronne-toy,  
 Sois fou, sois sage avecque moy.

Longepierre

Mit mir trinke du, mitblühe mir, mitliebe, sei mitbefrängt;  
 Mit mir Rasenden ras', übe Vernunft mit dem Vernünftigen.

W. Schlegel.

Quaff with me the purple wine,  
And in youthful pleasures join ;  
Crown with me thy flowing hair,  
With me love the blooming fair.  
When sweet madness fires my soul,  
Thou shalt rave without control ;  
When I'm sober, sink with me  
Into dull sobriety.

Bland.

Be thou gay when I'm gay, when I'm jolly be jolly,  
With me wear the chaplet, and woo the fair maid :  
When I'm mad, be thou mad, play the fool in my folly,  
Or, if I'm staid and sober, be sober and staid.

G. B.

CCCXC.

TIMOCREONTOS.

Σκέλιον.

Ὀφελές, ὦ τυφλὲ Πλούτε,  
Μήτ' ἐν γῇ, μήτ' ἐν θαλάσσῃ,  
Μήτ' ἐν ἡπείρῳ φανῆναι,  
'Αλλὰ Τάρταρόν τε ναίειω  
Κ' Ἀχέροντα· δία σε γὰρ  
Πάντ' ἐν ἀνθρώποις κάκ' ἐστί.

TIMOCREONTIS RHODII.

Scolium.

O utinam nusquam potuisses per mare totum,  
Aut cæcum in terris tollere, Plute, caput,  
Horrida sed nigro cohiberent Tartara rivo ;  
Quippe tuum est, homini quicquid ubique malum est.

G. F. D. T.

Vile riches should no favour find,  
By land or sea, among mankind ;  
But should be sent with fiends to dwell,  
Down in the deepest blackest Hell :  
For 'tis from them, e'er since the world began,  
The greatest ills have sprung which torture man.

Burney.

Would thou'dst ne'er been by mortals seen,  
Blind Wealth, in earth or sea ;  
But doom'd to dwell in deepest Hell :  
Our woes are all from thee !

G. S.

*Poet. Lat. Græc. p. 1021.* CCCXCI. *Calistratus.*  
 ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ. Σκόλιον.

Ὁ καρκίνος ὧδ' ἔφα  
 Χαλᾷ τὸν ὄφιν λαβών  
 Εὐθὺν χρὴ τὸν ἑταῖρον ἔμμεν,  
 Καὶ μὴ σκολιὰ φρονεῖν.

INCERTI.  
*Scolium.*

Prensum forcipe tunc suo  
 Anguem cancer ita admonet:  
 "At rectas socium vias,  
 Non obliqua sequi decet."

G. B.

With his claw the snake surprising  
 Thus the crab kept moralizing:  
 'Out upon sidelong turns and graces:  
 Straight's the word for honest paces!'

*D. K. Sandford. in Edin. Rev. vol. x, p. 372.*

CCCXCII.  
 ΒΑΚΧΥΛΙΔΟΥ. *Poet. Lat. Græc. p. 903.*  
*St. B. Flor. x. 17.*

Λυδία μὲν γὰρ λίθος  
 Μανύει χρυσόν  
 Ἀνδρῶν δ' ἀρετὰν  
 Σοφίαν τε παγκρατῆς  
 Ἐλέγχει ἀλήθεια.

BACCHYLIDIS.

Aurum Lydus indicat  
 Lapis; sed sapientiam  
 Virtutemque hominum arguit  
 Vincens omnia Veritas.

G. F. D. T.

*Der Prüfestein.*

Der Lydische Stein erprobt das Gold;  
 Der Männer Weisheit und Jugend erprobt  
 Die allbeherrschende Wahrheit.

Herder.

As gold the Lydian touch-stone tries,  
 So man, the virtuous, valiant, wise,  
 Must to all-powerful Truth submit  
 His virtue, valour, and his wit.

Merivale.

The test of fine gold  
 Is the Lydian stone :  
 And wisdom is told,  
 And man's worth shown  
 By Truth, all-potent to make things known.

G. F. D. T.

## CCCXCIII.

Π Α Λ Λ Α Δ Α. ×. 87.

ὦ τῆς βραχείας ἡδονῆς τῆς τοῦ βίου.  
 Τὴν ὀξύτητα τοῦ χρόνου πενθήσατε.  
 Ἡμεῖς καθεζόμεσθα καὶ κοιμώμεθα,  
 Μοχθοῦντες ἢ τρυφῶντες· ὁ δὲ χρόνος τρέχει,  
 Τρέχει καθ' ἡμῶν τῶν ταλαιπώρων βροτῶν,  
 Φέρων ἐκάστου τῷ βίῳ καταστροφὴν.

PALLADÆ.

O quam voluptas hujus est vitæ brevis !  
 Lugete rapidam temporis fluxi fugam.  
 Nos dum sedentes aut cubantes occupant  
 Luxus laborve, tempus interea ruit,  
 Ruit perenni gentis humanæ malo,  
 Dum quemque vitæ raptat usque ad exitum.

Grotius.

O transitory joys of life ! ye mourn  
 Rightly those winged hours that ne'er return.  
 We, let us sit, or lie, or toil, or feast,  
 Time ever runs, a persecuting guest,  
 His hateful race against our wretched state,  
 And bears the unconquerable will of fate.

Merivale.

Brief joys of life ! alas !  
 How swiftly doth time pass !  
 In sleep and leisure,  
 Toil or pleasure,  
 Time still runs on :  
 Time runs his race against us all,  
 And brings anon  
 Life's close, that each poor mortal must befall !

W.

T t



## CCCXCIV.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ. Ἰ. 2. 6,

Eis Σωφροσύνην.

Ἀντιγένης ὁ Γελῶς ἔπος ποτὲ τοῦτο θυγατρὶ  
 Εἶπεν, ὅτ' ἦν ἤδη νεύμενος εἰς Ἀἶδην  
 Παρθένε καλλιπάρηε, κόρη δ' ἐμή, ἴσχε συνεργὸν  
 Ἑλακάτην, ἀρκεῖν κτήμα πένητι βίῳ  
 Ἦν δ' ἔκη εἰς ὑμέναιον, Ἀχαιῶδες ἦθεα μητρὸς  
 Χρηστὰ φύλασσε, πόσει προῖκα βεβαιότατην.

ANTIPATRI.

Antigenes, vita jam deficiente, Gelōus  
 Edidit hæc natæ verba suprema pater.  
 Pulcra genas virgo, mea filia! det tibi, vitæ  
 Quod satis est inopi, juncta ministra colus.  
 Uxor eris si cui, Graiæ tu vive parentis  
 More probæ: dos hæc certa futura viro.

G. B.

Allor che giuso per discender era  
 Infra gli estinti Antigene Geloo,  
 Alla figlia parlò di tal maniera:  
 Vergin vaga d'aspetto, e figlia mia,  
 La rocca all'opre abbi compagna, e fondo  
 Bastante a vita povera ti sia.  
 Ma se Imeneo fra' suoi lacci t'annoda,  
 Serba di Greca madre i bei costumi,  
 Dote allo sposo ben sicura e soda.

Pompei.

Der letzte Wille eines Vaters.

Als Antigeneß einfiel, der Gelender, zum Hades hinab ging,  
 Ließ er der Tochter noch freundlich die Worte zurück:  
 "Liebe Tochter, von Antlitz schön bewahre zur Freunbinn  
 Dir die Spindel, sie hilft treu dir das Leben hindurch.  
 Und gelangst du zur Eh', so halt' an der friedlichen Sitte  
 Deiner Mutter, dem Mann ist sie das köstlichste Gut.

Herder.

Antigonus perceiv'd the approach of death,  
 And gave this counsel with his latest breath:  
 Fair daughter, honest labour be your guide;  
 Ne'er let the distaff quit your patient side:

But, should a lover court you to his arms,  
 Let modesty commend your sober charms :  
 Let your dear mother's precepts form your life,  
 So shall you prove the best and richest wife.

Ph. Smyth.

When now departing to the silent dead,  
 These words Antigones of Gela said :  
 Fair daughter, keep the distaff at your side,  
 A livelihood, though small ; and, if a bride,  
 Keep to your mother's virtues ; they will prove  
 The surest dow'r to win a husband's love.

W.

## CCCXCV.

ΑΔΔΑΙΟΥ ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΟΣ. VI. 2-8.

Αὔλακι καὶ γῆρα τετρυμένον ἐργατίνην βοῦν  
 Ἄλκων οὐ φονίην ἤγαγε πρὸς κοπίδα,  
 Αἰδεσθεὶς ἔργων ὁ δὲ που βαθέη ἐνὶ ποίῃ  
 Μυκηθμοῖς ἀρότρου τέρπετ' ἐλευθερίῃ.

ADDÆI MACEDONIS.

Defessum senio longisque laboribus arvi  
 Ad cultrum dominus non vocat Alco bovem ;  
 Tanta viro est operum reverentia : mugit in herba  
 Ille, nec in collo liber aratra timet.

Grotius.

Der Pflugstier.

Seinen von Furch' und Alter entfrähteten würdigen Pflugstier  
 Führete Damon hieher, nicht zum erwürgenden Stahl ;  
 Nein zum Lohn des Verdienstes. Im hochgeschossenen Graße  
 Sauchzt er mit frohem Gebrüll über die Freiheit des Pflugs.

Voss.

Diesem vom Altar ermüdeten Stier und von emsiger Arbeit,  
 Führete Alkon nicht unter das mordende Beil,  
 Achtend des Thieres Verdienst. Nun wadet er frey von der Pflugschaar,  
 Immer mit frohem Gebrüll tief in dem üppigen Gras.

Jacobs.

The ox with age and labour spent  
 Died not by butcher's knife :  
 In gratitude for service lent  
 Alcon hath spared his life ;  
 And now along the grassy lea  
 Joyous he lows, from plough set free.

G. S.

CCCXCVI.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ. ΧΙΛ. 3.

Ὁ μουσσοποιὸς ἐνθάδ' Ἰππώναξ κεῖται.  
 Εἰ μὲν πονηρός, μὴ ποτέρχεν τῷ τύμβῳ·  
 Εἰ δ' ἐσσι κρήγυός τε, καὶ παρὰ χρηστῶν,  
 Θαρσέων καθίζεν, κῆν θέλῃς, ἀπόβριζον.

THEOCRITI.

Poeta, lector, hic quiescit Hipponax,  
 Si sis scelestus, præteri, procul, marmor:  
 At te bonum si nôris, et bonis natum,  
 Tutum hic sedile, et si placet, sopor tuus.

Sam Johnson *vol. XI. p. 426.*

Musis sacer quiescit Hipponax illic.  
 Tu si malus, cave hocce bustum adeas, hospes:  
 Sin es probus, probaque stirpe prognatus,  
 Fidens recumbe, et, si lubet, cape hic somnum.

Joh. Dan. Schulze.

Se improbo sei, non appressarti. Quivi  
 Chiuso il poeta Ipponate sen giace:  
 Se poi se' buono, e da buoni derivi,  
 Siedi, e se vuoi, con lui t' addormi in pace.

Orti.

Ipponatte il poeta qui riposa.  
 Alla sua tomba, ove mal uom tu sie,  
 Non t' appressar, ma se probo, e di pie  
 Oneste genti, qui secur ti posa,  
 Ed anco, se ti piace,  
 Dormici in tutta pace.

M.

Dies ist das Grab des Hipponax. Hinweg!  
 Wenn du ein Böser bist; doch bist du gut,  
 Und guter Eltern Sohn; so setz dich  
 Getrost darauf, und willst du, schlumm're auch.

Herder.

Hipponax, Meister in der Musenkunst, ruht hier.  
 Bist du ein Böswicht, nahe nicht dem Grabmale,  
 Doch wenn du bieder, und von gutem Blut abstammst,  
 So setz dich dreist hin, ja, so dir's geliebt, schlumm' auch.

Wilhelm von Schlegel.



CCCXCVIII.

L. C. VIII. 3. 23.

[373]

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

"Υδατα κηραίνοντα βλέπεις, ξένε, τῶν ἀπο χειρὶ  
 Λουτρὰ μὲν ἀνθρώποις ἀβλαβῇ ἐστὶν ἔχειν  
 \*Ἦν δὲ βάλῃς κοίλῃς ποτὶ νηδύος ἀγλαὸν ὕδωρ,  
 "Ἀκρα μόνον δολιχοῦ χεῖλεος ἀψάμενος,  
 Αὐτῆμαρ πριστῆρες ἐπὶ χθονὶ δαιτὸς ὀδόντες  
 Πίπτουσιν, γενύων ὀρφανὰ θέντες ἔδη.

INCERTI.

Hospes, aquam cernis metuendam, innoxia membris  
 Sumere mortales unde lavacra queant.  
 Sin imum in ventrem nitidam dejeceris undam,  
 Admoris tantum labra suprema licet,  
 Protinus in terram labentur ab ore molares,  
 Et sedes linquent mandibulæ vacuas.

Joannes Noretius.

O passeggiar, vedi quest' acque orrende?  
 Lecito è averne solo per lavarti:  
 Ma se il freddo liquor nel ventre scende,  
 Sebben le somme labbra vuoi toccarti,  
 Presto vedrai restar orfane e prive  
 Di denti, che n' andran, le tue gengive.

Daniele Barbaro.

Amy, tu veoyz une eau qui est à craindre,  
 Dont un chacun peult laver sans se faindre;  
 Mais qui en veult avaler un petit  
 En l' estomach provoqué d' appetit,  
 Si seulement des lèvres de sa bouche  
 Le malheur faict que (sans plus) il y touche,  
 En moins de rien les dentz luy tumberont,  
 Et vuydes lors les places laisseront.

Jan Martin.

Passant, l' eau que tu vois est une eau qu' il faut craindre;  
 Tu peux bien pourtant sans danger  
 T' en rafraichir les mains, et même t' y plonger;  
 Mais si dans son crystal ta soif se veut éteindre,  
 En la touchant un peu des lèvres seulement,  
 Elle fera tomber tes dents en un moment.

Claude Perrault.

Stranger ! thou see'st a fount with peril fraught.  
 Wash thee, and dip thy hands, and fear no ill :  
 But taste it not ; for, ere thou swallow'st aught,  
 Should but thy lip's edge meet the sparkling rill,  
 That very day thy teeth will disappear,  
 And fall to earth, and leave the sockets clear.

W.

CCCXCIX.

[*Anth. 4. 6. 122*]

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Ἀγρότα, σὺν ποιμνuais τὸ μεσημβρινὸν ἦν σε βαρύνῃ  
 Δίψος, ἀν' ἐσχατίας Κλείτορος ἐρχόμενον,  
 Τῆς μὲν ἀπὸ κρήνης ἄρυσαι πόμα, καὶ παρὰ Νύμφαις  
 Ὑδριάσι στήσον πᾶν τὸ σὺν αἰπόλιον.  
 Ἀλλὰ σύ μῃτ' ἐπὶ λουτρὰ βάλης χροῦ, μὴ σε καὶ αὖρη  
 Πημήνη, τερπνῆς ἐντὸς ἔοντα μέθης·  
 Φεύγε δ' ἐμὴν πηγὴν μισάμπελον, ὅθθα Μελάμπους  
 Ῥυσάμενος λύσσης Προϊτίδας ἀρτεμέας,  
 Πάντα καθαρμὸν ἔβαψεν ἀπόκρυφον, εὐτ' ἄρ' ἀπ' Ἀργους  
 Οὔρεα τρηχεῖς ἤλυθεν Ἀρκαδίας.

INCERTI.

Si te, sique pecus, medio sitis orbe diei  
 Ad fontis, pastor, Clitorii antra premat,  
 Inde tuam restingue sitim, quin et prope Nymphas  
 Najadas omne tuum tu quoque siste pecus.  
 Membra lavanda tamen caveas committere lymphæ,  
 Ne noceat vinctis ebriate Notus.  
 Vitibus infestas fuge aquas, ubi nempe Melampus  
 Lustravit dira Proetidas à rabie,  
 Arcanam abstergens maculam, et se protinus Argis  
 Ad tetricæ montes contulit Arcadiæ.

Bartolomæus Pratensis.

Si te, Clitoriis ubi cum grege finibus erras,  
 Urat, iter medium sole tenente, sitis,  
 Securus bibe fontis aquas, juxtaque puellas  
 Naidas in molli gramine siste pecus.  
 Parce sed his corpus mundare liquoribus : et si  
 Ebrius es, noceat ne qua vel aura, fuge.

Odit enim fons hic vites. Hac ipse Melampus

Prætidæ exsolvit labæ furoris aqua :

In lymphis hæserè piamina. Triga sororum

Ad juga namque Argis venerat Arcadiæ.

Grotius.

Si la soif te contrainct, Pasteur, et ton troupeau,  
De venir à mydi de Clitorus à l' eau,  
Estains-la : puis auprès des Nymphes te repose,  
Et tes bestes avec : mais ton corps n' y expose,  
Qu' il ne soyt enyvvré du vent lequel en sort.  
Fuy ma liqueur, qui hayt les vignes à la mort,  
Depuis que Melampus y purgea de la rage  
Les Pretides, ostant l' infect de leur courage,  
Ainsi comme il passoit d' Arges pour s' en venir  
En ces sauvages montz d' Arcadie tenir.

Jan. Martin.

Près des antres obscurs d' ou coule ce ruisseau

Si la chaleur t' invite à mener ton troupeau,

Berger, tu peux y boire, et dans leurs promenades

Suivre parmy ces près les errantes Naiades ;

Mais ne t' y baigne pas ; ces eaux par un poison

Qui fait haïr le vin, corrompent la raison.

Fuy donc cette liqueur si contraire à la vigne,

Où Melampe purgea l' humeur noire et maligne

Qui des filles de Prete avoit troublé le sens,

Lorsqu' il passa d' Argos en ces lieux mal-plaisans.

Claude Perrault.

Shepherd, if thirst oppress thee while thy flock

Thou lead'st at noon by this Arcadian spring ;

Here freely drink thy fill, and freely bring

Around my Naiads all thy fleecy stock.

But in the water wash not ; lest thou feel

Loathing, and strange antipathy to wine ;

Such power it hath to make thee hate the vine,

E'er since my fount did Proetus' daughters heal :

For here Melampus bathed them, here he cast

A spell to purge their madness off, and hold

The secret taint ; what time from Argos old

To rough Arcadia's mountain heights he past.

Crowe.

## CCCC.

Εἰς τὴν 193. ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ. *Antiquities viii. 3. 22.*

Ἡδεῖα ψυχροῦ ποτοῦ λιβάς, ἣν ἀνήσι  
Πηγῇ. ἀλλὰ νόφ πέτρος ὁ τῆσδε πιών.

IN CERTI.

Sunt gelidi fontis latices, dulcesque bibenti,  
Saxeus attamen hinc illico sensus erit.

Guilielmus Giscaferius

Fresche son le mie acque, e dolci a bere,  
Ma se per caso quelle beverai,  
Di pietra ti faran la mente avere.

Daniele Barbaro.

Fraiche et plaisante au goust se peult trouver ceste eau,  
Mais dur comme un caillou elle rend le cerveau.

Jan Martin.

Cette eau par sa fraicheur et par son doux murmure  
Charme tous les sens à l'abord ;  
Mais elle rend l'ame plus dure  
Que le rocher dont elle sort.

Claude Perrault.

Sweet the cool drops these bubbling waves dispense,  
But he who drinks will be a stone in sense.

W. Newton

## CCCCI.

ΕΡΑΤΟΣΘΕΝΟΥΣ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤ. *v. 1.*

Οἶνοπότας Ξενοφῶν κενεὸν πίθον ἄνθετο, Βάκχε'  
Δέχνησο δ' εὐμενέως· ἄλλο γὰρ οὐδὲν ἔχει.

ERATOSTHENIS.

Bacche, tibi quem dat Xenophon vinosus, inanem  
Accipe, præterea nil habet ille, cadum.

G. S.

Or ch'io muoio, e di più bere,  
Bacco mio, non ho speranza,  
Ti consacro il mio bicchiere ;  
Altro al mondo non m'avanza.

Ugo Foscolo.

Βάκχος das leere Gefäß weiht Xenophoros, der Trinker.  
Gnädig empfang es, o Gott ; andres besitzt er nicht.

Erichson.

Bacchus ! from toping Xenophon  
Accept his all ; an empty tun.

W.

U U



## CCCCII.

ΑΔΗΑΟΝ. VII. 33.

Ἡσίοδος Μούσαις Ἑλικωνίσι τόνδ' ἀνέθηκα,  
 "Ῥνῃ νικήσας ἐν Χαλκίδι θεῖον" Ὅμηρον.

INCERTI.

Hesiodus donum dedit hoc Heliconisi Musis  
 Chalcide cantando divini victor Homeri.

Grotius.

This Hesiod vows to th' Heliconian nine,  
 In Chalcis won from Homer the divine.

T. Cooke.

## CCCCIII.

ΜΥΡΟΥΣ ΒΥΖΑΝΤΙΑΣ. VI. 189.

Νύμφαι Ἀμαδρνώδες, ποταμοῦ κόραι, αἱ τὰδε βένθη  
 Ἀμβρόσιαι ῥοδέοις στείβετε ποσσὶν αἶψ,  
 Χαίρετε καὶ σώζετε Κλεώνυμον, ὃς τὰδε καλὰ  
 Εἶσαθ' ὑπαὶ πιτύων ὕμνι, θεαὶ, ξόανα.

MYRUS BYZANTINÆ.

Nymphæ, fonticolæ Nymphæ, quæ gurgitis hujus  
 Æternum roseo tunditis ima pede:  
 Lysimachum servate! sub alta maxima pinu  
 Numinibus posuit qui simulacra suis.

T. Warton.

Nymphen, ambrosische Töchter des Flusses, ihr Hamadryaden,  
 Die ihr mit rosigem Fuß über den Wellen hier schwebt,  
 Lebet wohl und erhaltet gesund den Kleonymus, der euch  
 Diese Bilber zum Dank unter die Fichte gesetzt.

Herder.

Hamadryaden, des Stroms ambrosische Töchter, ihr Nymphen,  
 Welche mit rosigem Fuß immer die Tiefen durchwallt;  
 Seyd mir gegrüßt, und beschützt den Kleonymos, welcher die schönen  
 Bilber von Holz euch hier unter den Fichten geweiht.

Jacobs.

O forest-nymphs, o daughters of the river,  
 Who haunt, ambrosial, these deep glades for ever,  
 With rosy feet;  
 Thrice hail, and be Cleonymus your care!  
 For he, in this pine-sheltered calm retreat,  
 To you erected all these statues fair.

J. W. B.

## CCCCIV.

ΔΙΟΤΙΜΟΥ. IX. 371.

Τὸν ἦβαν ἐς ἀεθλα πάλας ἤσκησε κραταιᾶς  
 Ἄδε Ποσειδῶνος, καὶ Διὸς ἁ γενεά.  
 Κεῖται δέ σφιν ἀγῶν οὐ χαλκίου ἀμφὶ λήβητος,  
 Ἄλλ' ὅστις ζῶν οἴσεται ἢ θάνατον.  
 Ἀνταίου τὸ πτώμα· πρέπει δ' Ἡρακλῆα νικᾶν  
 Τὸν Δίος. Ἀργείων ἁ πάλα, οὐ Λιβύων.

DIOTIMI,

*De Hercule et Antæo.*

In lucta vires exploravere juventæ,  
 Neptuno satus hic, et satus ille Jove:  
 Non ex ære lebes pretium certaminis hujus,  
 Sed superaret uter, sed moreretur uter.  
 Occidit Antæus; par est Jove vincere natum;  
 Lucta quoque Argivûm gloria, non Libyum.

Grotius. *Hercl. 1. 1. 7.*

Ne' più verdi anni il gran figliuol di Giove  
 Col figliuol di Nettunno a lottar venne;  
 Nè legghier premio alle lor dure prove,  
 Ma vita, o morte riportar convenne.  
 Anteo cadde, e morìo, chè l' alte e nuove  
 Forze d' Ercole invito non sostenne;  
 E fu ben dritto; chè la Grecia dotta,  
 Non la Libia, trovò la forte lotta.

Benedetto Varchi.

Two wrestlers here their youthful vigour prove;  
 The son of Neptune this, and that of Jove.  
 They for no vase of bronze contend; no prize  
 Is set; whichever lives, the other dies.  
 Antæus falls! 'Tis Jove's son, Hercules,  
 Must win. The Art's not Libyan, but of Greece.

W

For the mighty wrestler's guerdon, each in youthful vigour strove,  
 Here the child of ocean's sov'reign, and the nobler child of Jove.  
 Not for them the brazen tripod stands, the brave reward of strife,  
 They must struggle each to vanquish, one to death and one for life.  
 Falls Antæus: thus to conquer it must Hercules behave;  
 Greeks, not Libyans, founded wrestling, and the Greek's a son of Jove.

G. F. D. T.

*See Politian, Eclog. IV.*

## CCCCV.

ΦΙΛΗΜΟΝΟΣ. /X. 450.

Εἰ ταῖς ἀληθείαισιν οἱ τεθνηκότες  
 Αἰσθησιν εἶχον ἄνδρες, ὥς φασὶν τινες,  
 Ἀπηγξάμην ἂν, ὥστ' ἰδεῖν Εὐριπίδην.

PHILEMONIS.

Post fata si quis esset, ut quidam putant,  
 Sensus superstes, ipse me suspenderem,  
 Hac spe, liceret ut videre Euripidem.

Grotius. *Philos. 1, p. 357.*

Some say the dead with conscious sense converse with whom they please :  
 If this be true, I'd hang myself, to see Euripides.

*See 50, number 1, Phil. 1, p. 361.*

W.

## CCCCVI.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Τίς ποθ' ὁ τὸν Τροίης πόλεμον σελίδεσσι χαράξας,

ἥ τίς ὁ τὴν δολιχὴν Λαρτιάδαο πλάνην ;

Οὐκ ὄνομ' εὐρίσκω σαφές, οὐ πόλιν. οὐράνιε Ζεῦ,

Μή ποτε σὼν ἐπέων δόξαν Ὅμηρος ἔχει ;

INCERTI.

Quis exaravit Troicum Martem stylo,

Longasque Ulyssei vias ?

Unde et quis ille, quærimus. Diespiter,

Scripsisse te putaverim !

G. F. D. T.

Chi di Troja la guerra, e chi d' Ulisse

Il lungo irsene errando in carta scrisse ?

Dinne la patria, o Giove, e 'l nome vero,

Nè l' onor de' tuoi carmi abbiassi Omero.

W

Wer nur hat den Trojanischen Krieg auf die Blätter geschrieben ?

Oder laßte's Sophns Mühen und irrende Fahrt ?

Deutlich gewahrt ich nicht Namen noch Stadt. O erhabner Kronion,

Eignet Homeros vielleicht deine Gesänge sich an ?

Jacobs.

The writer of the famous Trojan war,

And of Ulysses' life, o Jove, make known ;

Who, whence he was ; for thine the verses are,

And he would have us think they are his own.

Hobbes.

Who first transcrib'd the famous Trojan war,  
And wise Ulysses' acts, o Jove, make known :  
For since 'tis certain thine these poems are,  
No more let Homer boast they are his own.

Anon. Spectator. *M. 1774*

CCCCVII.

AN YTHZ. 1X. 313.

"Ἴξευ ἅπας ὑπὸ καλὰ δάφνας εὐθαλέα φύλλα,  
'Ωραίον τ' ἄρυσαι νόματος ἀδὺ πόμα,  
"Οφρά τοι ἀσθμαίνοντα πόνοις θέρεος φίλα γυῖα  
Ἀμπαύσης, πνοιῇ τυπτόμενα Ζεφύρου.

ANYTES.

Quisquis es, hac lauri reside frondentis in umbra,  
Grataque de pulchro pocula fonte bibe.  
Solibus ut fessos artus pariterque labore  
Mulceat e zephyri frigore grata quies.

Grotius. *Ant. 1774. 3. 13.*

Setze dich ganz in den Schatten des frischbelaubeten Lorbers,  
Und am lieblichen Born schöpfe dir süßes Getränk:  
Dass du von Sommerermattung die schweraufathmenden Glieder  
Ausruhst, gegen den Hauch säuselnder Weste gewandt.

Voss.

*On a laurel by a fountain's side.*

Rest thee beneath yon laurel's ample shade,  
And quaff the limpid stream that issues there ;  
So thy worn frame, for summer's toil repaid,  
May feel the freshness of the western air.

F. H.

Beneath the rich luxuriant shade  
Of Daphne's lovely foliage laid,  
Lie all along at ease ;  
And from the fountain at thy feet  
Draw forth the water fresh and sweet,  
That, panting with the summer's heat,  
Thy limbs refreshing rest may greet,  
Fann'd by the Zephyr's breeze.

E. S.

## CCCCVIII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ. γ', 24.

Εἰς Ἀνακρέοντα.

Ἡμερὶ πανθέλκτειρα, μεθυτρόφε, μήτηρ ὀπώρας,  
 Οὐλῆς ἢ σκολιὸν πλέγμα φύεις ἔλικος,  
 Τηίου ἡβήσεως Ἀνακρεόντος ἐπ' ἄκρη  
 Στήλῃ, καὶ λεπτῷ χῶματι τοῦδε τύφου,  
 Ὡς ὁ φιλάκρητός τε καὶ οἰνοβαρὴς φιλόκωμος,  
 Παννύχιος κρούων τὴν φιλόπαιδα χέλυν,  
 Κῆν χθονὶ πεπτηώς, κεφαλῆς ἐφύπερθε φέροιτο  
 Ἀγλαὸν ὥραιων βότρυν ἀπ' ἀκρεμόνων,  
 Καί μιν αἰεὶ τέγγοι νοτερὴ δρόσος, ἥς ὁ γεραῖος  
 Λαρότερον μαλακῶν ἔπνεεν ἐκ στομάτων.

SIMONIDIS.

Blanda quies curæ, Vitis, quæ foeta racemis,  
 Musta fovens, torto stamine crispa vires ;  
 Conditur hic modico qua Teius aggere vates,  
 Summa per affusis saxa vagere comis.  
 Ille merum potans ut comissator, amantis  
 Pervigilem suetus nocte ferire chelyn,  
 Stratus humi quamvis, gravido de palmite lætus  
 Splendida supposito vertice dona ferat ;  
 Semper et imbutus liquido sit rore, fluebat  
 Quo senis e tenero dulcius ore melos.

G. B.

Blanda meri genetrix, curæ solatia, Vitis,  
 Tortile quæ crispo palmite vimen alis,  
 Marmore te summo semper florere jubebo,  
 Teius exigua quæ requiescit humo.  
 Ille gravis vino, madidæ dux ille choreæ,  
 Lascivæ pernox arbiter ille lyrae,  
 Pulvere vel positus supra caput usque racemos  
 Sentiat, autumnò cum rubet uva, tuos,  
 Usque bibat rores illos, quibus dulcius ipsis  
 Manabat melico carmen ab ore senis.

G. B.

Mutter des allerquidenden Weins, jungfräulicher Weinstock,  
 Und der Rebe, die sich krauselnd in Ranken erhebt,  
 Winde dich, zart Gewächs, rings um Anacreons Grabmahl  
 Reich an Trauben, und klamm' oben zur Säule hinan,  
 Dass der trunkene Säng' des Weins auch unten die lange  
 Nacht sich kürze mit nie schweigendem Zitt'ergezang  
 Von der Liebe Bathylls, dass der zur Erde gesunk' ne  
 Greis zum Haupte sich noch glänzende Trauben erseh',  
 Und mit dem labenden Thau sich neke, der von der Lip' ihm  
 Einft so holden Geruch süßer Gesänge verlieh.

Herder.

Rebe, du Mutter der Frucht, Allfreunde, röthelnder Trauben  
 Nährerin, die du Geschlecht zierlicher Ranken erzeugtst,  
 Nicht dein grünendes Laub um Anacreons niedrigen Hügel;  
 Ueber den Scheitel des Mals breite den blühenden Krauz;  
 Dass hier Bacchos Priester, der taumelnde Führer der Reigen,  
 Welcher von Liebe berauscht nächtlich das Barbiton schlug,  
 Auch in dem Nides noch an den blühenden Zweigen den Purpur  
 Strahlenden Trauben erblickt über dem heiligen Haupt,  
 Immer benetzt von dem thauenden Nass; den süßer als Weinmost  
 Wehten dem Testischen Greis Lieder vom lieblichen Mund.

Jacobs.

All-cheering Vine! with purple clusters crown'd,  
 Whose tendrils, curling o'er the humble mound,  
 Beneath whose turf Anacreon's relics rest,  
 Clasp the low column rising o'er his breast,  
 Still may'st thou flourish, that the bard divine,  
 Who nightly sang the joys of love and wine,  
 May view, though sunk amongst the silent dead,  
 Thy honours waving o'er his aged head;  
 Whilst on his ashes, in perennial rills,  
 Soothing his shade, thy nectar'd juice distils:  
 Sweet juice! but sweeter still the words of fire  
 That breathed responsive to his tuneful lyre.

W. Shepherd.

Mother of clustered fruit and gushing wine,  
 With verdant ringlets decked, all-cheering Vine,  
 Wind o'er the crowning stone and lowly mound,  
 Where rests Anacreon in this sheltering ground.

That he, sheer-toping reveller, all night long  
 Whose amorous lyre rung forth a wanton song,  
 Stretched though in earth he lies, may o'er his brow  
 Bear the rich burden of thy teeming bough ;  
 And still thy dew the loved old bard may sip,  
 Whose own soft lay fell sweeter from his lip.

G. B.

Heart-easing, all-soothing Vine, thou mother of clustering offspring,  
 Curling with tendril so green, breeder of generous wine,  
 Bendo'erthelow-rai's'd mound, and spreado'erthename-letter'd headstone,  
 Here, where the Teian bard sleeps in the sheltering ground.  
 So shall that reveller gay, that sheer-drinking, top-heavy toper,  
 Who through the livelong night woke up an amorous strain,  
 Prostrate in earth though he now in the cheerless grave be reposing,  
 Still from thy loaded branch prop a rich store with his brow ;  
 So shall thy genial dew yet steep in its balm the old songster,  
 Who a far sweeter lay breath'd from his soft-wooing tongue..

G. B.

Sweet, all-seducing, conquering Vine,  
 Rich queen of autumn's purple wealth,  
 Whose crisped tendrils round entwine  
 The kindly germs of life and health.  
 Disdain not thou that humble mound ;  
 Its pillar claims thy choicest care ;  
 For he who spread thy fame around,  
 Thy Teian poet slumbers there.  
 So shall the wild, the jovial bard,  
 Who quaff'd thy wine-cups foaming free,  
 Nor ever till the dawning spared  
 The chords attuned to love and thee,  
 Contented in his narrow grave  
 Beneath thy grateful shelter rest ;  
 For him thy richest bough shall wave,  
 For him thy ripest grape be prest.  
 And let the soft and mellow dews  
 The old man's dream of joy prolong,  
 Who breath'd, when thou didst crown his Muse,  
 A softer and a mellower song !

H. H.

Sòurce of all soothing balm ! parent of wine,  
 Inlaced with mazy tendrils, bounteous Vine !  
 May'st thou for ever o'er the marble bloom  
 That crowns yon slender mound, Anacreon's tomb :  
 So he of tipsy jollity the king,  
 That all night long would strike the merry string,  
 Though in the dust he lie, still o'er his head  
 Shall bear thy golden clusters ever spread,  
 And still be moistened with that juice, which he  
 Outvied, though sweet, with sweeter melody.

G S.

CCCCIX.

ΣΤΡΑΤΩΝΟΣ. ΧΥΛ. 2. 2. 2.

*Εἰ μὲν γηράσκει τὸ καλόν, μετάδος, πρὶν ἀπέλθῃ  
 Εἰ δὲ μένει, τί φοβῇ τοῦθ' ὃ μένει διδόναι ;*

STRATONIS.

Si forma est fugitura tibi, da quam fugit ante :  
 Si manet, oro, times cur dare quod maneat ?

Grotius. . . . .

Se la bellezza a perdersi è sì presta,  
 Fatemen dono intanto che l' avete ;  
 O s' ella dura, certo non dovete  
 Temer di dare un bene che vi resta.

Roncalli.

Se beltà invecchia, pria che t' abbandoni,  
 Deh perchè non la doni ?  
 E se ognor riman verde,  
 Perchè temi dar ciò che nulla perde ?

M.

Si la beauté se perd en si peu d' heure,  
 Faites-m' en don, tandis que vous l' avez :  
 Ou s' elle dure, hélas ! vous ne devez  
 Craindre à donner un bien qui vous demeure.

S Gelaia.

If age thy beauty must impair,  
 The fleeting charm impart :  
 If it endure, why fear to share  
 What never can depart ?

W.

X X



## CCCCX.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΠΟ ΥΠ. ΑΙΓ. 1X, 763.

Εἰς ἀρχοντικὸν πέλεκυν.

Ἦν μὲν ἀλιτραίνης, πέλεκυν βλεφάροισι δοκεύεις

Ἦν δὲ σαοφρονέης, ἄργυρός εἰμι μόνον.

JULIANI ÆGYPTII.

*De securi Præsidiis.*

Si male quid facias, me noveris esse securim;

Si sapis, argentum sum tibi, nil aliud.

Grotius. *Gr. v. 3. c. 2. p. 507.**Sur la hache Consulaire.*

Méchant, que voyez-vous?—Le coutelas fatal.

Et vous, homme de bien?—Un morceau de métal.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

If you transgress, in me

An axe you see;

If innocent you feel,

A piece of steel.

W.

## CCCCXI.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ. 1X, 777.

Ἰδ' ὡς ὁ πῶλος χαλκοδαίδαλα τέχνα

Κορωνιῶν ἔστηκε· δριμύ γὰρ βλέπων

Ἵψανχευίζει, καὶ διηνεωμένας

Κορυφῆς ἐθείρας οὐρίωκεν εἰς δρόμον.

Δοκέω, χαλινούς εἴ τις ἡνιοστρόφος

Ἐναρμόση γένυσσι, κἀπικεντρίσῃ,

Ὅ σὸς πόνος, Λύσιππε, καὶ παρ' ἐλπίδας

Τάχ' ἐκδραμεῖται· τᾷ τέχνῃ γὰρ ἐμπνέει.

PHILIPPI.

Vides, æreus arte dædaleâ

Cristam ut tollit equus superbientem!

Vides, acre tuens ut excitatas

Ventis impatiens jubar rejecit!

Tantum imponat eques lupata fræna,

Et calcaribus incitet volentem,

Extemplo ille tuus labor, Lysippe,

Cursu præpete provocabit auras.

Jam nunc vivit enim tuas per artes.

G. S.

Yon horse of bronze with nostril wide,  
 With eye of fire and tossing mane,  
 Mark how he rears his crest of pride,  
 And pants to scour the distant plain !  
 If in that mouth a bit there were,  
 If in that flank the spur were driven,  
 What speed, Lysippus, would be there !  
 For life thy master hand hath given.

G. S.

CCCCXII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ. VII. 23.

Οἶδε παρ' Εὐρυμέδοντά ποτ' ἀγλαὸν ὤλεσαν ἥβην  
 Μαρνάμενοι Μῆδων τοξοφόρων προμάχοις  
 Αἰχμηταί, πεζοί τε καὶ ὠκυπόρων ἐπὶ νηῶν  
 Κάλλιστον δ' ἀρετῆς μνήμ' ἔλιπον φθίμενοι.

SIMONIDIS.

Eurymedonta prope, hi dulcem liquere juventam  
 Cominus in Medi marte sagittifero,  
 Præfortes animæ, pedites ac nautica pubes,  
 Nobile virtutis funere nomen habent.

G. F. D. T.

Kämpfend im vordersten Glied am Eurymedon gegen die Bogner  
 Persens, wurden wir hier strahlender Jugend beraubt ;  
 Schwinger der Lanzen wir selbst, und der eilenden Schiffe Regierer  
 Ließen wie sterbend ein Mal herrlicher Jugend zurück.

Jacobs.

These by the streams of fam'd Eurymedon  
 Their envied youth's short brilliant race have run :  
 In swift-wing'd ships, and on th' embattled field,  
 Alike they forc'd the Median bows to yield,  
 Breaking their foremost ranks. Now here they lie,  
 Their names inscrib'd on rolls of victory.

Merivale.

These along Eurymedon,  
 Foremost in the arrowy fray,  
 Persia's mighty host upon  
 Threw their golden youth away ;  
 Warriors thus, by land and sea,  
 Fam'd for aye in chivalry !

G. F. D. T.

## CCCCXIII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ. VII. 20.

Ἐσβέσθης, γηραιὲ Σοφόκλεες, ἄνθος αἰοιδῶν,  
Οἶνωπὸν Βάκχου βότρυν ἐρεπτόμενος.

SIMONIDIS.

Ergo exstincta tua est, Sophocles divine, senectus;  
Occludit fauces una inimica tuas.

G. S.

Ah Sophocles! choice minstrel of the stage!  
The vine's dark grape extinguish'd thy old age.

W.

## CCCCXIV.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ.

Eis Ἀνακρέοντα. VII. 23.

Θάλλοι τετρακόρυμβος, Ἀνάκρεον, ἀμφὶ σὲ κισσός,  
Ἄβρά τε λειμώνων πορφυρέων πέταλα·

Πηγαὶ δ' ἀργινέεντος ἀναθλίβονται γάλακτος,  
Εὐῶδες δ' ἀπὸ γῆς ἡδὺ χέοιτο μέθυ,

Ὅφρα κέ τοι σποδιῇ τε καὶ ὀστέα τέρψιν ἄρῃται,  
Εἰ δὴ τις φθιμένοις χρίμπτεται εὐφροσύνα,

Ὡ τὸ φίλον στέρξας, φίλε, βάρβιτον, ὦ σὺν αἰοιδᾷ  
Πάντα διαπλώσας καὶ σὺν ἔρωτι βίον.

ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

Cingat, Anacreion, quadruplex tua busta corymbus,

Et quæ vernantes purpura vestit agros.

Fontibus emanet nivei bona copia lactis,

Fundat odorati pocula terra meri,

Ut cineres habeant quo delectentur, et ossa,

Si quid dulce tamen manibus esse potest.

O cui cara fuit semper lyra, vitæque amores

Inter, et argutos velificata modos.

Grotius. . . . . 235.

Circumfusa hederæ te mollis, Anacreon, umbra

Protegat, et flores præbeat omnis ager;

Naiadesque mero fundant redolentia dulci

Pocula, et argentei flumina lactis eant;

Unde assueta tuos cineres atque ossa voluptas

Impleat, exanimes tangere siqua potest.

O, cui tantus amor citharæ! O, cui tota peracta est

Vita in carminibus, tota in amore, vale!

W.

Um dich müsse mit vollen Beeren der frischeste Epheu  
Grünen ! Es müssen um dich schönere Blumen erzieh'n  
Diese Purp urwießen ! Es strömen Ströme von Milch dir ;  
Ströme von süßem Wein dufte die Erde dir zu,  
Dass noch deine Asche, dass deine Gebeine sich laben,  
O Anacreon, wenn Asche der Todten genießt.

Herder.

Epheu, Traubengeschmückt, o Anacreon, fränze das Grabmal,  
Und der erblühende Schmuck purpurner Wiesen umher,  
Bäche von schäumender Milch aufströme die sprudelnde Erde,  
Und vom Hügel herab quelle der duftende Most ;  
Dass dein modernd Gebein und die Asche noch Freude genieße ;  
Wenn im Schattengefilz Freude den Todter noch naht.  
O wie liebtest du, Süßer, das Barbiton ! unter Gesängen,  
Und von der Liebe gekrönt strömte dein Leben dahin.

Jacobs.

This tomb be thine, Anacreon ; all around  
Let ivy wreath, let flow'rets deck the ground,  
And from its earth, enrich'd with such a prize,  
Let wells of milk and streams of wine arise :  
So will thine ashes yet a pleasure know,  
If any pleasure reach the shades below.

Anon. Spectator. 1759.

*Paraphrase.*

Around the tomb, O bard divine !  
Where soft thy hallow'd brow reposes,  
Long may the deathless ivy twine,  
And summer pour his waste of roses !  
And many a fount shall there distil,  
And many a rill refresh the flowers ;  
But wine shall gush in every rill,  
And every fount yield milky showers.  
Thus, shade of him whom nature taught  
To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,  
Who gave to love his warmest thought,  
Who gave to love his fondest measure ;  
Thus, after death, if spirits feel,  
Thou may'st, from odours round thee streaming,  
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,  
And live again in blissful dreaming.

T. Moore. 1792.

## CCCCXV.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ. 1X. 204.

Μή με τὸν Αἰάντειον ἀνοχμάσσειας, ὀδῶτα,  
 Πέτρον, ἀκοντιστὴν στήθεος Ἑκτορέου.  
 Εἰμὶ μέλας τρηχὺς τε σὺ δ' εἶρεο θεῖον Ὅμηρον,  
 Πῶς τὸν Πριαμίδην ἐξεκύλισα πέδῳ.  
 Νῦν δὲ μόλις βαιὸν με παροχλίζουσιν ἀρούρης  
 Ἄνθρωποι, γενεῆς αἷσχα λευγαλέης.  
 Ἀλλὰ μέ τις κρίνφειεν ὑπὸ χθονός· αἰδέομαι γὰρ  
 Παύγειον οὔτιδανούς ἀνδράσι γυγνόμενος.

AGATHIÆ SCHOLASTICI,

*In lapidem Ajacis.*

Ajacis lapidem me tangere parce viator,  
 Incussum quondam pectus in Hectoreum.  
 Sum scaber atque niger, fateor : sed dicat Homerus  
 Ut vis Priamiden straverit ista solo.  
 At qui nunc vivunt homines, opprobria secli,  
 Vix ab humo modicum pondera nostra levant.  
 Nunc aliquis condas me pulvere, namque pusillis  
 Usque adeo ludum me pudet esse viris.

Grotius. *Ant. Lib. iv. Tit. 27. Ep. 11.*

Rear me not, traveller ! The weapon I,  
 That Ajax once at Hector taught to fly !  
 Rude as I am, let Homer's verse unfold  
 How Priam's son along the plain I roll'd !  
 Now mortals scarce can raise my massive length  
 With levers ; shame on their degen'rate strength !  
 But hide me, Earth ! for 'tis indeed disgrace,  
 To be the jest of such a puny race.

W. Cowper.

## CCCCXVI.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ. *Anth. Palæ. Lib. iv. Tit. 27. Ep. 11.*

Εὖρε Φύσις, μόλις εὖρε τεκοῦσα δ' ἐπαύσατο μόχθων,  
 Εἰς ἓνα μόνον Ὅμηρον δλην τρέψασα μενουμένην.

INCEBTL

Post longos vix est Natura enixa dolores,  
 Et parto æternum genetrix requievit Homero.

G. B.

Kaum schuf ihn die Natur, und ruhete nach der Geburt aus ;  
 Weil sie die ganze Kraft wandt' auf den einen Homer.

Voss.

Long Nature travailed, till at last she bore  
Homer : then ceased from bearing evermore.

G. S.

CCCCXVII.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν . Χ / 3.

Ἦθελον ἂν πλουτεῖν, ὥς πλούσιος ἦν ποτε Κροῖσος,  
Καὶ βασιλεὺς εἶναι τῆς μεγάλης Ἀσίας.  
Ἀλλ' ὅταν ἐμβλέψω Νικάνορα τὸν σοροπηγόν,  
Καὶ γινῶ, πρὸς τί ποιεῖ ταῦτα τὰ γλωσσόκομα,  
Ἀκτὴν που πάσσας, καὶ ταῖς κοτύλαις ὑποβρέξας,  
Τὴν Ἀσίην πωλῶ πρὸς μύρα καὶ στεφάνους.

INCERTI.

Optarem Phrygias opesque Crœsi  
Totiusque Asiæ tenere regna ;  
Sed Nicanora quando molientem  
Intuor capulos, satisque novi  
Quid velint loculi malè ominati.  
Jam liba adpeto, vina, sarta, odores ;  
Præque istis Asia ipsa tota sordet.

G. F. D. T.

Je voudrais de Crœsus posséder les trésors ;  
Je voudrais être roi de la puissante Asie ;  
Mais, quand je vois bâtir le sépulchre des morts,  
Je quitte ces grandeurs pour une douce vie.

Clovis Hestean.

Wealth, such as Crœsus erst could own,  
I'd ask, or mighty Asia's throne :  
But, at Nicanor's shop hard by,  
When I the undertaker spy,  
Making those cupboards, you know why ;  
All Asia's grandeurs I resign  
For garlands, odours, cates and wine.

W.

I could wish to be rich, as was Crœsus the famed ;  
And to reign like the greatest Mogul ever named :  
But I scan in the face of that old undertaker  
What he means by the boxes of which he's the maker :  
So I mix me a porridge, and wet me with wine,  
And forget the Mogul to be jolly and dine.

G. F. D. T.

See Farnett's English & Greek, p. 57

## CCCCXVIII.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ. VII. 268.

*Ναυηγόν με δέδορκας· ὃν οἰκτεῖρασθαι θάλασσα  
 Γυμνώσαι πυμάτου φάρεος ᾗδέσατο,  
 Ἄνθρωπος παλάμῃσιν ἀταρβήτοις μ' ἀπέδυσε,  
 Τόσσον ἄγος τόσσου κέρδεος ἀράμενος.  
 Κεῖνο μὲν ἐνδύσαιτο, καὶ εἰν' Ἀῖδαο φέροιτο,  
 Καὶ μιν ἴδοι Μίνως τοῦμὸν ἔχοντα ῥάκος.*

PLATONIS.

*Naufragus ante oculos jacui tibi: veste relictā  
 Noluerat miserans quem spoliāsse mare,  
 Nil veritis homo me manibus nudavit, adeptus  
 Addita tantillo tanta piācla lucro.  
 Induat, et manes inter ferat ille, meisque  
 Horreat in pannis iudicis ora reus!*

G. B.

*Nich Schiffbrüdtigen trag des Meeres Welle zum Ufer  
 Lobt; doch ließ sie das Kleid ihrem Entseelten und floh.  
 Siehe da kam ein Räuber, und was die Welle nicht wagte,  
 That er; er nahm das Kleid einem Entseelten und floh.  
 Wohl dann! Trag' es o Räuber und trag's hinab in den Orkus,  
 Daß dich Neakus gleich, Räuber des Todten, erkennt.*

Herder.

*Schiffbruch litt ich im Meer; doch hatt' er Erbarmen, und ließ mir  
 Schonend das letzte Gewand in dem Gewühle der Fluth.  
 Doch auch dieses entriß mir ein Mensch mit den freuelnden Händen,  
 Und für den kleinen Gewinn schent' er nicht gräßliche Schuld.  
 Stieger doch also bekleidet hinab in des Aides Nachtreich,  
 Daß dort Minos ihn schaue in meinem Gewand!*

Jacobs

*A shipwreck'd corse behold! the pitying sea  
 Spared one remaining vest to cover me;  
 But a wretch stripped it off with hand profane:  
 Oh how great guilt incurr'd for that vile gain!  
 For he shall wear it to his dying day,  
 And stand before his judge in my array.*

W.

## CCCCXIX.

B I A N O Ρ Ο Σ. ν'. 577.

Θειονόης ἔκλαιον ἐμῆς μόρον, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ παιδὸς  
 Ἑλπίσι κουφοτέρας ἔστενον εἰς ὁδύνας.  
 Νῦν δ' ἔτι καὶ παιδὸς φθονερή μ' ἀπενόσφισε Μοῖρα·  
 Φεῦ, βρέφος ἐψεύσθην καὶ σέ τὸ λειπόμενον.  
 Περσεφόνη, σὺ δὲ πατὴρ ἐπὶ θρήνοισιν ἄκουσον,  
 Θὲς βρέφος ἐς κόλπους μητρὸς ἀποικομένης.

BIANORIS.

Conjugis ingemui letho; sed blanda relictī  
 Spes pueri luctūs triste levabat onus.  
 Invida nunc etiam te funere mersit acerbo  
 Parca, puer, nobis qui super unus eras.  
 Mors, precor, hoc misero saltem concede parenti,  
 Matris ut in noto dormiat ille sinu.

G. S.

Io della cara sposa il fin piagnea.  
 Un figlio pur vivente  
 Alcun conforto al mio dolor porgea.  
 Ora l' invida a me Parca inclemente  
 Sì dolce speme ha tolta.  
 Proserpina, deh ascolta  
 D' un affannoso padre i voti almeno:  
 Poni all' estinta madre il figlio in seno.

Pagnini.

Mutter und Kind.  
 Meine Theone beweint' ich herbe; doch ließ sie  
 Ihrer Grazie Bild mir noch zum lindernden Trost,  
 Undern Sohn; auch diesen hat mir die Parze geraubt;  
 Auch du hast mich getäuscht, freundliches, tröstendes Kind.  
 Göttinn des Todtenreiches, o hör' die Thräne des Vaters,  
 Lege der Mutter das Kind sanft in den zärtlichen Schooß.

Horder.

I wept Theonoe's loss; but one fair child  
 His father's heart of half its woe beguiled.  
 And now, sole source of hope and solace left,  
 That one fair child the envious fates have reft.  
 Death! hear a father's prayer, and lay to rest  
 My little one on its lost mother's breast.

G. S.

Y Y



CCCCXX.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν . / Χ . / 62.

Ἦμην ἀχρεῖον κάλαμος φυτόν· ἐκ γὰρ ἐμείο  
 Οὐ σὺκ', οὐ μῆλον φύεται, οὐ σταφυλή.  
 Ἀλλὰ μ' ἀνὴρ ἐμήσθ' ἑλικωνίδα, λεπτὰ τορήσας  
 Χεῖλεα, καὶ στεινὸν ῥοῦν ὀχετευσάμενος.  
 Ἐκ δὲ τοῦ εὖτε πλοῖμι μέλαν ποτόν, ἔνθεος οἶα,  
 Πᾶν ἔπος ἀφθέγκτω τῷδε λαλῶ στόματι.

INCERTI.

Vile fui gramen calamus : non ficus edulis,  
 Malave, non partu nascitur uva meo.  
 Imbuit Aonidum sacris, et docta canali  
 Diffidit angusto tenuia labra manus.  
 Inde, satur nigri laticis, divinus ut implet  
 Quem furor, hoc muto quidlibet ore loquor.

G. B.

*La penna da scrivere.*

Io fui già canna sterile,  
 Non bei pomi graditi,  
 Nè fichi a produr abile,  
 Nè i frutti delle viti.

Or delle Muse all' opere  
 Consacro i miei sudori.  
 Col terso labbro tenue  
 Neri diffondo umori.

E se mi lasci bere,  
 Poich' ebbra d' estro io sono,  
 Scorro le bianche pagine,  
 E mutola ragiono.

Felici.

Roseau, j' étais une plante inutile  
 Car aucun fruit ne croît sur les roseaux.  
 Mais, pour m' initier à ses doctes travaux,  
 L' homme un beau jour me fait deux lèvres qu' il affine,  
 Et dans l' espace vide ouvre un étroit couloir.  
 Depuis, dès que je bois certain breuvage noir,  
 J' entre en verve ; orateur, philosophe, poète,  
 Je parle en toute langue, et ma bouche est muette.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

*On the reed.*

I was of late a barren plant,  
Useless, insignificant,  
Nor fig, nor grape, nor apple bore,  
A native of the marshy shore ;  
But gather'd for poetic use,  
And plunged into a sable juice  
Of which my modicum I sip  
With narrow mouth and slender lip,  
At once, although by nature dumb,  
All eloquent I have become,  
And speak with fluency untired,  
As if by Phœbus' self inspired.

W. Cowper.

A reed I am, I cannot bear  
Grape or apple, fig or pear  
For gastronomic uses ;  
But mine is a divine estate,  
When man doth me initiate  
A priest of all the Muses.  
My point he pares and splits and nips,  
And frames a throat and narrow lips,  
And fills with sable wine ;  
Then though my mouth is ever dumb,  
Like one inspir'd I straight become ;  
A world of words is mine.

G. G. 8

CCCCXXI.

Ἐπειὶ θεὸς

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν.

*Ei θεός ἐστιν Ὅμηρος, ἐν ἀθανάτοις σεβέσθω·  
Ei δ' αὐτὸς μὴ θεός ἐστι, νομιζέσθω θεὸς εἶναι.*

INCERTI.

Si deus est, quo more deos, veneremur Homerum :  
Et si non deus ille, tamen deus esse putetur.

Grotius.

Se Omero è un dio, fra gl' Immortai si adori ;  
Se un dio non è, pur come un dio s' onori.

M.

To Homer, if he be a god, be godlike honours done :  
Again, if he be not a god, let him be reckoned one.

W.

## CCCCXXII.

Θ Ε Ο Γ Ν Ι Δ Ο Σ. 357

Ἄ δειλὴ πενίη, τί μένεις προλιπούσα παρ' ἄλλον  
 Ἄνδρ' ἵεναι; μὴ δὴ μ' οὐκ ἐθέλοντα φίλει,  
 Ἄλλ' ἴθι, καὶ δόμον ἄλλον ἐποίχαιο, μὴδὲ μεθ' ἡμῶν  
 Αἰεὶ δυστήνου τοῦδε βίου μέτεχε.

THEOGNIDIS.

Cur sic, Pauperies, cunctis inimica relictis  
 Me colis, invitum me male semper amas?  
 Vade, aliam tibi quære domum; non omnibus annis  
 Has mecum ærumnas participare velis.

G. S.

Why linger here, sad Poverty? Go, dwell  
 With whom thou wilt; I woo thee not, farewell!  
 Go seek another home, nor stay with me,  
 Only to share this life of misery.

W.

## CCCCXXIII.

Ι Ο Ν Ο Σ. 358

Χαῖρε μελαμπέπλοις, Εὐριπίδῃ, ἐν γυάλοισιν  
 Πιερίας τὸν αἰεὶ ὑπκτὸς ἔχων θάλαμον  
 Ἴσθι δ' ὑπὸ χθονὸς ὦν, ὅτι σοι κλέος ἄφθιτον ἔσται,  
 Ἴσον Ὀμρείαις ἀενάοις χάρισιν.

IONIS.

O qui Pieriæ thalamis, Euripida, vallis  
 Non cessatura nocte quiescis, ave!  
 Hoc sub humo te scire velim, tibi surgere laudes  
 Perpetuas, quantas magnus Homerus habet.

Grotius. *Ant. 3. 6. 2. p. 2. 5.*

Nelle Pierie oscure valli, Euripide,  
 In tomba ascosa a' rai del sol ti stai;  
 Ma sappi nondimen, che immortal gloria  
 Al par d' Omero, anco sotterra, avrai.

W.

Seh mir gegrüßt auch hier in Pierias düsterumhülle  
 Nur, wo, Euripides, dich Dunkel des Todes umfing,  
 Aber vernimm, daß dir auch im Aides unter der Erde  
 Nimmervergänglich' Ruhm, gleich dem Homerischen, blüht.

Jacobs.

Euripides, thy dark abode thou hast,  
 Pieria's funereal dells among ;  
 Yet know, though laid in earth, thy fame shall last  
 Immortal as the charms of Homer's song.

*See Symonds' Greek Poets, p. 361.*

W.

CCCCXXIV.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ. V. 23.

Οὕτως ὑπνώσαις, Κωνόπιον, ὥς ἐμὲ ποιεῖς  
 Κοιμᾶσθαι ψυχροῖς τοῖσδε παρὰ προθύροις.  
 Οὕτως ὑπνώσαις, ἀδικωτάτῃ, ὥς τὸν ἐραστὴν  
 Κοιμίζεις· ἐλέου δ' οὐδ' ὄναρ ἡντίασας.  
 Γείτονες οἰκτεῖρουσιν· σὺ δ' οὐδ' ὄναρ. ἡ πολλὴ δὲ  
 Αὐτίκ' ἀναμνήσει ταῦτά σε πάντα κόμῃ.

CALLIMACHI.

Sit talis somnus, Conopion, et tibi, qualem  
 Me super hoc gelidum limen habere facis.  
 Sic injusta cubes, ut me requiescere cogis :  
 Quippe nec umbra levis de pietate tibi est.  
 Vicinos miseret, sed te nihil. Advenit alba,  
 Quæ te horum immemorem non sinît esse, coma.

Grotius.

Also mögest du schlummern, Konopion, wie du auf diesen  
 Frostigen Schwellen erstarrt jezo zu schlafen mich zwingst.  
 Also mögest du schlummern, Verrätherin ! wie du den Freund hier  
 Einwiegst ; Mitleid naht selber im Traume dir nicht.  
 Nachbarn jammern um mich ; du im Traum nicht. Aber das graue  
 Haar ruft künft'ig auch dieß dir in's Gedächtniß zurück.

Jacobs.

Such sleep, Conopion, on thy eyelids wait,  
 As sits on his now shivering at thy gate !  
 Such sleep, thou false one, as thou bidst him prove,  
 Who vainly sues thy stony breast to move !  
 Not ev'n a shade of pity thou'lt bestow :  
 The neighbours weep to see me suffer so ;  
 But thou, not ev'n a shade. O cruel fair !  
 Be this remember'd with thy first gray hair !

Merivale.

## CCCCXXV.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ. ΧΙ. 406.

Τοῦ γρυποῦ ρητῆρος ὁρῶ τὴν ῥίνα, Μένιππε·

Αὐτὸς δ' οὐ μακρὰν φαίνεται εἶναι ἔτι.

Πλὴν ἤξει, μείνωμεν ὅμως· εἰ γὰρ πολὺν, πέντε

Τῆς ῥινὸς σταδίου, οἶμαι, οὐκ ἀπέχει.

Ἀλλ' αὐτὴ μὲν, ὁρᾷς, προπορεύεται· ἤν δ' ἐπὶ βουνὸν

Ἵψηλὸν στῶμεν, καὶ τὸν ἐσοφόμεθα.

NICARCHI.

Conspicio nostro magnum de rhetore nasum,

Utque reor non est ipse, Menippe, procul;

Jam veniet: maneamus adhuc; nam quinque profecto

Non hinc jam stadiis longius esse potest.

Nonne vides ut jam procedat nasus? et ipsum

Cernere sit celsa, si lubet, e specula.

Grotius. *Act. 4. Sc. 1. p. 217.*

Menippus! the counsellor's beak I espy;

He can't be far from us himself; by and by

He'll be here; let us stop; for at most, I suppose,

He's not more than half a mile off from his nose.

But see! it advances! the heights let us climb,

And the gentleman's self we shall see in good time.

W.

## CCCCXXVI.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ. V. 83. 84.

Εἴθ' ἄνεμος γενόμεν, σὺ δὲ δὴ στείχουσα παρ' αὐγὰς

Στήθεα γυμνώσας, καί με πνέοντα λάβεις.

Εἶθε ῥόδον γενόμεν ὑποπόρφυρον, ὅφρα με χερσὶν

Ἀραμένη χάριση στήθεσι χιονέοις.

INCERTI.

O ego si fierem ventus, nimiosque per æstus

Exciperes laxo tu mea flabra sinu!

Suave rubens O si fierem rosa, meque prehensam

Poneret in niveo pectore blanda manus!

G. B.

Oh s' io fossi un zeffiretto!

Ed allor ch'è il sol t' offende,

Il candore del tuo petto

Mi volessi, o Nice, aprir!

Una rosa fossi almeno !  
 Di tua man colta potrei  
 Sulla neve del tuo seno  
 Riposandomi morir.

E. C. H.

*Imitation en rondeau.*

Heureux Zephyr !  
 Que je t'envie  
 Ce doux plaisir,  
 Quand ma Célie  
 Découvre au soleil la blancheur  
 D'un cou d'ivoire, avec ton aile  
 D'en modérer l'ardeur,  
 Et là fidèle  
 Pouvoir mourir !  
 Heureux Zephyr !

Rose plus fortunée  
 De cette main touchée !  
 Toi qui pourras t'épanouir  
 Sur ce beau sein que la cruelle  
 A mes yeux jamais ne révèle,  
 Et là mourir,  
 De cette main touchée,  
 Rose plus fortunée !

E. C. H.

Nicht' ich ein Westwind seyn, und du gingst in den Strahlen der Sonne,  
 Und mit entschleierter Brust nähmst du den Gauchenden auf !  
 Nicht' ich die Rose doch seyn, und du pflücktest mich dann mit der Hand ab ;  
 Und an der blendenden Brust ließt du die purpurne ruhn !

Jacobs.

O that I were some gentle air ;  
 That, when the heats of summer glow,  
 And lay thy panting bosom bare,  
 I might upon that bosom blow !  
 O that I were yon blushing flower,  
 Which even now thy hands have press'd,  
 To live, though but for one short hour,  
 Upon the Elysium of thy breast !

Merivale

## CCCCXXVII.

ΠΑΜΦΙΛΟΥ. *V. 206*

Οὐκέτι δὴ χλωροῖσιν ἐφεζόμενος πετάλοισιν  
 Ἀδεῖαν μέλπων ἐκπροχέεις ἰαχάν'  
 Ἀλλὰ σε γηρύνοντα κατήναρεν, ἥχετα τέττιξ,  
 Παιδὸς ἀπ' ἡϊθέου χεῖρ ἀναπεπταμένα.

PAMPHILI.

Non in fronde sedens, quam flexilis exserit arbor,  
 Fundis adhuc molles, blanda cicada, modos.  
 Sed fugere aggressam pueri, vix puberis ævi,  
 Cantantem quamvis, te necuere manus.

*Grotius. Gell. Gr. 2. 227.*

Suave virescentis sylvæ non amplius hærens  
 Frondibus effundis, læta cicada, melos :  
 Nec pueri arguto potuisti flectere cantu  
 Pectus, et injectam, qua cadis icta, manum.

W.

No longer, nestling the green leaves among,  
 Dost thou trill forth a sweet melodious song,  
 Tuneful cicada ! Thee, despite thy strain,  
 Some wanton urchin's out-spread palm hath slain !

E. S.

## CCCCXXVIII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ. *Gr. 2. 227. 911.*

Ἦ σεῦ καὶ φθιμένας λεύκ' ὁστέα τῷδ' ἐνὶ τύμβῳ  
 Ἴσχω ἔτι τρομέειν θήρας, ἀγρώσσι Λυκάς  
 Τὰν δ' ἀρετὰν οἶδεν μέγα Πήλιον, ἃ τ' ἀρίδαλος  
 Ὅσσα, Κιθαιρώνος τ' οἰονόμοι σκοπιαί.

SIMONIDIS.

Mortua sis quamvis, tamen ad tua candida credo  
 Nunc etiam cervos contremere ossa, Lycas.  
 Sola Cithæronis te saxa, et Pelion ingens,  
 Ossæ conspicuus te bene norat apex.

G. S.

Tremare ancor su la tua tomba antica  
 Veggio le fiere, o cacciatrice Lica,  
 La cui preclara memorabil possa  
 Ammirâr Pelio, Citerone ed Ossa.

Pagnini.

Erde bedeckt dein bleichend Gebein, lautbellender Lykas;  
 Deunoch bebet das Wild auch dem Gestorbenen im Grab.  
 Pelion weiß, wie viel du vermocht, auch weiß es Kithæron's  
 Einsam ragend Gebirg; waldiger Ossa, auch du.

Jacobs.

Hound Lycas, even now thy white bones cold  
 Within this tomb must needs the stags arouse:  
 Thy worth great Pelion knew, and Ossa's wold,  
 And all Cithæron's solitary brows.

Sterling.

Lycas, thy bleaching bones from out this mound  
 Startle the deer, I ween, much dreaded hound.  
 Huge Pelion, and the far-seen Ossa speak  
 Thy prowess, and Cithæron's lonely peak.

W.

CCCCXXIX.

M N A Σ A Λ K O Y . IX. 2. 2.

Ἄ σύρυξ, τί τοι ᾠδε παρ' Ἀφρογενείαν ὄρουσας;  
 Τίπτ' ἀπὸ ποιμενίου χεῖλεος ᾠδε πάρει;  
 Οὐ τοι πρῶνες ἔθ' ᾠδ', οὐτ' ἀγρεα· πάντα δ' Ἐρωτες  
 Καὶ Πόθος· ἃ δ' ἀγρία Μοῦσ' ἐν ὄρει νέμεται.

M N A S A L C Æ.

Cur huc ad pulcrum venisti, o fistula, Cyprin?  
 Pastorum positus cur ades hucce labris?  
 Nec colles, nec habes hic valles; omnia amores.  
 Vivit in excelsis rustica Musa jugis.

Q. S. Fl. Christianus.

Ländliche Flöte, was thust du hier in der goldenen Cypris  
 Pallast, wo du verstummt, eine Verachtete hängst?  
 Hier sind keine Gebürge, noch wiederhallende Thale,  
 Amor und Wohlflust nur tanzen und huplen umher.  
 Kehre zurück, Verirrte, zurück zur Huc des Hirten:  
 Löne der Unschuld freu'n nur ein unschulbiges Herz.

Herder.

Say, rustic pipe! in Cytheræ's dome  
 Why sounds this echo of a shepherd's home?  
 Nor rocks nor valleys here invite the strain;  
 But all is Love. Go, seek thy hills again.

F. H.



CCCCXXX.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ. V. 136

Ἐγχει, καὶ πάλιν εἰπέ, πάλιν, πάλιν, Ἡλιοδόρας,  
 Εἰπέ, σὺν ἀκρήτῳ τὸ γλυκὺ μίσγ' ὄνομα.  
 Καὶ μοι τὸν βρεχθέντα μύροις καὶ χθιζὸν ἔοντα,  
 Μναμόσυνον κείνας, ἀμφιτίθει στέφανον.  
 Δακρύει φιλέραστον, ἰδοῦ, ῥόδον, οὔνεκα κείναν  
 Ἄλλοθι, κοῦ κόλποις ἡμετέροις ἔσορᾷ.

MELEAGRI.

Infunde, atque iterum atque iterum dic, Heliodora,  
 Et confunde mero nomina blanda Deæ.  
 Tum illius monumentum, hesterna et molliter uncta  
 Accedat capiti plexa corona meo.  
 Ecce tibi, rosa plorat amantibus æqua; quod illam  
 Absentem, et nostro non videt in gremio.

Dan. Heinsius.

Quiero mas ; echa vino ;	Que texiéron sus manos
Llena, llena la copa ;	De azucenas y rosas :
Que bebermela quiero	A mis sienes la ciñe ;
Al nombre de Eliodora :	Mas ay ! tal vez ahora
Y tú quando la llenes,	Ella en agenos brazos
Su dulce nombre, Dorcas,	Descuidada se goza,
Repite á mis oídos,	Que mustias me lo dicen
Y traeme la corona	Las flores amorosas.

Conde.

Die weinende Rose.

Ἐσέντε mir ein, und ruf', ruf' nochmals: Heliodora!  
 Mische den Namen süß-flingend zum fröhlichen Wein.  
 Setze mir auf den Kranz, der noch von den gestrigen Salben  
 Duftet; es gab ihn mir ihre holdselige Hand.  
 Doch steh da! es weinet an ihm die Rose der Liebe—  
 Gute Rose, du weinst, daß mir die Liebliche fehlt.

Herder.

Fill high the cup with liquid flame,  
 And speak my Heliodora's name!  
 Repeat its magic o'er and o'er,  
 And let the sound my lips adore  
 Sweeten the breeze, and mingling swim  
 On every bowl's voluptuous brim!

Give me the wreath that withers there ;  
 It was but last delicious night  
 It hung upon her wavy hair,  
 And caught her eyes' reflected light !  
 Oh ! haste, and twine it round my brow ;  
 It breathes of Heliodora now !  
 The loving rose-bud drops a tear,  
 To see the nymph no longer here,  
 No longer where she used to lie,  
 Close to my heart's devoted sigh !

T. Moore. *p. 1257*

CCCCXXI.

*Εἰς τὴν εἰκόνα τῆς Μήδαιας ἐν τῷ Ῥώμῃ.*  
 Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν. *Εἰς τὴν εἰκόνα τῆς Μήδαιας ἐν τῷ Ῥώμῃ.*

*Εἰς εἰκόνα Μήδειας ἐν Ῥώμῃ.*

*Τέχνη Τιμομάχου στοργὴν καὶ ζῆλον ἔδειξε  
 Μήδειας, τέκνων εἰς μόρον ἐλκομένων.  
 Τῇ μὲν γὰρ συνένευσεν ἐπὶ ξίφος, ἣ δ' ἀνανεύει,  
 Σώζειν καὶ κτείνειν βουλομένη τέκεα.*

INCERTI.

Dum rapit in letum pueros Medea, parentis  
 Æmula nunc rabies, nunc amor ora tenet.  
 Timomachi fuit ars. Renuit, simul annuit ensi,  
 Jam parsura, eadem jam nocitura, suis.

G. F. D. T.

Di Timomaco l' arte al vivo espresso  
 Ha l' amore e il furor, onde Medea  
 Inverso i figli ardea.  
 Ve' come al tempo stesso  
 Salvar la prole, e trucidar bramando,  
 Strigne e rigetta il brando.

Pagnini.

*Eifersucht und Muttergefühls, grausame Medea,  
 Sind von Timomachus Hand dir in das Auge gemischt.  
 Müßend lächelt sie an den blinkenden Dolch ; und Erbarmen  
 Hält sie zurück ; sie will tödten und retten das Kind.*

Herder.

Timomachus Medea's image made,  
 Which all her sternness, all her love displayed.  
 She lifts the sword ; assents, and yet refuses :  
 At once to slay, and save, the mother chooses.

J. W. B.

## CCCCXXXII.

ΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΙΟΥ ΥΠΑΤΟΥ. IX. 648.

Eis ξενοδοχείον.

Ἄστος ἐμοὶ καὶ ξείνος ἀεὶ φίλος· οὐ γὰρ ἐρευνᾶν  
Τίς, πόθεν, ἢ ἐ τίνων, ἐστὶ φιλοξενίης.

MACEDONII.

Civis et externus grati; domus hospita nescit  
Quærere, quis, cujus, quis pater, unde venis.

Sam. Johnson. *Dict. XI. p. 421.*

Comune ospizio son; nè a me conviene  
Chiedere altrui chi, quale o d' onde ei viene.

Pagnini.

Townsmen and stranger, both I greet, nor deem it hospitality  
To ask my guest, who, whence he is, his parentage and quality.

W.

## CCCCXXXIII.

ΙΟΥΔΙΑΝΟΥ ΤΟΥ Α. Υ. ΑΙΓΥΠΤ. VI. 19.

Κάλλος μὲν, Κυθέρεια, χαρίζεαι· ἀλλὰ μαραινεῖ  
Ὁ χρόνος ἐρπύζων σὴν, βασιλεία, χάριν.  
Δώρου δ' ὑμετέροιο παραπταμένον με, Κυθήρη,  
Δέχυνσο καὶ δώρου, πότνια, μαρτυρίην.

JULIANI ÆGYPTII.

Das formam, formosa Venus: sed serior ætas  
Illud perpetuum non sinit esse bonum.  
Cum tua defugiant me munera, quo mihi testis  
Muneris, hunc etiam tu tibi, diva, cape.

Grotius. *4. 1. 1. 3. p. 105.*

Ben, Venere, tu doni la beltade;  
Ma questo dono tuo guasta, o regina,  
Col serpeggiante suo venir l' etade.  
E poichè un dono tal, Dea di Citera,  
Or mi trasvola, o veneranda, accetta  
Pur questo, che del ~~don~~ <sup>testimon</sup> era.

Pompei.

Schönheit zwar, Kytherea, gewährest du, aber die Zeit nimmt  
Deiner beglückenden Günst Blüthe zerstörend hinweg.  
Weil auch mir sie vorübergerauscht, o Kythere, so nimm auch  
Deines verlorren Geschenks Zeugen, Erhabne, zurück.

Jacobs

Beauty as Venus' gift I own :  
But stealthy time removes it ;  
And, Goddess, now thy gift is flown,  
O take the glass that proves it.

W.

CCCCXXXIV.

ΔΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ. ΧΙ. 159.

Τῷ πατρὶ μου τὸν ἀδελφὸν οἱ ἀστρολόγοι μακρόγηρων  
Πάντες ἐμαντεύσανθ' ὡς ἀφ' ἐνὸς στόματος·  
'Αλλ' Ἑρμοκλείδης αὐτὸν μόνος εἶπε πρόμοιρον·  
Εἶπε δ', ὅτ' αὐτὸν ἔσω νεκρὸν ἐκοπτόμεθα.

LUCILLII.

Vaticinabantur quantum fuit astrologorum  
Ætatis patruo tempora longa meo :  
Hermogenes unus, mors, inquit, acerba notatur :  
Sed tunc cum funus plangeret atra domus.

Grotius. . . . .

Al mio germano una ben lunga vita  
Fu da strolaghi molti presagita.  
Ermo solo assegnògli un viver corto,  
Ma quando in casa e' si piangea già morto.

Pagnini.

Il devoit vivre cent ans,  
Disoient tous les charlatans,  
Et triompher de l' envie :  
Comme on l' alloit enterrer,  
Un seul trouva sans errer,  
Qu' il seroit de courte vie.

Pelisson.

The astrologers did all alike presage  
My uncle's dying in extreme old age ;  
One only disagreed. But he was wise,  
And spoke not till he heard the funeral cries.

W. Cowper.

Your uncle's sure to live through many a year :  
So, all but one, the fortune-tellers swore.  
Says Hermoclidès : he's short-lived I fear ;  
But this was when the hearse was at the door.

W.

CCCCXXXV.

[400. 177] Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Ο Υ . *Leonides, Saec. 4. 5. 12. 13.*

Εἰς Ἀφροδίτην ὠπλισμένην.

Ἄρεος ἔντεα ταῦτα τίνος χάριν, ὦ Κυθήρεια,  
 Ἐνδέδυσαι, κενεὸν τοῦτο φέρουσα βάρος ;  
 Αὐτὸν Ἄρη γυμνὴ γὰρ ἀφώπλισας· εἰ δὲ λέλειπται  
 Καὶ θεός, ἀνθρώποις ὅπλα μάτην ἐπάγεις.

LEONIDÆ.

Arma, Venus, Martis sunt hæc : quid inutile pondus,  
 Mortali bellum si meditare, subis.  
 Nil opus est ferro, ferri cum nuda potentem  
 Exueris spoliis omnibus ipsa Deum.

Lud. Ariostus.

Hæc Martis sunt arma, Venus, cur cingeris istis ?  
 Cur, Cytherea, geris tam grave pondus iners.  
 Mars est a nuda victus. Cum cesserit ipse  
 Vel Deus, hæc frustra nunc geris arma viris.

Natalis Comes.

Die gewaffnete Venus.

Mutter der Liebe, du hast die Waffen des schrecklichen Mavors  
 Angeleget ? wozu trägst du die eiserne Last ?  
 Hast du den Gott nicht selbst in nackter Schöne besieget ?  
 Und uns Sterblichen droht eine Gewaffnete Krieg ?

Herder.

O Cythereia, weshalb umgürten dich Waffen des Ares ?  
 Warum trägst du für ihn diese vergebliche Last ?  
 Nact entwaffnetest du den Gewaltigen. Wenn dir ein Gott weicht,  
 Traun, so rüftest du dich gegen die Menschen umsonst.

Jacobs.

The arms of Mars why, Cytherea, wear ?  
 Why such an useless burthen bear ?  
 Mars, though a god, thy naked charms  
 Spoiled of his arms :  
 Then, against mortals, spear and shield  
 How vain to wield !

J. W. B.

CCCCXXXVI.

ΦΛΑΚΚΟΥ. VII. 642.

Ἐβρου χειμερίοις ἀταλὸς κρυμοῖσι δεθέντος  
 Κούρος ὀλισθηροῖς ποσσὶν ἔθραυσε πάγον,  
 Τοῦ παρασυρομένοιο περιρράγες αὐχέν' ἔκοψεν  
 Θηγαλέον ποταμοῦ Βιστονίῳ τρύφος.  
 Καὶ τὸ μὲν ἡρπάζθη δίναις μέρος· ἡ δὲ τεκοῦσα  
 Λειφθὲν ὑπερθε τάφῳ μῶνον ἔθηκε κάρα.  
 Μυρομένη δὲ τάλαινα, τέκος, τέκος, εἶπε, τὸ μὲν σου  
 Πυρκαϊή, τὸ δέ σου πικρὸν ἔθανεν ὕδωρ.

FLACCI.

Thrax puer, adstricto glacie dum luderet Hebro,  
 Frigore concretas pondere rupit aquas.  
 Dumque imæ partes rapido traherentur ab amne,  
 Abscidit heu tenerum lubrica testa caput.  
 Orba quod inventum mater dum conderet urna,  
 Hoc peperit flammis, cetera, dixit, aquis.

C. Cæsar Germanicus.

Sopra l' Ebro indurato a fanciul Trace,  
 Scherzando, sotto i piedi il gel si sface :  
 Cade fra l' onde rapide, e la testa  
 Risecata dal ghiaccio in alto resta :  
 La qual la madre ardendo : Di me nacque  
 Questa, disse, alle fiamme ; il resto all' acque.

L. Alamanni.

*On a Thracian that was drown'd by playing on the ice.*

A Thracian boy well tipl'd all the day  
 Upon a frozen spring did sport and play,  
 The slipper ice with hieft of bodies sway  
 On sodain brake, and swapt his head away :  
 It swam aloft, bylowe the carcas lay.  
 The mother came and bore the head away :  
 When shee did burie it thus gan shee say :  
 This brought I foorth in flame his hierce to have,  
 The rest amids the flood to finde a grave.

Turbervile.

## CCCCXXXVII.

Π Α Λ Α Δ Α Δ Α. x. 1. 313

Ἀργυρὴ λιμῶ τις, ἐς εἰλαπίνην με καλέσας,  
 Ἔκτανε, πειναλέους τοὺς πίνακας προφέρων.  
 Ὀχθήσας δ' ἄρ' ἔειπον ἐν ἀργυροφεγγεῖ λιμῶ  
 Ποῦ μοι χορτασίη ὀστρακίων πινάκων;

PALLADÆ.

Dum tot, amice, cibo profers argentea nullo,  
 Regifica perimit me tua cœna fame:  
 Et dico indignans splendores inter inanes:  
 O qui fictilibus me saturem efficiat!

G. S.

A certain host, and at a grand repast,  
 Starved me to death with silver dishes bare.  
 Vex'd, famish'd, dazzled, I exclaimed at last:  
 O for a belly-full, and earthenware!

W.

## CCCCXXXVIII.

ΜΥΡΙΝΟΥ. γ/1. 703.

Θύρσις ὁ κομήτης, ὁ τὰ νυμφικὰ μῆλα νομεύων,  
 Θύρσις ὁ συρίζων Πανὸς ἴσον δόνακι,  
 Ἐνδῖος οἰνοπότης σκιερὰν ὑπὸ τὰν πῖτον εὔδει·  
 Φρουρεῖ δ' αὐτὸς ἐλὼν ποίμνια βάκτρον Ἔρω.  
 Ἀ Νύμφαι, Νύμφαι, διεγείρατε τὸν λυκοθαροῆ  
 Βοσκόν, μὴ θηρῶν κύρμα γένηται Ἔρως.

MYRINI.

Thyrsis oves solitus Nympharum pascere, Thyrsis  
 Par in cantando Panos arundinibus,  
 Luce meri potor, pinus cubat ecce sub umbra:  
 Ipse pedo pecudes ipse gubernat Amor.  
 Ah Nymphæ, Nymphæ, pastoris rumpite somnos  
 Intrepidi, ne sit præda Cupido feris.

Grotius. 2. 2. 2. 2. 2. 2.

Thyrsis, welcher den Nymphen der Flur zu der Weide das Wollvieh  
 Treibt, und den Hürden wie Pan liebliche Weisen entlockt,  
 Thyrsis schläft hier, trunken des Weins, in dem Schatten der Fichte;  
 Aber die Herde bewacht Erös den Stab in der Hand.  
 Nymphen, erweckt, o Nymphen, den schlummernden, nimmererschreckten  
 Thyrsis! daß kein Wolf Kypriens Knaben zerreißt.

Jacobs.

Thyrsis, employ'd by Nymphs their flocks to feed,  
Thyrsis, who Pan could equal on the reed,  
Drunken mid-day under a pine doth sleep,  
And Cupid bears the crook, and tends the sheep.  
Awake, ye Nymphs, awake the shepherd bold,  
Or wolves will bear off Cupid with the fold.

T. F.

CCCCXXXIX.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ. VII. 30 Ὑ.

Παῖδά με πενταέτηρον, ἀκηδέα θυμὸν ἔχοντα,  
Νηλεΐης Ἀΐδης ἤρπασε, Καλλίμαχον.  
Ἀλλά με μὴ κλαίοις· καὶ γὰρ βίοτοιο μετέσχον  
Παύρου, καὶ παύρων τῶν βίοτοιο κακῶν.

LUCIANI.

Quinquennis puer, et curarum nescius, orco  
Raptus ab immiti Callimachus perii.  
Ne me flete tamen : cui vitæ tempora pauca,  
Huic etiam vitæ pauca fuere mala.

Cunichius.

A cinqu' anni la spoglia io qui lasciai.  
Non t' attristar : ch'è se del viver mio  
Fur pochi i dì, pochi fur anche i guai.

Roncalli.

Libre de tous soucis, à l'âge de cinq ans  
La lumière du jour vient de m' être ravie.  
Va, ne me pleure point : j' ai vécu peu d' instants ;  
Mais aussi j' ai souffert peu des maux de la vie.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

*On an Infant.*

Bewail not much, my parents ! me, the prey  
Of ruthless Hades, and sepulchred here.  
An infant, in my fifth scarce finish'd year,  
He found all sportive, innocent, and gay,  
Your young Callimachus ; and if I knew  
Not many joys, my griefs were also few.

W. Cowper.

A child of five short years, unknown to woe,  
Callimachus my name, I rest below.  
Mourn not my fate : if few the joys of life,  
Few were its ills, its conflicts, brief its strife.

T. F.



## CCCCXL.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ. VII. 476.

Δάκρυνά σοι καὶ νέρθε διὰ χθονός, Ἡλιοδόρα,  
 Δωροῦμαι, στοργῆς λείψανον, εἰς Ἄιδαν,  
 Δάκρυα δυσδάκρυτα· πολυκλαύτη δ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ  
 Σπένδω μνᾶμα πόθων, μνᾶμα φιλοφροσύνας.  
 Οἰκτρὰ γάρ, οἰκτρὰ φίλαν σε καὶ ἐν φθιμένοις Μελέαγρος  
 Αἰῶζω, κενεὰν εἰς Ἀχέροντα χάριν.  
 Αἰ αἶ, ποῦ τὸ ποθεινὸν ἐμοὶ θάλος; ἄρπασεν Ἄιδας,  
 Ἄρπασεν ἄκμαϊον δ' ἄνθος ἔφυρε κόνις.  
 Ἀλλά σε γονοῦμαι, γᾶ παντρόφε, τὰν πανόδυτον  
 Ἡρέμα σοῖς κόλποις, μᾶτερ, ἐναγκάλισαι.

MELEAGRI. B. C. 2. 6. 115.

Ipsam subter humum monumenta fidelis amoris  
 Has mitto lachrymas, Heliodora, tibi.  
 Heu dignas lachrymis lachrymas! ad flebile bustum  
 Hæc tibi amicitia pignora certa fero.  
 Nam misere nimium, misere Meleager ademptam  
 Te gemo: sed gemitus nil Acheronta movent.  
 Ah ubi dilectus mihi flos meus? abstulit Orcus,  
 Abstulit: in cinerem corporis ivit honos.  
 At tu depositum placide complectere nostrum,  
 Maternoque fove, te rogo, terra, sinu!

Grotius.

Mitto tibi lacrymas, O Heliodora, sub Orcum,  
 In tenebris longè mitto tibi lacrymas.  
 Ah tristes lacrymas, libata in flebile bustum  
 Et desiderii dona, et amoris habe!  
 Te crebro, crebroque, meamque a lumine cassam  
 Defleo; quæ Diti gratia nulla Deo est.  
 O ubi jucundus mihi flosculus? abstulit Orcus.  
 Fœdavit vegetum pulvere germen humus.  
 Quare, terra tuum est amplectier ossa repostæ  
 Mollitèr, et fido salva fovere sinu.

T. Warton.

Has cape vel sub humo lacrymas, tribuenda sepultis  
 Unica quæ pietas, Heliodora, manet;  
 Has nimis ah tristes! tumulum libamen in udum,  
 Pignus amicitia, pignus amoris habe.

Nam misere et tacitis caram Meleagrus in umbris,  
 Te misere (ah Diti munus inane!) fleo.  
 Heu! ubi nunc dulcis mihi flosculus? abstulit Orcus,  
 Abstulit; et vernans pulvere sordet honos.  
 At, precor, amplexens, penitus mihi, Terra, gemendam  
 Excipe materno leniter, alma, sinu.

G. B.

Das Todtenopfer.

Thränen bring' ich dir dar zum traurigen Todtenopfer  
 Unter der Erde, wo die, Heliobora, nun wohnst;  
 Bittertinnende Thränen, das letzte, was Liebe dir geben,  
 Was im Grabe dir kann geben ein hangendes Herz;  
 Denn ich klage dich schwer, o schwer betrübet, indeß du,  
 Süße Schattengestalt, unter den Todten nun wohnst,  
 Mir entriffen. Wo bist du, schöne Sprosse? wer hat mir  
 Deine Blume geraubt? ach, der entstellende Staub.  
 Nun so fleh' ich dich an, du allerbarmende Mutter  
 Erde, die sanfteste Ruh' gönn' ihr in deinem Schooß.

Herder.

Thränen bring' ich dir, o süße Freundin! der Liebe  
 Einzige Gabe, die dir folgt in das einsame Grab.  
 Bittere Thränen! ich fleh' an deinem Maal', und es rinnen  
 Tropfen der Sehnsucht herab, Tropfen der Liebe herab.  
 Meine Klage folget dir nach in die Tiefen der Schatten,  
 Dort, wo die Jugend verblüht, dort, wo die Grazie flucht!  
 Ach! wo ist sie nun, die schönste der Blumen? die Gruft hat  
 Sie verschlungen, es hat Asche die Blüthen entstellt!  
 Knieend fleh' ich dich an, o allesernährende Erde!  
 Laß, die ich liebe, sie sanft, Mutter, im Schooß dir ruhn!

Christian von Stolberg.

Thränen ach! wein' ich dir nach in dem Acheron, Heliobora,  
 Zärtlicher Liebe Geschenk, Nester des alten Vereins,  
 Thränen, dem bittersten Schmerze geweint. Am bejammerten Grabe  
 Spend' ich der Sehnsucht Raß, spend' ich der Zärtlichkeit Mal.  
 Schmerzvoll, schmerzvoll klag' ich dir nach, in dem Tode noch theure;  
 Aber der Sterblichen Schmerz rühret den Acheron nicht.  
 Ach, wo schwandest du Blume mir hin? Dich entführte des Habes  
 Reibische Hand, und ach! mischte die Blüthe dem Staub.  
 Aber vernimm du, Erde, mein Flehn, allnährende Mutter,  
 Drücke das zarte Gebild leis' an die liebende Brust.

Jacobs.

Tears, all that love has left to give the dead,  
 Take, Heliodora, e'en in earth's lone bed;  
 Tears, bitter tears, the glistening mound below,  
 Regret's, affection's fond memorial flow.  
 Thee sorely, sorely, loved though lost, laments  
 Meleager, nor Pluto's heart relents!  
 Ah! where's my soul's sweet blossom? reft! the tomb  
 Hath reft it! dust has stained her prime of bloom.  
 All-nursing Earth! O bid her softly rest,  
 And gently fold my mourned one to thy breast.

G. B.

Though the earth hide thee, yet there, even there, my Heliodora,  
 All that is left me, I give, tears of my love, to thy grave,  
 Tears, how bitterly shed, on thy tomb bedewed with my weeping,  
 Pledge of my fond regret, pledge of affection for thee.  
 Piteously, piteously still, but in vain, grieves on Meleager:  
 Thou art among the dead; Acheron heeds not my woe.  
 Where is the flower that I loved? Death has torn it away in the springtide,  
 Torn it away, and the dust stains the fair leaves in their bloom.  
 Genial Earth, be it thine, at the mourner's humble entreaty,  
 Gently to hold in thine arms her whom I ever deplore.

E. C. H.

Tears, that through earth shall find their way,  
 For thee, my Heliodora, flow;  
 The tears of bitter weeping they,  
 Love's tribute to the realm of Woe.

Still shall around thy sacred tomb  
 Her sad libations Memory shed,  
 And cherish still, 'mid sorrow's gloom,  
 Affection lingering o'er the dead.

Yes, dearest still, though lost for ever,  
 Meleager for thee shall mourn,  
 Though vain the Poet's fond endeavour  
 To call thee from thy dark sojourn.

My pleasant plant! where is it, where?  
 The grave hath rifled all its pride!  
 The flower that bloomed so full and fair,  
 Is sunk to dust in summer-tide!

All-fostering Earth, behold me weep !  
 Behold me bend the suppliant knee ;  
 Lull'd on thy breast to gentle sleep,  
 Clasp, mother, clasp thy child to thee.

H. H.

Tears, Heliodora ! tears to thee, though under ground, I shed,  
 All that remains of yearning love, an offering to the dead !  
 Tears o'er thy loud-lamented tomb, which falling sadly prove  
 Memorials of affection fond, and longings of my love !  
 But vain are Meleager's woes, in vain he thee deplores,  
 His tears, unheeded offerings, fall on Acheron's dark shores.  
 Alas ! where art, my much-lov'd flower ? Thy bloom has Ades spoil'd,  
 And all thy beauteous primy hues in baleful dust defiled :  
 But thee, O Earth ! I supplicate, to thy all-fost'ring breast  
 Clasp gently my lamented one in ever peaceful rest !

R. Swainson Fisher.

CCCCXLI.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν. X. 39.

Θησαυρὸς μέγας ἔστ' ἀγαθὸς φίλος, Ἡλιόδωρε,  
 Τῷ καὶ τηρῆσαι τοῦτον ἐπισταμένῳ.

INCERTI.

Nullus thesaurus præstantior, Heliodore,  
 Quam, bene si serves, fidus amicus erit.

Grotius. *Nullus thesaurus præstantior, Heliodore, quam, bene si serves, fidus amicus erit.*

Felix, qui servare bonum sibi novit amicum !  
 Ingentem thesaurum, Heliodore, tenet.

W.

A lui che sa serbarlo, Eliodoro,  
 È un amico fedel grande tesoro.

M

Heliodorus, ja ! Des Lebens größter Schatz ist  
 Freundschaft ; aber nur dem, der zu bewahren ihn weiß.

Herder.

Unter den Schätzen der Welt ist, Heliodorus, des Freundes  
 Treue der größte für den, der ihn zu hüten versteht.

Jacobs.

Hast thou a friend ? Thou hast indeed  
 A large and rich supply,  
 Treasure to serve your every need,  
 Well managed, till you die.

W. Cowper.

## CCCCXLII.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ. γλ. 277.

Τίς ξένος, ὦ ναυηγέ ; Λεόντιχος ἐνθάδε νεκρὸν  
 Εὐρεν ἐπ' αἰγιαλούς, χῶσε δὲ τῷδε τάφῳ,  
 Δακρύσας ἐπὶ κηρον ἐὼν βίον· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτὸς  
 "Ἡσυχος, αἰθυίῃ δ' ἴσα θαλασσοπορεῖ.

CALLIMACHI.

Navita te, quemcunque, Leontichus hic prope littus  
 Inventum, hoc saltem condidit in tumulto ;  
 Scilicet agnoscens propriæ discrimina vitæ,  
 Et maris incertas, quas subit ipse, vices.

Grenville, Baro.

A. Chi mai, naufraga salma, ha te riposta  
 In quest' avel ? B. Leontico raccolta  
 M' ha dal lido vicino, e qui sepolta,  
 Non senza deplorar sua vita esposta  
 A mortal rischio. Anch' ei di pace in bando  
 Qual foliga pel mar si va aggirando.

Pagnini.

Stranger, whoe'er thou art, found stranded here,  
 O'er thee Leontichus heaped up this grave,  
 Whilst at his own hard lot he dropped a tear :  
 He too, a restless sea-bird, roams the wave.

W.

## CCCCXLIII.

(Ἀδελφὸν) ἈΔΗΛΟΝ. γλ. 278.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἀφροδίτης τῆς ἐν Κνίδῳ.

Τίς λίθον ἐψύχωσε ; τίς ἐν χθονὶ Κύπριν ἐσείδεν ;  
 "Ἰμερον ἐν πέτρῃ τίς τόσον εἰργάσατο ;  
 Πραξιτέλους χειρῶν ὅδε που πόνος, ἧ τάχ' Ὀλυμπος  
 Χηρεύει, Παφίης ἐς Κνίδον ἐρχομένης.

INCERTI.

*De effigie Veneris in Cnido.*

Quis lapidi spirare dedit ? quis Cyprida vidit  
 In terris ? quantum marmor amoris habet ?  
 Praxitelis manus est : Venere, ut puto, regia cœli  
 Jam caret, ad Cnidios venit ut ipsa Venus.

Grotius.

Chi la pietra animò? Chi Citerea  
Vide, e tanta beltà sì al vivo rese?  
Di Prassitele è l'opra, oppur la Dea  
Vedovo il ciel lasciando in Gnido scese.

Pagnini.

Wer gab Seele dem Stein? Wer schaute Kytheren auf Erden?  
Oder ertheilte dem Fels sehnererregenden Reiz?  
Ist das ein Werk von der Hand des Praxiteles? oder vermaßte  
Sagt der Olympos, und wohnt Kypris im Knidischen Hain?

Jacobs.

Who gave such life to stone,  
Nor life alone,  
But such a pow'r of love?  
Who upon earth hath seen  
The Cyprian queen  
Descended from above?  
Praxiteles alone  
To lifeless stone  
The charms of Venus gives:  
Else is Olympus left  
Of her bereft,  
And she in Cnidos lives.

E. S.

CCCCXLIV.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ. ΧΙ. 276

Πολλάκις οἶνον ἐπεμψας ἐμοί, καὶ πολλάκις ἔγνων  
Σοὶ χάριν, ἡδυπότῳ νέκταρι τερπόμενος.  
Nûn δ' εἶπερ με φιλεῖς, μὴ πέμψῃς· οὐ δέομαι γὰρ  
Οἶνου τοιούτου, μηκέτ' ἔχων θρίδακας.

LUCIANI.

Sæpe merum mihi misisti, gratesque peregi,  
Sparsus nectarei pectora rore meri.  
At mihi ne mittas posthac, rogo. Quo mihi acetum!  
Lactucis et qui caulibus abstineam.

D' Orvillius.

Oft as you sent me wine, I gave you for't  
The thanks your nect'rous tipples claim'd in reason.  
Now if you love me, send no more: that sort  
Is of no use;—salads are out of season.

W.

## CCCCXLV.

ΙΟΥΔΑΙΑΝΟΥ ΤΟΥ Α. Υ. ΑΙΓΥΠΤ. VII. 59.

Πλούτων, δέξο, μάκαρ, Δημόκριτον, ὥς κεν, ἀνάσσω  
 Αἰὲν ἀμειδῆτων, καὶ γελῶντα λάχοις.

JULIANI ÆGYPTII.

Accipe Democritum, Pluton, ut rideat unus  
 In regno risum non capiente tuo.

Grotius. *Sim. R. Soc. 2. p. 309.*

Accipe Democritum, Pluto, precor, una sit ut quæ  
 Tot flentes inter rideat umbra tibi.

Fazakerley.

Varca Democrito  
 Lo Stigio fiume;  
 Lieto ricevilo,  
 Tartareo Nume.

Fosti de' miseri  
 Sempre fra i lai;  
 Con lui nell' Erebo  
 Or riderai.

Felici.

*Építaphe de Rabelais.*

O Pluton, Rabelais recoy,  
 Afin que toy qui es le Roy  
 De ceux qui ne rient jamais,  
 Tu ais un rieur désormais.

Baif.

Seliger Pluto, nimm, nimm an den lachenden Weisen,  
 Unter der traurigen Schaar hast du jetzt Einen, der lacht.

Herder.

Heiliger Pluton, nimm den Demofritos, dass du in deiner  
 Stets unfreundlichen Schaar einen doch habest, der lacht.

Voss.

Herrscher der Schatten, empfang den Demofritos, dass sich dem ernstest  
 Volke, bey dem du regierst, endlich ein Lacher vereint.

Jacobs.

Pluto receive the sage, whose ghost  
 Is wafted to thy gloomy shore.  
 One laughing spirit seeks the coast,  
 Where never smile was seen before.

Merivale.

Greet, Pluto, greet Democritus, and have  
 One merry soul, thou monarch of the grave.

W.

CCCCXLVI.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ. ΧΙ. 23

Ὁ φθόνος ἐστὶ κάκιστος, ἔχει δέ τι καλὸν ἐν αὐτῷ  
Τήκει γὰρ φθονερῶν ὄμματα καὶ κραδίην.

INCERTI.

Pessima res livor: sed habet laudabile quiddam,  
Liventi quod cor exedit atque oculos.

Grotius.

Pessima è invidia; ma ha del buono ancora:  
Gli occhi ed il cor dell' invido divora.

M.

L' envie est, dites vous, de mille maux la cause.  
Hola! cher ami, parlez mieux;  
L' envie est une bonne chose,  
Elle fait crever l' envieux.

De la Monnoye.

Neid, du grosses Uebel! doch ist das Gute noch in dir,  
Dass du mit eigenem Pfeil selber das Herz dir durchbohrest.

Herder.

Envy's detestable, but has this good;  
The envious waste their eyesight and heart's blood.

W.

CCCCXLVII.

ΚΑΛΔΙΚΤΗΡΟΣ. ΧΙ. 24

Εἰς ἱατρὸν κλέπτειν.

Φαρμακίοισι ῥόδων λέπραν καὶ χοιράδας αἶρει  
Τάλλα δὲ πάντ' αἶρει καὶ δίχα φαρμακίων.

CALLICTER.

Herbis tollenti strumam scabiemque Rhodoni,  
Herbis, ut tollat cætera, non opus est.

Grotius.

On a pilfering quack.

Celsus takes off, by dint of skill,  
Each bodily disaster:  
But takes off spoons, without a pill;  
Your plate without a plaister.

Graves.

With med'cines Rhodon carries off the gout,  
But every other kind of thing without.

W.



## CCCCXLVIII.

Α Δ Η Α Ο Ν. Χ'. 268.

Οὐ δύναται τῇ χειρὶ Πρόκλος τὴν ῥὴν' ἀπομύσσειν,  
 Τῆς ῥινὸς γὰρ ἔχει τὴν χέρα μικροτέραν.  
 Οὐδὲ λέγει Ζεὺ σῶσον, ἐὰν πταρῇ· οὐ γὰρ ἀκούει  
 Τῆς ῥινός, πολὺ γὰρ τῆς ἀκοῆς ἀπέχει.

INCERTI.

Ricardus nescit madidas emungere nares;  
 Tam longo est naso, tam brevis a cubito:  
 Nec si sternutat, 'fausto siet omine!' clamat;  
 Tam longe amotos non capit aure sonos.

H. Drury.

Proclo soffiarsi il naso tenta invano,  
 Perchè del naso è assai minor la mano;  
 Nè il naso suo lontan, quand' ei starnuta,  
 Udir ei può per dir: Giove, m' aiuta.

Pagnini.

*Du Nez de Germain.*

Il n'est possible que Germain  
 Son nez avec sa main touche,  
 Pource que sa trop courte main  
 De son nez la longueur n' approuche,  
 Même il ne s'oit éternuer,  
 Et si, Dieu nous aid, on luy crie,  
 Ne daigneroit s' en remuer,  
 Pensant que ce soit moquerie.

Baif

*Auf eine lange Nase.*

O aller Nasen Nas'! Ich wollte schwören,  
 Das Ihr kann sie nicht schmauchen hören.

Lessing.

*On a great Nose.*

Thy nose no man can wipe, Proclus, unless  
 He have a hand as big as Hercules:  
 When thou dost sneeze, the sound thou dost not hear,  
 Thy nose is so far distant from thine ear.

Anon. Mus. Del.

Proclus with his hand his nose can never wipe,  
His hand too little is his nose to gripe;  
He sneezing calls not Jove; for why? he hears  
Himself not sneeze, the sound's so far from 's ears.

*Sir Thomas Brown.*

Dick cannot wipe his nostrils when he pleases,  
His nose so long is, and his arm so short;  
Nor ever cries, God bless me! when he sneezes,  
He cannot hear so distant a report.

*Merivale.*

CCCCXLIX.

ΔΗΜΟΔΟΚΟΥ. *X. 247.*

Καππαδόκην ποτ' ἔχιδνα κακὴ δάκεν· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ  
Κάθανε, γενσαμένη αἵματος ἰοβόλου.

DEMODOCI.

Vipera Cappadocem jam sæva momordit, at ipsa  
Hausto lethifero sanguine rursus obit.

*Salvinus.*

Morse fier' aspe un Cappadoce un di;  
Ma il costui sangue velenoso appena  
Ebbe l' aspidè tocco, che morì.

M.

*Imitazioni.*

Una vipera a Luca s' avventò:  
Che cosa vi credete che seguisse?  
Che Luca ne morisse?  
La vipera crepò.

*Pananti.*

*Imitation.*

Un gros serpent mordit Aurèle;  
Sais-tu ce qu' il en arriva?  
Qu' Aurèle en mourut. Bagatelle!  
Ce fut le serpent qui creva.

*Bruzen de la Martinière.*

Hier auprès de Charenton  
Un serpent mordit Jean Fréron.  
Que croyez-vous qu' il arriva?  
Ce fut le serpent qui creva.

*Voltaire.*

A viper stung a Cappadocian's hide;  
And, poison'd by his blood, that instant died.

*Merivale.*

## CCCCCL.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ. VII. 353.

Τῆς πολίης τόδε σῆμα Μαρωνίδος, ἥς ἐπὶ τύμβῳ

Γλυπτὴν ἐκ πέτρης αὐτὸς ὄρᾳς κύλικα.

Ἢ δὲ φιλάκρητος καὶ αἰὲ λάλος οὐκ ἐπὶ τέκνοις

Μύρεται, οὐ τεκέων ἀκτεάνῳ πατέρι·

Ἐν δὲ τόδ' αἰάζει καὶ ὑπ' ἥριον, ὅττι τὸ Βάκχου

Ἄρμενον οὐ Βάκχου πλήρες ἔπεστι τάφῳ.

ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

Hæc vetulæ sunt busta Maronidis, inque sepulcro

Ex lapide est sculptus, cernis ut ipse, calix.

Multibiba atque loquax : neque nunc de prole relictæ,

Deque suæ prolis paupere patre, dolet.

Unam rem flendam putat et tumultata, quod aptum

Vas Bromio Bromii munera non habeat.

Grotius.. *Ant. Sid. 2. p. 157*

Sieh, hier decket, o Wanderer, das Grab die besahrte Maronis,

Wo du den Becher erblickst, auch aus dem Steine geformt.

Aber des Weingotts Priesterinn, sie, die geschwägige, klagt nicht

Ueber die Kinder und nicht über den dürstigen Mann ;

Nur dieß eine bejammert sie jetzt, das leer von des Bacchos

Gabe des Gottes Gefäß hier auf dem Grab' sie erblickt.

Jacobs.

*Epitaph on an old drunken crone.*

This tomb Maronis holds, o'er which doth stand

A bowl, carv'd out of flint, by Mentor's hand ;

The tipling crone while living, death of friends

Ne'er touch'd, nor husband's nor dear children's ends.

This only troubles her, now dead, to think,

The monumental bowl should have no drink.

Sir Edward Sherburne.

## CCCCLI.

ΑΜΜΙΑΝΟΥ. X. 188.

Νικήτης ἄδων τῶν ῥδῶν ἐστιν Ἀπόλλων

Ἄν δ' ἱατρεύῃ, τῶν θεραπευομένων.

AMMIANI.

Nicetas Pæan vere est novus ; ut citharædus

Aures, ægrotos enecat ut medicus.

Grotius.. *Ant. Sid. 1. p. 449.*

Nicetas sings, and without shame  
 Murders the finest musick.  
 When he prescribes he does the same,  
 And murders me or you sick.

W

## CCCCLII.

[4. 16. 29]

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ.

Ὁ γαστήρ κυνόμνιαι, δι' ἣν κόλακες παράσιτοι  
 Ζωμοῦ πωλοῦσιν θεσμόν ἐλευθερίας.

INCERTI.

Improba res venter, parasitus sumine vili  
 Si libertatis vendere jura potest.

G. S.

O ventre non saziabile, che vendi  
 La libertà pel cibo che tu prendi.

L. Alamanni.

Der Bauch.

Bauch, du Unverschämter! Der Freiheit heilige Rechte  
 Gibst der Smeichler hinweg um eine Suppe für dich.

Herder.

O shameless belly! parasites, through thee,  
 For a vile sop barter their liberty.

W

## CCCCLIII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ. V. 37.

Οὗτος Ἀδειμάντου κείνου τάφος, οὗ διὰ βουλὰς  
 Ἑλλὰς ἐλευθερίας ἀμφέθετο στέφανον.

SIMONIDIS.

Cernis Adimanti tumulum. Hoc duce et auspice facti  
 Est libertatis Græcia nacta decus.

G. S.

Dieß ist das Grab Adimants. Auf seinen rathenden Anschlag  
 Setzte der Griechen Land Kränze der Freiheit sich auf.

Herder.

Here Adeimantus rests: the same was he,  
 Whose counsels won for Greece the crown of liberty.

Merivale.

Here Adimantus lies, by whom led on  
 To fight, all Hellas freedom's garland won.

Sterling.

## CCCCLIV.

ΔΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ. x. 276.

*Εἰς φυλακὴν βληθεὶς ποτὲ Μάρκος ὁ ἀργός, ἐκοντὶ,  
'Οκνῶν ἐξελθεῖν, ὡμολόγησε φόνον.*

LUCILLII.

*Carcere conclusus Marcus piger ille, fatetur  
Cædem sponte sua; quippe illum exire pigebat.*

Jac. Duportus.

*Marco, celebre poltrone,  
Per non prendersi il fastidio  
D'uscir fuori di prigionie,  
S'accusò d'un omicidio.*

Pagnini.

*Lazy Mark, snug in prison, in prison to stay,  
Thought confessing a murder the easiest way.*

W.

*Mark declares he's a murd'rer: who credits the tale?  
He's only too lazy to come out of jail.*

W.

## CCCCLV.

ΔΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ. x. 277.

*Τῆς νυκτὸς τροχάσας ἐν ὕπνοις ποτὲ Μάρκος ὁ ἀργός  
Οὐκέτ' ἐκοιμήθη, μὴ πάλι που τροχάσῃ.*

LUCILLII.

*Cum semel in somnis Marcus piger ille cucurrit,  
Ne rursum currat dormire haud amplius audet.*

Jac. Duportus.

*Heus! piger iste, modo in somnis sibi currere visus,  
Non iterum, ne iterum curreret, it cubitum.*

G. F. D. T.

*Markos träumte, der Faule, vorlängst, als hab' er gelaufen,  
Seitdem schläft er nicht mehr, weil vor dem Laufen ihm bangt.*

Jacobs.

*That dream about running gave Mark such a fright  
About running again, that he sits up all night.*

W.

*Marcus dreamt he was running; so took in his head,  
For fear he should run, not to get into bed.*

G. B.

CCCCLVI.

A Δ · Η Λ Ο Ν. X. 3,

*Εἰς Ἀθῆναι ἰθεὶς κατήλυσαι, εἴτ' ἀπ' Ἀθηνῶν  
Στείχοις, εἴτε νέκυσ νύσαι ἐκ Μερῶς.  
Μὴ σέ γ' ἀνιάτω πάτρης ἀπο τῆλε θανόντα·  
Πάντοθεν εἰς ὃ φέρων εἰς Ἀθῆναι ἄνεμος.*

INCERTI.

*Ad manes æque prona est via, seu quis Athenis  
Mittitur, exustâ seu venit a Meroë:  
Nec procul a patriâ grave sit tibi claudere vitam:  
Undique ad infernos prospera flabra ferunt.*

Grotius. S.

*Dritto all' Orco è il cammin sia che d' Atene  
Morto tu parta, o dall' Etiopie arene.  
Dalla patria morir lungi che importa?  
Laggiù un sol vento ove che siam ci porta.*

M.

*Alenthalben führet der Weg zu den Schatten hinunter,  
Gleich, ob du von Athen oder von Meroe kommst.  
Also gräme dich nicht, wenn du weit in der Fremde davon mußt;  
Auch in der Fremde geht's g'rade zum Orkus hinab.*

Herder.

*Grabaus führet der Weg in den Aides, ob du von Pallas  
Burg kommst, oder im Tod nieder von Meroe steigst.  
Kümmre dich nicht, wenn fern von dem heimischen Lande der Tod ruft!  
Wo du auch seyst, Ein Wind führt dich zum Hafen der Ruh.*

Jacobs.

*Whether from Athens thou begin  
Or Meroe thy road,  
One trodden track still points the way  
Unto the joyless god.  
And though an exile's death thou die  
And see thy home no more,  
Blows from each clime one steady gale,  
Swift to the Stygian shore.*

Robert Tweddell.

*From Athens or from Meroë  
Your passage to the grave will be  
Direct alike. Then cease to care  
Far from your country if you die:  
From every quarter of the sky  
To our last home the wind sets fair.*

W.

## CCCCLVII.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ. V. 52.

Οὕτω τοι μελία ταναὰ ποτὶ κίονα μακρὸν  
 Ἦσο, Πανομφαίῳ Ζηνὶ μένουσ' ἱερά'  
 Ἦδη γὰρ χαλκός τε γέρων, αὐτὴ τε τέτρυσαι  
 Πυκνὰ κραδαινομένα δῆτ' ἐν πολέμῳ.

SIMONIDIS.

Sic gracilis longæ stabis suffixa columnæ  
 Hasta, Panomphæo rite dicata Jovi.  
 Nam tibi consenuit cuspis, vibrantis et ipsa  
 Attrita es multa per fera bella manu.

G. S.

*On a soldier's spear dedicated to Jove.*

Against this pillar tall thou taper spear  
 Repose, to Jove oracular offered here;  
 For now thy brass is old, and, worn at length  
 By warlike uses, thou hast lost thy strength.

Sterling. *Handwritten note*

Here, tapering lance, beneath the dome  
 Of Jove oracular, be thy home,  
 Yon column tall thy stay.  
 Dulled is thy point so keen and bright,  
 And brandished oft in mortal fight  
 Thy shaft is worn away.

G. S.

## CCCCLVIII.

ΚΛΑΥΔΙΑΝΟΥ. IX. 757.

Εἰς κρύσταλλον ἔνδον ὕδωρ ἔχουσιν.  
 Εἴπ' ἄγε μοι, κρύσταλλε, λίθῳ πεπυκασμένον ὕδωρ,  
 Τίς πῆξεν; Βορέης. ἥ τίς ἔλυσε; Νότος.

CLAUDIANI.

Dic, age, mi Crystalle, latex lapidescere jussus:  
 Quis strinxit? Boreas. Cui resoluta? Noto.

Barthius.

Dic aqua sub lapidis glaciati tegmine, quo tu  
 Compacta es? Borea. Vel resoluta? Noto.

Grotius. *Handwritten note*

*Paraphrasis.*

Lymphæ, quæ tegitis cognato corpore lymphas,  
 Et quæ nunc estis, quæque fuistis aquæ,  
 Quod vos ingenium vinxit? qua frigoris arte  
 Torpuit, et maduit prodigiosa silex?  
 Quis tepor inclusus securas vindicat undas?  
 Interior glacies quo liquefacta Noto?  
 Gemma quibus claustris arcano mobilis æstu  
 Vel concreta fuit, vel resoluta gelu?

Claudianus. . . . . VII.

*The Crystal having water within.*

O Crystal! tell me, did the Northern blast  
 Upon thy waters petrification cast?  
 And thee the Southern wind to waves restore  
 Thy substance deliquated as before?

A. Hawkins.

Say, Crystal! are thy stone-girt drops the growth  
 Of melting South, or freezing North, or both?

W.

Humid Crystal! rock-bound water! prithee how were ye produc'd?  
 By the freezing north wind fasten'd, by the melting south unloos'd.

W.

CCCCLIX.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Α . V I I . 6 . 6 .

Οὐδ' εἴ μοι γελώσῃ καταστορέσειε Γαλήνη  
 Κύματα, καὶ μαλακὴν φρίκα φέροι Ζέφυρος,  
 Νηοβάτην ὄψεσθε· δέδοικα γὰρ οὐδ' πάρος ἔτλην  
 Κινδύνους, ἀνέμοις ἀντικορυσσόμενος.

LEONIDÆ.

Non ego, ventorum quamvis freta blanda fruuntur  
 Pace, vel a Zephyro molliter acta tremant,  
 Scandam transtra ratis. Quæ namque pericula sensi  
 Luctatus contra flamina sat memini.

Grotius. . . . .

Though smiling calms should smooth the glassy seas,  
 Or the light ruffling of the western breeze  
 Should skim their surface, with no venturous prow  
 Will I the dreary waste of waters plough.  
 By sad experience warn'd I tempt no more  
 The swelling billows and the tempest's roar.

W. Shepherd.



. CCCCLX.

ΜΟΣΧΟΥ.

Eis Ἔρωτα ἀροτριῶντα.

Λαμπάδα θεὸς καὶ τόξα, βοηλάτιν εἶλετο ῥάβδον  
 Οὐλὸς Ἔρωτος, πῆρην δ' εἶχε κατωμαδίην  
 Καὶ ζεύξας ταλαεργὸν ὑπὸ ζυγὸν αἰχένα ταύρων  
 Ἔσπειρεν Διὸς αἰλακα πυροφόρον.  
 Εἶπε δ' ἄνω βλέψας αὐτῷ Διὶ πλήσον ἀρούρας,  
 Μὴ σε τὸν Εὐρώπης βούν ὑπ' ἄροτρα βάλλω.

MOSCHI.

*In Amorem arantem.*

Peram humeris habilem, posito nunc induit arcu,  
 Et positâ baculum lampade sumpsit Amor :  
 Subque jugum missos stimulo citat ecce juvencos  
 Improbus, et cultæ semina mandat humo :  
 Suspiciensque polos, imple, inquit, Jupiter arva,  
 Ne cogam Europæ te juga ferre bovem.

Politianus.

Rus petiit positis arcu facibusque Cupido :  
 Virga manu : tergo pendula pera fuit.  
 Hoc habitu sulcos glebæ Cerealis arabat,  
 Gnavus, agens domitos sub juga curva boves :  
 Respiciensque Jovem : terras, ait, ignibus ure,  
 Ne bos Europæ tu quoque factus ares.

Grotius.

Ille improbus Cupido  
 Quondam exuens pharetram,  
 Arcum, facem, sagittas,  
 Mentitus est colonum,  
 Et rusticò paratu  
 Stimulum, sagumque gestans  
 Boves jugo revinxit,  
 Altisque operta sulcis  
 Frumenta deposivit.  
 Dein, verso ad astra vultu ;  
 Cæli alme rector, inquit,  
 Nostro fave labori,

Lætasque redde messes.  
 Sin id negas; et ipsum  
 Te ferre aratra cogam  
 Tyrīæ bovem puellæ.

N. S. Sanado.

Gitta il protervo Amor la face e i dardi,  
 Di veste umil si cuopre,  
 E di pungolo acerbo armato, i tardi  
 Bovi unisce all' aratro, e incalza all' opre;  
 E mentre il divin seme in suol felice  
 Spargendo va, si volge all' alto, e dice:  
 Fa, Giove, che la bionda  
 Messe germogli, e ai voti miei risponda;  
 O arar vedrassi per miracol mio,  
 In bue converso un altra volta un Dio.

Averardo de' Medici.

Posto giù face e strali, ad armacollo  
 Un zaino Amore e un pungolo in man tolse;  
 E avvinto al giogo il tollerante collo  
 De' buoi, un solco a seminar si volse.  
 Gridò poi volto a Giove: O i campi miei  
 Feconda, o bue d' Europa al giogo ir dei.

Pagnini.

Posti giù gli archi, e la face,  
 Un da buoi pungol tenea,  
 E su gli omeri un capace  
 Zaino il tristo Amor scotea:  
 Là de' tori al pertinace  
 Collo il giogo impor godea,  
 Poi di Cerere a un ferace  
 Solco il seme commettea.  
 E la faccia al cielo eretta,  
 Sì diss' ei rivolto a Giove:  
 Tu a scaldar quel suol t' affretta,  
 Se non vuoi, che in altre prove  
 All' aratro io ti sommetta,  
 Te d' Europa un giorno bove.

Luigi Rossi.

Fadel und Pfeil' ablegend, ergrif den Steden des Treibers  
 Groß der Schalk, und ein Sack hing ihm die Schulter herab.  
 Als in das Joch er gespannt den duldbenden Nacken der Stiere,  
 Streuet' er Weizensaat über der Deo Gefild.  
 Auf zum Zeus nun blickt' er, und redete: Fülle die Furchen!  
 Oder ich hole dich gleich, Stier der Europa, zum Pflug!

Voss.

Laying aside his bow and torch, a whip  
 Severe Love took, and at his side a scrip;  
 Then on the patient oxen doth impose  
 A yoke, and in the fertile furrow sows:  
 And looking up: Good weather, Jove, or thou  
 (Saith he) Europa's bull shalt draw my plough.

T. Stanley.

*Cupid turned ploughman.*

His lamp, his bow, and quiver, laid aside,  
 A rustic wallet o'er his shoulders tied,  
 Sly Cupid, always on new mischiefs bent,  
 To the rich field, and furrow'd tillage went.  
 Like any ploughman toil'd the little god,  
 His tune he whistled, and his wheat he sow'd;  
 Then sat and laugh'd, and to the skies above,  
 Raising his eye, he thus insulted Jove:  
 Lay by your hail, your hurtful storms restrain,  
 And, as I bid you, let it shine or rain;  
 Else you again beneath my yoke shall bow,  
 Feel the sharp goad, and draw the servile plough;  
 What once Europa was, Nannette is now.

Prior.

## CCCCLXI.

Π Α Α Α Α Α Α. X/1. 2. 5.

Δάφνην καὶ Νιόβην ὠρχήσατο Μέμφις ὁ σιμός,  
 ὥς ξύλινος Δάφνην, ὥς λίθινος Νιόβην.

PALLADÆ.

Daphnen et Nioben saltavit simius idem;  
 Ligneus ut Daphne, saxeus ut Niobe.

Ausonius. 7. 85.

Daphnen et Nioben Memphis simunculus egit;  
 Ligneus in Daphne, saxeus in Niobe.

Grotius. 1. 1. 475.

## Der Tänzer.

Tanz ich die Niobe nicht und die Daphne recht nach dem Leben?  
 Wahrlich! Jene wie Stein, diese wie starrendes Holz.

Herder.

## Der Schauspieler.

Täuschend fürwahr stellt Daphnen und Nioben Memphis im Tanz dar;  
 Hölzern die Daphne, und dich, Tantalos Tochter, wie Stein.

Jacobs

The dance of Memphis well portray'd

Daphne and Niobe:

Like stone the Niobe he played,

The Daphne like a tree.

W.

## CCCCLXII.

## ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ ΝΕΩΤΕΡΟΥ.

Ἀνέρα τις λιπόγυιον ὑπὲρ νότισο λιπαυγῆς  
 Ἦγε, πόδας χρήσας, ὄμματα χρησάμενος.

PLATONIS.

Aspice, cæci humeris fertur pede claudus utroque.

Commodat hic oculos, commodat ille pedes.

G. S.

Mentre un cieco sul dorso un zoppo tiene,

Dà in presto i piedi, e gli occhi in presto ottiene.

Pagnini.

Un boiteux des deux pieds sur un aveugle mis,

Marche droit ou il veut; l'aveugle voit sa voye.

L'un prenant ce qu' a l'autre, et s'entr'aidant, amis.

Le boiteux ses yeux prête à l'autre et le convoie:

L'aveugle prête après ses deux pieds au boiteux;

L'un change en yeux ses pieds, et l'autre en pieds ses yeux.

Antoine Mège.

Un aveugle porte un boiteux;

Ils font prudemment tous les deux:

L'un des yeux le guide en la sorte,

L'autre des pieds ainsi le porte.

La Fresnaye.

Un aveugle portait sur son dos un goutteux.

Comme il prêtait des pieds, il empruntait des yeux.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Said the lame to the blind, on your back let me rise:

So the eyes were the legs, and the legs were the eyes.

W. F.

## CCCC LXIII.

101. 78, 29.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ.

Οὐδὲν ἐν ἀνθρώποισι μένει χρῆμ' ἔμπεδον αἰεὶ·

Ἐν δὲ τὸ κάλλιστον Χίος ἔειπεν ἀνὴρ·

“Οἷη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοιγάρ καὶ ἀνδρῶν.”

Παῦροί μιν θνητῶν οὖασι δεξάμενοι

Στέρνοις ἐγκατέθεντο. πάρεστι γὰρ ἐλπίς ἐκάστω,

Ἀνδρῶν ἢ τε νέων στήθεσιν ἐμφύεται.

Θνητῶν δ' ὅφρα τις ἄνθος ἔχη πολυήρατον ἥβης,

Κούφον ἔχων θυμὸν πόλλ' ἀτέλεστα νοεῖ.

Οὔτε γὰρ ἐλπίδ' ἔχει γηρασσέμεν, οὔτε θανείσθαι,

Οὐδ', ὑγίης ὅταν ᾖ, φροντίδ' ἔχει καμάτου.

Νήπιοι, οἷς ταύτη κείται νόος, οὐδέ τ' ἴσασι,

Ὡς χρόνος ἔσθ' ἥβης καὶ βίотου ὀλίγος

Θνητοῖς. ἀλλὰ σὺ ταῦτα μαθὼν βίотου ποτὶ τέρμα

Ψυχῇ τῶν ἀγαθῶν τλήθῃ χαριζόμενος.

SIMONIDIS.

Rebus in humanis nulla est constantia certa,

Veridico vates Chius ut ore canit :

Non minus est foliis hominum gens fluxa caducis.

Pauci ubi ceperunt auribus ista, suis

Pectoribus fixere : animis namque indita quondam

Spes teneris blandè credula corda fovet :

Et dum læta viret jucundo flore juventa,

Percursant animos irrita multa leves :

Nec senium, mortemve pavet : neque corpore sano

Provida venturi cura doloris adest.

O malè stultorum mens credula, qui brevis ævi

Tempora non norint quàm fugitiva volent :

At tu præmonitus, nigræ ad confinia mortis

Lætus age, et Genio gratificare tuo.

Buchananus. *Musæon*, vii 37.

Keines der Güter verbleibt bey den Sterblichen dauernnd und immer ;

Wahrlich ein treffliches Wort sagte der Chiische Mann :

“ So wie der Blätter Geschlecht, so sind die Geschlechter der Menschen.”

Viele vernahmen das Wort, doch mit den Ohren allein ;

Wenige nahmen im Herzen es auf ; stets gängelt die Hoffnung

Alter und Jugend, und wächst wurzelnd im tiefen Gemüth.

Strahlet dem Sterblichen noch die erfreuliche Blüthe der Jugend,  
Denkt er mit flatterndem Sinn Vieles, so nie sich bewährt.  
Nicht auch denkt er daran, dass Alter und Tod ihm bevorsteht;  
Krankheit kummert ihn nicht, fühlt er sich eben gesund.  
Kindisch traun ist solch ein Gemüth, das nie sich erinnert,  
Wie so dürftig und kurz Jugend und Leben uns ist.  
Auf denn, Freund, dieß denkend erfreue dich! bis zu des Lebens  
Grenze gewähre dem Geist seines Verlangens Genuß.

Jacobs.

*Human Life.*

Nought lasts for ever with man's changeful kind:  
This truth the Chian bard has well defined;  
'The human race is as the race of leaves.'  
Though each this precept in his ears receives,  
He lodges not within: for Hope's sweet tongue  
Befools the old man as it did the young.  
While youth's fair flower is blooming in its spring,  
What dreams infatuate to the bosom cling  
Of things impracticable! for we, forsooth,  
Believe not age succeeds quick paced on youth,  
That death is nigh! and, while we are at ease,  
Health blooming laughs at troubles and disease:  
Fools thus to dream! and not to understand  
That life is short, that death is now at hand!  
Ah, ye who know this truth, your souls employ  
To life's last hour in every grateful joy!

R. Swainson Fisher.

CCCCLXIV.

Z H N Ω N O Σ.

\*Ἔστι πάτρα Φοίνισσα, τίς ὁ φθόνος; εἰμὶ δὲ Κάδμος  
Κείνος, ἅψ' οὐ γραπτὰν Ἑλλὰς ἔχει σελίδα.

ZENONIS.

Ne me, quod Phœnix sum, despice; nam mihi debet  
Græcia quot scriptos nunc habet illa libros.

G. S.

Cadmus am I: then grudge me not, Phœnician though I be,  
The boast, that every written page the Greeks have owed to me.

W.

Take it not ill that Cadmus, Phœnician though he be,  
Can say that Greece was taught by him to write her A, B, C.

W.

## CCCCLXV.

ΔΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ. Χ/391.

*Mûn 'Aσκληπιάδης ὁ φιλάργυρος εἶδεν ἐν οἴκῳ,  
 Καί, τί ποιεῖς, φησὶν, φίλτατε μῦ, παρ' ἐμοί;  
 Ἐδὺ δ' ὁ μῦς γελάσας, μηδέν, φίλε, φησί, φοβηθῆς,  
 Οὐχὶ τροφῆς παρὰ σοὶ χρήζομεν, ἀλλὰ μονῆς.*

LUCILLII.

*Irrepsisse suas murem videt Argus in ædes,  
 Atque ait, heus, a me nunquid, amice, velis?  
 Ille autem ridens, metuas nihil, inquit; apud te,  
 O bone, non epulas, hospitium petimus.* Th. Gray.

*Vide un topo entro il suo tetto  
 Asclepiade, e paventando  
 D' alcun danno: Ah maledetto,  
 Che, diss' egli, vai cercando?  
 Quegli a lui dolce ridendo:  
 Non temer danno o periglio;  
 Chè appo te non cibo intendo  
 Ritrovar, ma un nascondiglio.*

Felici.

*L' avare Hermon voyant trotter une souris,  
 Eh! chez moi, lui dit-il, que fais-tu, ma petite?  
 Ne crains rien, reprit-elle avec un doux souris:  
 Mon cher, je cherche ici, non du pain, mais un gîte.*

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Der Geizhals und die Maus.

*Der hungerleider Asklepiades  
 Sah eine Maus in seinem Hause. "Was?  
 Was bringst du mir, mein Mäuschen?" sprach er süß.  
 Sey ruhig, lieber Freund, antwortet sie:  
 In deinem Hause sucht ein Mäuschen selbst  
 Zwar etwa Wohnung, aber keinen Tisch.*

Herder.

*Als ein Mäuschen der Knicker Amynt in dem Hause gewahrte,  
 Rief er verwundert ihm zu: Kleine, was willst du bey mir?  
 Spöttlich lächelnd erwiedert die Maus: Sey ruhig, o Lieber!  
 Futter erwart' ich nicht hier; wohnen nur laß mich im Hause.*

Jacobs.

*Of a covetous niggard, and a needie mouse.*

Asclepiad that greadie carle, by fortune found a mouse  
 (As he about his lodgings lookte) within his niggish house.  
 The chiding chuffe began to chafe, and (sparefull of his cheere)  
 Demaunded of the siely beast and sayde what makste thou heere?  
 You neede not stand in feare (good friend) the smyling mouse replide:  
 I come not to devoure your cates but in your house to bide.

Turbervile

As Pedro stalk'd around his house,  
 The jealous miser spy'd a mouse:  
 How now, cries he, what dost thou here?  
 Sir, says the mouse, dismiss your fear;  
 I come not with the hopes of food,  
 But for the sake of solitude.

Graves.

A miser traversing his house,  
 Espied, unusual there, a mouse,  
 And thus his uninvited guest  
 Briskly inquisitive address'd:  
 Tell me, my dear, to what cause is it  
 I owe this unexpected visit?  
 The mouse her host obliquely eyed,  
 And, smiling, pleasantly replied:  
 Fear not, good fellow, for your hoard!  
 I come to lodge, and not to board.

W. Cowper.

A mouse miser Elwes once found in his house:  
 What occasions your visit to me, pretty mouse?  
 Says the mouse, sweetly smiling: My friend, do not fear,  
 I expect not a meal but a solitude here.

Sir Alexander Croke.

*Parody.*

As —— was stepping out of bed,  
 A lurking mouse he spies;  
 And thus, alarm'd with sudden dread,  
 Aloud to Tony cries:  
 Tony make haste—the trap prepare—  
 I see the rascal dodging.



Friend, quoth the mouse, you need not fear,  
 I come but for a lodging;  
 Nor plant that dreadful engine there,  
 To catch me by the neck fast;  
 For surely I had ne'er come here,  
 If I had wanted breakfast.

Richard Owen Cambridge.

CCCCLXVI.

*Εἰς ἀγαλμα Νιόβης.*  
 Α Δ Η Α Ο Ν Σ β γ ρ . 1 . 1 6 . 1 2 7

Ἐκ ζωῆς με θεοὶ τεύξαν λίθον ἔκ δὲ λίθοιο  
 Ζωὴν Πραξιτέλης ἔμπαλιν εἰργάσατο.

INCERTI.

Vivebam: sum facta silex, quæ deinde polita  
 Praxitelis manibus, vivo iterum Niobe.  
 Reddidit artificis manus omnia, sed sine sensu.  
 Hunc ego, cum læsi numina, non habui.

Ausonius *ἐπεὶ τὸν λίθον*

Me saxum e viva potuerunt reddere Divi:  
 E saxo vivam reddere Praxiteles.

Vavassor.

Vivam olim in lapidem verterunt numina, sed me  
 Praxiteles vivam reddidit ex lapide.

Cælius Calcagninus.

Fecerat e vivâ lapidem me Jupiter; at me  
 Praxiteles vivam reddidit e lapide.

Th Gray.

Ex viva lapidem Dii me fecere; retroque  
 E saxo jussit vivere Praxiteles.

G. F. D. T.

In sasso un dì conversa,  
 Niobe, la vita hai persa:

In sasso oggi scolpita  
 Ricuperi la vita.

Aurelio Bertola.

Me viva i numi in sasso han convertita;  
 Prassitel me dal sasso or torna in vita.

M.

Par les Dieux irritez, de vivante autrefois  
 Je fus en pierre transformée;  
 Et Praxitèle une seconde fois,  
 De pierre que j' étois m' a renduë animée.

Longepierre.

Le fatal courroux des Dieux      Le sculpteur a fait bien mieux ;  
Changea cette femme en pierre.      Il a fait tout le contraire.

Voltaire

Des dieux la jalouse colère  
Fit de mon corps vivant jadis un bloc de pierre.  
Praxitèle, ton art savant  
D'un bloc de pierre a su me faire un corps vivant.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Lebend war ich, da wandelten mich die Götter zum Stein um ;  
Aber Praxiteles schuf wieder zum Leben den Stein.

Herder.

Lebend ward ich versteinet von den Himmlischen ; aber aus Steine  
Schuf Praxiteles mich wieder zur Lebenden um.

Voss.

The gods to stone transform'd me ; but again,  
I from Praxiteles new life obtain.

John Addison.

To stone the gods have chang'd her—but in vain ;  
The sculptor's art has made her breathe again.

Anon. Elegant Extracts

The gods the living Niobe      Praxiteles arose, and, see,  
To marble turned : in vain !      The marble lives again.

G. S.

CCCCLXVII.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

Λείψανα Δουκίλλης διδυματόκου ἐνθάδε κείται,  
ἥς μεμέριστο βρέφη, ζῶν πατρί, θάτερον αὐτῇ.

INCERTI.

Hic Lucilla jacet mater de prole gemella,  
Quorum viva patri pars obtigit, altera matri.

Grotius.

Di due gemelli madre      L' un d' essi ha lei seguita,  
Lucilla uscì di vita :      L' altro è rimasto al padre.

Pagnini.

De son mari Lucile uniquement chérie,  
A deux jumeaux donna la vie  
Et la perdit en même tems.  
Le sort aux deux époux partagea les enfans :  
L' un au tombeau suivit sa mère,  
L' autre vécut pour consoler son père.

Anon. Anthologie Française.

Mother of twins Lucilla died, whose relics here we lay :  
One babe, the father's share, yet lives, and one she takes away.

W.



## CCCCLXIX.

ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ. Ῥ. 6.

Εὐκαίρως μονάσασαν ἰδὼν Προδίκην, ἰκέτεον,  
 Καὶ τῶν ἀμβροσίων ἀφάμενος γονάτων,  
 Σῶσον, ἔφην, ἄνθρωπον ἀπολλύμενον παρὰ μικρόν,  
 Καὶ φεύγον ζωῆς πνεῦμα σύ μοι χάρισαι.  
 Ταῦτα λέγοντος, ἔκλαυσεν· ἀποψήσασα δὲ δάκρυ,  
 Ταῖς τρυφεραῖς ἡμᾶς χερσὶν ὑπεξέβαλεν.

RUFINI.

Cum Prodicen solam, nullo comitante, viderem,  
 Lapsus ad ipsius, supplice more, pedes,  
 Serva hominem, dixi, cui mors gravis imminet, et fac  
 Muneris hanc animam, quæ fugit, esse tui.  
 Flebat, ut audierat: sed flentia lumina siccans  
 Nos a se tenera repulit illa manu.

Grotius. - Ῥ. 6. β. 2. 2.

Sola in buon punto io Prodica mirando,  
 Supplice a lei dicea:  
 Deh salva un uom ch'è di sè stesso in bando,  
 E il fuggente mio spirto in me rappella.  
 Al suon di mia favella  
 Pietosa ella piangea.  
 Poi gli occhi asciugua, e con l' eburnee braccia  
 Lungi da sè mi scaccia.

Pagnini

Während ich Prodiken jüngst zur erwünschtesten Stunde allein fand,  
 Schlang ich die stehende Hand um das ambrosische Knie.  
 Rette, so fleht' ich, o rette den Liebenden, welchem nur wenig  
 Athem und Leben noch blieb; gönn' ihm den fliehenden Rest.  
 Thränen entfielen ihr, während ich sprach; dann, trocknend die Augen,  
 Warf sie mit lieblicher Hand mich zu der Thüre hinaus.

Jacobs.

Prodice finding alone and at leisure,  
 I knelt and I touched her ambrosial knee:  
 O pity a man all but dying, my treasure,  
 And save him the breath that is hast'ning to flee.  
 I spake and she wept: when the weeping was o'er,  
 She rose, and with lily hands shewed me the door.

G. C. S.

## CCCCCLXX.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.  
 Εἰς τὴν ἐν Σπάρτῃ ἔνοπλον Ἀφροδίτην.

Παλλὰς τὰν Κυθήρειαν ἔνοπλον ἔειπεν ἰδοῦσα·  
 Κύπρι, θέλεις οὕτως ἐς κρίσιν ἐρχόμεθα ;  
 Ἥ δ' ἀπαλὸν γελάσασα, τί μοι σάκος ἀντίον αἶρει ;  
 Εἰ γυμνὴ νικῶ, πῶς ὅταν ὅπλα λάβω ;

## INCERTI.

Armatam vidit Venerem Lacedæmone Pallas.  
 Nunc certemus, ait, iudice vel Paride.  
 Cui Venus : Armatam tu me, temeraria, temnis ;  
 Quæ, quo te vici tempore, nuda fui ?

*Aliter.*

Armatam Pallas Venerem Lacedæmone visens,  
 Visne, ut iudicium sic ineamus ? ait.  
 Cui Venus arridens : Quid me galeata laceassis ?  
 Vincere si possum nuda, quid arma gerens ?

Ausonius. 86. 43.

Armatam ut vidit Venerem dea bellica, Rursum  
 Iudicium Paridis vis subeamus ? ait.  
 Cui Venus arridens : non est opus ense nec hasta.  
 Vincere te potui nuda ; quid arma gerens ?

P. Francius.

Vide Vener armata Palla, e disse :  
 Combattiam' ora, e giudichi Parisse.  
 A cui Vener : Tu stolta armata spregi  
 Chi già nuda ti vinse, e porta pregi ?

L. Alamanni.

Pallas trouve Vénus endossant le harnois,  
 Et l'appelle au combat : Ah ! c'est à cette fois  
 Qu'il faut venger une injure reçue :  
 Comment, répond Vénus, téméraire, oses-tu,  
 Me voyant l'arme au poing, défier ma vertu  
 Que j'ai su vaincre alors que j'étois toute nue.

Antoine de Cotel.

Als die kriegende Pallas die Liebesgöttin in Waffen

Sahe: "Wohlan," sprach sie, "lass uns versuchen den Kampf."

Lächelnd erwiderte diese: "bedarf's gewaffneter Kämpfe?"

Trug ich nicht über dich nackt schon die Krone davon?"

Herder.

Pallas, als sie Kytheren geschmückt mit den Waffen erblickte,

Sagte: Wofern dir's gefällt, treten wir so vor Gericht.

Lächelnd erwiderte Kypris: Wozu wohl hülfe der Schild dir?

Wurde mir Nackten der Sieg, fehlt der Bewehrten er nicht.

Jacobs.

*Of Venus in armour.*

In complete armour Pallas saw

The Ladie Venus stande;

Who said: Let Paris now be judge,

Encounter we with hande.

Replide the goddesse: What?

Scornst thou in armour mee,

That naked earst in Ida mount

So foylde and conquerde thee?

Turberville.

Pallas saw Venus arm'd, and straight she cry'd:

Come if thou dar'st, thus, thus let us be try'd.

Why fool! says Venus, thus provok'st thou me,

That being nak'd thou know'st could conquer thee?

Crashaw.

When Pallas arm'd met Venus in the field,

Will you, said she, the prize of beauty yield?

Venus reply'd: If naked with my charms

I can prevail, what need have I of arms?

Charles Goodall.

*Parody.*

When Venus, loose in all her naked charms

Met Jove's great daughter clad in shining arms,

The wanton goddess view'd the warlike maid

From head to foot, and tauntingly she said:

Yield, sister, rival, yield: naked you see

I vanquish: guess how potent I should be,

If to the field I came in armour drest,

Dreadful, like thine, my shield, and terrible my crest.

Prior.

CCCCLXXI.

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ. Vll. 573.

Εἰς τὴν ἀδελφὴν αὐτοῦ Εὐγενίαν.

Τὰν πάρος ἀνθήσασαν ἐν ἀγλαῖα καὶ αἰδῶ,  
 Τὰν πολυκυδίστου μνάμονα θεσμοσύνας,  
 Εὐγενίαν κρύπτει χθονία κόνις· αἱ δ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ  
 Κεῖραντο πλοκάμους Μοῦσα, Θέμις, Παφίη.

AGATHIÆ,

*de sorore sua Eugenia.*

Quæ formæ cantusque simul florebat honore,  
 Cui super et leges discere cura fuit;  
 Eugeniam tellus tegit hæc: in funere vulsis  
 Crinibus adstabant Cypria, Musa, Themis.

Grotius. *lib. 2. p. 21.*

Quella che in mente ben serbò da pria  
 Le gloriose inclite leggi, e in canto  
 Ed in fulgore di beltà fioria,  
 Quell' Eugenia qui sotto al suol si chiuse;  
 E sulla tomba sua le trecce loro  
 Troncaron Citerea, Temi e le Muse.

Pompei.

Eugenia, a cui la rosea guancia, il canto,  
 E delle leggi il gran saper diè vanto,  
 Qui giace: A lei con raso crin gli estremi  
 Uffici fer Ciprigna, Euterpe e Temi.

Pagnini.

Giace in quest' urna Eugenia,  
 Cui diè Calliope il canto,  
 Temi ogni legge, e Venere  
 Sopra le belle il vanto.  
 Rase le chiome, al tumulto  
 Or la sua sorte rea  
 Piangono Temi, Calliope  
 E l' alma Citerea.

Felici.

In loveliness' and poetry's full bloom,  
 And fam'd in jurisprudence, we laid here  
 Eugenia in the dust. Upon her tomb  
 Venus, the Muse, and Themis dropp'd a tear.

W.

CCCLXXII.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΛΕΩΝΙΑΔΟΥ ΤΑΡΑΝΤ. VII. 647.

Γνώσομαι εἴ τι νέμεις ἀγαθοῖς πλέον, ἢ καὶ ὁ δειλὸς  
Ἐκ σέθεν ὠσαύτως Ἴσον, ὁδοιπὸρ', ἔχει.  
Χαίρῃτο οὗτος ὁ τύμβος, ἔρεῖς, ἐπεὶ Εὐρυμέδοντος  
Κεῖται τῆς ἱερῆς κόρυς ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς.

THEOCRITI.

**Jam dabitur cerni fortesne, viator, honores,  
Fortis an et timidus sint tibi jure pari.  
Huic tumulo bene sit, dices, reor, Eurymedontis  
Incumbit sancto qui levis in capite.**

[illegible]

Mi avvedrò, viatore,  
Se agli uomini dabbene  
Dai tu qualche vantaggio, o pari onore  
L'empio da te si ottiene.  
Dirai: Dia grazia e pace  
Il ciel benigno a questa  
Tomba, che lieve giace  
Di Eurimedonte sulla sacra testa.

Cesare Gaetani della Torre.

Or fia ch'io riconosca di leggiero  
Se a' buoni e a' rei tu fai lo stesso onore,  
Quando questo sepolcro, o passeggiere,  
Avverrà che tu sì dicendo onore :  
Pace a la tomba che d' Eurimedonte  
Lieve sta sopra a la sacrata fronte.

Vicini.

Now shall I know if craven hearts, and brave,  
Alike thou honourest, or brave hearts more :  
Else, traveller, before thou passest on,  
Thou sure wilt say : Thrice hail unto this grave,  
Which lightly lieth thy blest ashes o'er,  
Eurymedon !

J. W. B.



## CCCCLXXIII.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Α Α Λ Ε Ξ Α Ν Δ Ρ Ε Ω Σ. 1X. 344.

Ἦν ὁπότε γραμμαῖσιν ἐμὴν φρένα μῦνον ἔτερπεν,  
 Οὐδ' ὅναρ εὐγενέταις γινώριμος Ἰταλίδαις·  
 Ἀλλὰ τανῦν πάντεσσιν ἐράσμιος· ὅψ' ἄρ' ἔγνω,  
 Ὅππῃσιν Οὐρανίην Καλλιόπην προφέρει.

LEONIDÆ.

Cum struerem varias in docto pulvere formas,  
 Ausonidum nulli nomine notus eram.  
 At nunc me tellus amat Italia, sero videntem  
 Quanto est Urania Calliopea prior.

Grotius. *lib. 1. Op. 1. 277.*

D' Ausonia ai grandi ignoto vissi intanto  
 Che tra circoli e quadri il tempo spesi.  
 A tutti or piaccio; e tardi alfin compresi  
 Che sovra Urania tien Calliope il vanto.

Pagnini.

My mind intent on diagrams alone,  
 I to th' Italian nobles lived unknown;  
 Now they all love me; for at length I see  
 Urania is not worth Calliope.

W.

## CCCCLXXIV.

Α Ν Τ Ι Π Α Τ Ρ Ο Υ. VII. 288.

Οὐδετέρης ὅλος εἰμὶ θανὼν νέκυς, ἀλλὰ θάλασσα  
 Καὶ χθὼν τὴν ἀπ' ἐμεῦ μοῖραν ἔχουσιν ἴσην.  
 Σάρκα γὰρ ἐν πόντῳ φάγον ἰχθύες· ὅστέα δ' αὖτε  
 Βέβρασται ψυχρῇ τῇδε παρ' ἡϊόνι.

ANTIPATRI.

Non tellus totum, non me tenet unda, sed æquam  
 Terra mei partem, nec minus æquor habet.  
 Piscibus esca caro facta est mea: littore summo  
 Huc ejecta maris fluctibus ossa jacent.

Grotius. *lib. 1. Op. 1. 277.*

Nè mar nè terra intero hanno il mio frale;  
 Ma l' uno e l' altra han di me parte uguale.  
 Mangiaro i pesci in mar la carne, e in questo  
 Lido gittato fu dall' onde il resto.

Pagnini.

Nor land nor sea hath all of me  
Now that I'm dead;  
But equal shares have sea and land.  
For when upon my flesh at sea  
The fish had fed;  
My bones were cast on this bleak strand.

CCCCLXXV.

[Acf. P. 124]  $\Delta \Delta H \Delta O N$ . *... ..*

*Μὴ τρέσσης, ὅτι τόξον, ὁδοιπόρε, καὶ νεοθηγεῖς  
Ἰούς γυναικῶσας πρόσθε ποδῶν ἐθέμην,  
Μηδ' ὅτι βαστάζω ῥοπαλον χερὶ, μηδ' ὅτι δέρμα  
Ἄμφ' ὥμοις χαροποῦ τοῦτο λέοντος ἔχω.  
Πημαίνειν οὐ πάντας ἐπίσταμαι, ἀλλὰ κακούργους,  
Καὶ σώζειν ἀγαθοὺς ἐξ ἀγέων δύναμαι.*

**INCERTI.**

*Signum Herculis Averrunci.*

Cornua ne quoniam cernis sinuata, viator,  
Spiculaque ante pedes nuda jacere, time ;  
Nec quia nodosam gestat mea dextera clavam,  
Terga Cheronæa nec quia pelle tegor ;  
Lædere non cunctos, sed solos ista nocentes  
Arma, bonis eadem vim prohibere solent.

Grotius.

Zittre nicht, weil du den Bogen, o Wanderer, oder der Pfeile  
Eben geschliffnes Geschoss nackt mir zu Füßen erblickst;  
Auch nicht, weil mir die Keule die Hand füllt, oder des grausen  
Unthiers zottiges Fell Rücken und Schultern umfließt.  
Denn nicht Jeden bedroht der Gerüstete, sondern die Freuler;  
Aber den Guten gewährt Herakles Schutz in Gefahr.

Jacobs.

Let not my bow, O traveller, cause you fright,  
And newly sharpen'd arrows placed in sight,  
Nor fear the club I wield, nor, 'tis my pride,  
That I stand wrapt in this grim lion's hide.  
None would I injure but the bad alone,  
The good distress'd my saving prowess own.

T. F.

## CCCCLXXVI.

ΔΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ. ΧΙ. 76.

‘Ρύγχος ἔχων τοιοῦτον, Ὀλυμπικὲ μῆτ’ ἐπὶ κρήνην  
 Ἐλθῆς, μῆτ’ ἐν ὄρει πρὸς τι διαυγὲς ὕδωρ  
 Καὶ σὺ γὰρ, ὡς Νάρκισσος, ἰδὼν τὸ πρόσωπον ἐναργὲς,  
 Τεθνήξῃ, μισῶν σαυτὸν ἕως θανάτου.

LUCILLII.

Insignis rostro ingenti fuge, Pyrame, fontem,  
 Et cave lucidulos ne videas latices :  
 Ut quondam ille sui periit Narcissus amore,  
 Sic tu forte odio ne moriari tui.

Cunichius.

*In puellam deformem.*

Narcissus vitreis cum se vidisset in undis  
 Interiit formæ captus amore suæ.  
 Tu quoque te speculo videas vel fonte, caveto :  
 Tunc odio vultus interitura tui es.

Paulus Thomas.

Se ami te stesso, Aronte,  
 Fuggi lo stagno e il fonte :  
 Che, come il bel Narciso  
 Già vi perì d’ amor,  
 Tu con quel brutto viso  
 Vi puoi morir d’ orror.

Roncalli.

Avendo ceffo tu di tal figura,  
 Non appressarti, Olimpico, a fontana,  
 Ne per monte mirar dentro onda pura ;  
 Chè qual Narciso, nel vedere espresso  
 Il tuo sembiante, ne morrai tu pure  
 Sino a morte portando odio a te stesso.

Pompei.

*Imitation.*

Il est certain ruisseau, miroir trop peu flatteur,  
 Qui peint aux yeux, sans artifice,  
 Et les attraites et la laideur :  
 Fuis ce miroir ; en s’y voyant, Narcisse  
 Mourut d’ amour, tu mourrais de frayer.

Imbert.

Daff du mit diesem Gesicht, o Olympifos, nimmer dem Brunnen  
 Nahst, und auf dem Gebirg nimmer dem spiegelnden See!  
 Denn wie Markiffof einft, erblickft du dein wirkliches Antliß,  
 Stirbft du darob. Zum Tod würde dir graufen vor dir.

Jacobs

Beware, my friend! of crystal brook,  
 Or fountain, lest that hideous hook,  
 Thy nose, thou chance to see;  
 Narcissus' fate would then be thine,  
 And self-detested thou would'st pine,  
 As self-enamour'd he.

W. Cowper.

No more near yonder fountain stray,  
 Nor in yon stream your face survey,  
 Reversing sad Narcissus' fate:  
 He was by idle love betray'd  
 To languish for a beauteous shade;  
 But you will pine with grief and hate.

Ph. Smyth.

Olympius, with such a snout, beware of every fountain,  
 Or pool of limpid water, such as stand on any mountain.  
 For as when fair Narcissus gazed, his beauty was his bane,  
 You'd die of sheer disgust to see your countenance so plain.

G. C. S.

CCCCLXXVII.

Π Α Λ Α Δ Α Α. Χ. 98.

Πᾶς τις ἀπαίδευτος φρονιμώτατός ἐστι σιωπῶν,  
 Τὸν λόγον ἐγκρύπτων, ὡς πάθος αἰσχρότατον.

PALLADÆ.

Vir rudis est una prudens ratione, tacendo:  
 Comprimit ut morbum dum sua verba gravem.

Grotius.

Cum tacet indoctus, sapientior esse videtur,  
 Et morbus tegitur, dum premit ora pudor.

Sam. Johnson.

The greatest of fools, if he keeps himself still,  
 With the worst of disease, may be wise if he will.

W. F.

A blockhead, as long as he's silent, is wise;  
 For his talk is a sore he should hide from all eyes.

W.

## CCOCLXXVIII.

[Anth. 7384]

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΙΓΥΠΤΙΟΥ. *Plan. VII. 186*

Στέφος πλέκων ποθ', εὔρον  
 Ἐν τοῖς ῥόδοις Ἔρωτα·  
 Καὶ τῶν πτερῶν κατασχών,  
 Ἐβάπτισ' εἰς τὸν οἶνον.  
 Λαβὼν δ' ἔπιον αὐτόν·  
 Καὶ νῦν ἔσω μελῶν μου  
 Πτεροῖσι γαργαλίζει.

## JULIANI AEGYPTII.

Cum necterem corollam,  
 Inter rosas repertum  
 Cupidinem prehendi  
 Alâ, meroque mergens  
 Unâ imbibi procacem.  
 Nunc ille sævit imis  
 Puer mihi in medullis.

Ph. Melancthon.

Nel fare un serto  
 Di rose belle,  
 Colgo fra quelle  
 Nascosto Amor.  
 Per l' ali il prendo,  
 Che porta al tergo,  
 Nel vino immergo  
 Quel traditor.

Invan le piume  
 Scuote il tiranno,  
 Io lo tracanno.  
 Fra il buon liquor.  
 Per questo avviene,  
 Che ognora io provo  
 Un grato, un nuovo  
 Palpito al cor.

Rogati.

Guari non ha che standomi  
 Una ghirlanda a tessere,  
 Fra rose Amor trovai,  
 E per l' ali acchiappatolo,  
 Di vino in una ciotola  
 L' immerso, e 'l trangugiai :  
 Ora coll' ale il rio  
 Titilla il dentro mio,

M.

Tejiendo unas guirnaldas  
 Ví á Amor entre las rosas,  
 Y el batiendo las alas  
 Vertió vino en mi boca ;

Io bebí Amor y vino :  
 Y desde aquella hora  
 Se apoderó el muchacho  
 De mis entrañas todas.

Villegas

Entre unas frescas rosas  
 Tejendo unas guirnaldas  
 Hallé al Amor un dia :  
 Cojile de las alas,  
 Y en vino sumergido  
 Me lo bebí con ansia,  
 Tal que hora voltea  
 En torno á mis entrañas.

Canga Arguelles.

A table faisant l' autre jour  
 Des couronnes de fleurs nouvellement écloses,  
 Je trouvai le petit Amour  
 Parmi de delicates roses :  
 Par l' aile je le pris soudain,  
 Et je le plongeai dans du vin.  
 J' avalai tout ensuite, et des peines nouvelles  
 Me le font sentir dans mon sein,  
 Qui me chatouille avec ses ailes.

Longepierre.

Ich flocht ein Rosenkränzchen,  
 Und fand im Röschen Amor.  
 Schnell faßt' ich seine Flügel,  
 Und warf ihn in den Becher,  
 Und trank im Wein ihn nieder.  
 Nun sitzt er mit im Herzen,  
 Und schwirret mit den Flügeln.

Herder.

Jüngst wand ich mir ein Kränzchen  
 Fand in den Rosen Amor,  
 Und faßt' ihn bei den Flügeln  
 Warf ihn in meinen Becher,  
 Und trank ihn mit hinunter.  
 Nun kugelt er mich innen  
 Im Herzen mit den Flügeln.

J. Fried. Degen.

As a rosy wreath I bound,  
 'Mongst the roses Love I found ;  
 Swift I seiz'd his pinions fast,  
 And in wine the wanton cast ;  
 Taking then the laughing cup,  
 Swift I drank the wanton up.  
 Now with ever-tickling wings  
 Up and down my breast he springs.

John Addison.

As once a flowery wreath I wove,  
 I found among the roses Love ;  
 By both his wings the god I bound,  
 And in a cup of nectar drowned :  
 I pledged my fair, and took the cup,  
 And mad with rapture drank him up.  
 Ah ! ever since on tickling wings  
 About my throbbing heart he springs !

R. Swainson Fisher.

## CCCCCLXXIX.

ΑΙΜΙΛΙΑΝΟΥ. VII. 623.

"Ελκε, τάλαν, παρὰ μητρὸς ὃν οὐκέτι μαζὸν ἀμέλξεις,  
 "Ελκυσσον ὑστάτιον νῆμα καταφθιμένης  
 "Ἢδη γὰρ ξιφέεσσι λιπόπνοος· ἀλλὰ τὰ μητρὸς  
 Φίλτρα καὶ εἰν 'Αἶδῃ παιδοκομεῖν ἔμαθεν.

ÆMILIANI.

Sume, puer, tibi quæ præbent dona ultima lactis  
 Materni, vita deficiente, sinus !  
 Sume, miser ! tua te non ipsa in morte relinquit,  
 Sed vivum exanimo pectore mater alit.

Grenville, Baro.

Exprime,—non posthac misero dabit,—exprime lactis  
 Quod tibi supremum dat moribunda parens.  
 Exanimis jam cæsa jacet ; sed morte sub ipsa  
 Dulcis opem natis scit dare matris amor.

G. B.

Lac de matre, miser, lac extrahe fonte benigno,  
 Quod moriens rursus non dabit alma parens.  
 Et jam vita sub ense fugit, sed morte vel ipsa  
 Maternus quod alat reddere discit amor.

T. F.

Suck, little wretch, while yet thy mother lives,  
Suck the last drop her fainting bosom gives !  
She dies : her tenderness survives her breath ;  
And her fond love is provident in death.

Webb.

CCCCCLXXX.

ΔΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ. Χ. 1. 135.

Μηκέτι, μηκέτι, Μάρκε, τὸ παιδίον, ἀλλ' ἐμὲ κόπτου,  
Τὸν πολὺ τοῦ παρὰ σοὶ νεκρότερον τεκνίου.  
Εἰς ἐμὲ νῦν ἐλέγους ποιεῖ πάλιν, εἰς ἐμὲ θρήνους,  
Δήμιε, τὸν στιχίνην σφαζόμενον θανάτῳ.  
Τοῦ σου γὰρ πάσχω νεκροῦ χάριν, οἷα πάθοιεν  
Οἱ καταδείξαντες βιβλία καὶ καλάμους.

IUGILLII.

*In Marcum versificatorem, qui elegos in filii obitum recitans, auditorem fere  
enecaverat.*

Non puerum jam, Marce, tuum ; mea funera plange ;  
Pejori nam sum morte peremptus ego.  
In me nunc elegos et carmina tristia verte,  
Cui tua dira fuit pagina causa necis.  
O ! qui primus erat chartæ calamique repertor,  
Di dent ut versus audiat ille tuos.

G. S.

Cease, Marcus, cease your infant to deplore ;  
I'm much more dead, and should be pitied more.  
On me compose dirge, ode, and elegy,  
Me, whom you rhyme to death so cruelly,  
All through that boy ! Like suff'rings be their due,  
Who furnish'd paper, pens, and ink to you !

W.

Bewail no more that brat of thine,  
Marcus, the deadlier death is mine.  
To me is due thy elegy  
That murdered by thy stanzas lie.  
Whoe'er he was that shewed to men  
The use of paper and of pen,  
Heaven grant, to expiate his crimes,  
He may be doomed to hear thy rhymes.

G. S.



Antiphila. Lib. IV. 36. 9. 36. 8. 1367  
CCCCLXXXI.

## ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΑΟΥ.

Τὰν ὅλαν Μήδειαν ὄτ' ἔγραφε Τιμομάχου χεῖρ,  
Ζάλῃ καὶ τέκνοις ἀντιμεθελκομέναν,  
Μυρλον ἄρατο μόχθον, ἵν' ἤθεα δισσὰ χαράξῃ,  
Ὡν τὸ μὲν εἰς ὄργαν νεῦε, τὸ δ' εἰς ἔλεον.  
Ἀμφὼ δ' ἐπλήρωσεν δρα τύπον. ἐν γὰρ ἀπειλᾷ  
Δάκρυον, ἐν δ' ἐλέφ θυμὸς ἀναστρέφεται.  
Ἀρκεῖ δ' ἂ μέλλῃσις, ἔφα σοφός· αἶμα δὲ τέκνων  
Ἐπρεπε Μηδείᾳ, κοῦ χερὶ Τιμομάχου.

## ANTIPHILI.

*In Medæ imaginem, nobile Timomachi opus.*

Medeam vellet cum pingere Timomachi mens,  
Volventem in natos crudum animo facinus;  
Immanem exhausit rerum in diversa laborem,  
Fingeret affectum matris ut ambiguum.  
Ira subest lachrymis, miseratio non caret irâ.  
Alterutrum videas, ut sit in alterutro.  
Cunctantem satis est: nam digna est sanguine mater  
Natorum; tua non dextera, Timomache.

Ausonius. 36. 29.

En ubi Medæ varius dolor æstuat ore,  
Jamque animum nati, jamque maritus, habent!  
Succenset, miseret, medio exardescit amore,  
Dum furor inque oculo gutta minante tremit.  
Cernis adhuc dubiam; quid enim? licet impia matris  
Colchidos, at non sit dextera Timomachi.

Th. Gray.

Als Timomachus dich, o grause Medea, dem Bilde  
Sag: wie kämpfte die Kunst deiner Empfindungen Kampf!  
Den sie weise vollendet! Im zornigen funkelnden Auge  
Hängen Thränen; die Wuth schmilzt in der Mutter Gefühl—  
Weiter maßte sie nicht. "Der Kinder Blut zu vergießen,  
Sprach der Künstler, geziemt nur der Medea, nicht mir."

Herder.

The fell Medea's soul to trace,  
Its conflict waging in her face,  
To paint the wife's, the mother's mind,  
At once to hate and love inclined,

Timomachus, might task thy skill;  
Yet could thy hand its part fulfil;  
Pity and rage are mingling here,  
The menace struggling with the tear.  
Painter, the murderous thought we see.  
Enough! The deed beseems not thee.

G. S.

CCCCLXXXII.

Α Σ Κ Λ Η Π Ι Α Δ Ο Υ. VII. 2 S 4,

Ὅκτώ μιν πῆχεις ἄπεχε, τρηχεῖα θάλασσα,  
Καὶ κύμαινε βόα θ', ἡλίκαι σοι δύναιμι·  
Ἦν δὲ τὸν Εὐμάρειο καθέλης τάφον, ἄλλο μὲν οὐδὲν  
Κρήγνον, εὐρήσεις δ' ὅστέα καὶ σποδίην.

ASCLEPIADIS.

Ut vis, ponte minax; modo tres discesseris ulnas,  
Ingemina fluctus, ingeminaque sonum.  
Si forsan tumultum quo conditur Eumarus aufers,  
Nil lucri facies; ossa habet et cinerem.

... x . 4 9

Sam. Johnson. 4 4 2 6,

Otto cubiti, o mar, ti scosta, e poi  
Fremi e t' alza in furor quanto più puoi.  
Chè se mia tomba a depredar verrai,  
Null' altro che nud' ossa e polve avrai.

Pagnini.

Nur acht Ellen zurück entferne dich, feindliche Meerfluth;  
Brau' und Schaume dann auf, wie du nur immer vermagst.  
Wenn du auch Eumares Hügel zerstörst, so entdeckst du doch nichts  
Taugliches drinne verwahrt, sondern nur Staub und Gebein.

Jacobs.

Eight cubits from me keep, rough wave!  
There, swell and roar with might and main.  
E'en should'st thou whelm Eumares' grave,  
His bones and dust is all thou'lt gain.

J. W. B.

Keep off, rude sea! if but eight cubits' length,  
And roar and rage and swell with all thy strength.  
Whelm'st thou the grave of Eumares? thou'st gained  
Nought but the bones and ashes it contained.

W.

## CCCCLXXXIII.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Ο Υ. V. 11. 273.

Εὐρου με τρηχεῖα καὶ αἰπήσσσα καταγίγς,  
 Καὶ νύξ, καὶ δνοφερῆς κύματα πανδυσίης  
 Ἔβλαψ' Ὀρίωνος ἀπώλισθον δὲ βίοιο  
 Κάλλαισχρος, Λιβυκοῦ μέσσα θέων πελάγευσ.  
 Κἀγὼ μὲν πόντῳ δινεύμενος, ἰχθύσι κύρμα,  
 Οἰχεύμαι ψεύστης δ' οὗτος ἔπεστι λίθος.

LEONIDÆ.

Euri me rabies hyemosa, et nox, et Orion  
 In caligantes præcipitatus aquas  
 Demisere neci. Sic luminis excidit oris  
 Callæschrus, Lybici dum secat alta maris.  
 Fluctibus ipse feror, pascoque cadavere pisces;  
 Mentita hæc cineres stant tibi busta meos.

G S.

The rough and blustering East wind's sudden sway,  
 As set in storm and wrack Orion's ray,  
 And pitchy night fell on the Libyan wave,  
 Hurl'd down Callæschrus to a watery grave.  
 The billows bear my corse, to fish a prize,  
 And this my tomb its title but belies.

G. S.

## CCCCLXXXIV.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν. V. 11. 323.

Εἰς δὺ' ἀδελφειοὺς ἐπέχει τάφος· ἐν γὰρ ἐπέσχον  
 Ἥμαρ καὶ γενεῆς οἱ δύο καὶ θανάτου.

INCERTI.

Unus habet fratres tumulus duo, quippe gemellos  
 Protulit una dies, abstulit una dies.

Grotius. V. 11. 323. 21.

Quest' urna ha duo german, cui diè la sorte  
 Nel giorno stesso e nascimento e morte.

Pagnini.

Hanno un solo sepolcro  
 Qui due fratelli, cui dal ciel concesso  
 Fu l' aver vita e morte il giorno istesso.

M.

One grave these twins entombs : one day their breath  
 They both received, and both one day their death.

W.

CCCCCLXXXV.

VII. 46.  
A Δ H A O N.

Οὐ σὸν μνῆμα τόδ' ἔστ', Εὐριπίδη, ἀλλὰ σὺ τοῦδε·  
Τῇ σῇ γὰρ δόξῃ μνῆμα τόδ' ἀμπέχεται.

INCERTI.

Umbram non urna hæc Euripidis, ipsa sed urnam  
Condecorat magni nominis umbra suam.

G. S.

*Imitazione.*

Questo marmo, Luisa alma e gradita,  
Non memoria è di te, ma tu di lei,  
Perchè solo il tuo nome il tiene in vita.

L. Alamanni.

Nicht dein Mal ist bleib, Euripides, sondern du seines;  
Denn dein herrlicher Ruhm, Edler, umstrahlet das Mal.

Jacobs.

Divine Euripides, this tomb we see  
So fair, is not a monument for thee,  
So much as thou for it, since all will own  
Thy name and lasting praise adorns the stone.

Anon. Spectator.

This marble is no monument of thine,  
Euripides; thou mak'st the stone a name.  
What though the tomb thine ashes here enshrine?  
That tomb itself is circled with thy fame.

G. F. D. T.

*Imitation.**On Drayton's Monument in Westminster Abbey.*

Doe pious marble, let thy readers knowe  
What they, and what their children owe  
To Drayton's name, whose sacred dust  
We recommend unto thy trust.  
Protecte his mem'ry, and preserve his storye,  
Remaine a lasting monument of his glorie;  
And when thy ruines shall disclame  
To be the treas'rer of his name,  
His name, that cannot fade, shall be  
An everlasting monument to thee.

Ben. Jonson.

## ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤΙΑΡΙΟΥ.

Εἰς βάκχην ἐν Βυζαντίῳ.

Ἐκφρονα τὴν βάκχην οὐχ ἡ φύσις, ἀλλ' ἡ τέχνη  
Θήκατο, καὶ μανίην ἐγκατέμειξε λίθῳ.

PAULI SILENTIARII.

Baccha quod insanit, non hoc natura, sed ars est,  
Vivit enim lapidi mixtus ab arte furor.

Grotius.

Credite, non viva est Mænas; non spirat imago:  
Artificis rabiem miscuit ære manus.

Th. Gray.

'Twas Art, not Nature, made this Bacchant rave,  
And inwrought phrensies to the marble gave.

W.

This Bacchant is no work of Nature, Art  
Maddened the stone, it raves in every part.

W.

## CCCCLXXXVII.

ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΔΟΥ. *VII. 178*

Δούλος ἐγὼ, ναὶ δούλος, ἐλευθερίῳ δέ με τύμβῳ,  
Δέσποτα Τιμάνθη, τὸν σὸν ἔθεν τροφέα.  
Εὐαίων ἀσινῇ τείνεις βίον· ἦν δ' ὑπὸ γήρως  
Πρὸς με μόλῃς, σὸς ἐγὼ, δέσποτα, κῆν' Ἀτδῇ.

DIOSCORIDIS.

Servus eram; tumulo sed me decoravit honesto  
Timanthes: gremio luserat ille meo.  
Longa, here, sit felixque ætas tibi: quin gravis annis  
Ad me si venias, hic quoque crede tuum.

G. S.

Io servo fui. Tu, donna mia Timata,  
A me tuo balio ergesti urna onorata.  
Vivi felice, e quando al fin verrai  
Quaggiù, me servo anchè tra l' ombre avrai.

Pagnini.

Lebend war ich ein Knecht; doch meine Gebieterin gönnet  
Mir dieß bessere Grab, weil ich ihr gerne gebient.  
Lebe denn wohl, du edle Timanthe. Kommst du im Alter  
Einst zu den Todten hinab, dien' ich auch unten dir gern.

Herder.

Timanthes, master dear! albeit a slave,  
To me, thy nurse, thou gav'st a freeman's grave.  
Heav'n spare thee long! and when thou com'st to me,  
E'en *there* thou'lt find me faithful still to thee!

J. W. B.

CCCCLXXXVIII.

Λ Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Α Τ Α Ρ Α Ν Τ Ι Ν Ο Υ . Ι Χ . 22.

"Αστρα μὲν ἡμαύρωσε καὶ ἱερὰ κύκλα σελήνης  
"Αξονα δινήσας ἔμπυρος ἥελιος·  
"Τμνοπόλους δ' ἀγγελιδὸν ἀπημάλδυνεν" Ὀμηρος,  
Λαμπρότατον Μουσῶν φέγγος ἀνασχόμενος.

LEONIDÆ TARENTINI.

Ceu jubar astrorum, lunæ ceu deficit orbis,  
Fertur ubi rapido flammeus axe dies;  
Sæcla poetarum sic tota extinxit Homerus:  
Pierii sol est unicus ille chori.

G. S.

Come spuntando il sol, con l' ignea forza  
L' argentea luna e l' auree stelle ammorza;  
Così, quando il cantor Meonio apparve,  
Degli altri vati ogni chiaror disparve.

Pagnini.

Wenn auf feurigem Wagen die Sonn' an dem Himmel herauffährt,  
Schwinden die Sterne dahin, und es erblasset der Mond.  
Also erloschen vor dir, Melesigenes, Schaaren der Säng'er,  
Als du das strahlende Licht himmlischer Mäusen erhobst.

Jacobs.

Nor stars, nor the moon's sacred orb gives light,  
When from his fiery car the sun shines bright:  
So fares each bard when Homer strikes the lyre,  
Himself of song the brightness and the fire.

T. F.

Rolling his chariot round, the fiery sun  
Blots out the stars and the moon's holy light.  
The host of bards thus Homer has outdone,  
Holding the Muses' torch so high and bright.

F. H.

## ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

Εἰς εἰκόνα Διδούσ.

Ἀρχέτυπον Διδούς ἐρικυδέος, ὃ ξένη, λεύσσεις,  
 Εἰκόνα θεσπεσίῃ κάλλει λαμπομένην.  
 Τοίη καὶ γενόμεν, ἀλλ' οὐ νόον ὅλον ἀκούεις,  
 Δίσχρον ἐπ' εὐφήμοις δόξαν ἐνεγκαμένην.  
 Οὐδὲ γὰρ Αἰνείαν ποτ' ἐσέδρακον, οὐδὲ χρόνοισι  
 Τροίης περβομένης ἤλυθον εἰς Λιβύην  
 Ἀλλὰ βίας φεύγουσα Ἰαρβαίων ὑμεναίων  
 Πῆξα κατὰ κραδῆς φάσγανον ἀμφίτομον.  
 Πιερίδες, τί μοι ἄγνόν ἐφωπλίσσασθε Μάρωνα ;  
 Τοῖα καθ' ἡμετέρης ψεύσατο σωφροσύνης.

## INCERTI.

Illa ego sum Dido vultu, quem conspicias, hospes,  
 Assimilata modis pulchraque mirificis.  
 Talis eram : sed non, Maro quam mihi finxit, erat mens ;  
 Vita nec incestis læta cupidinibus.  
 Namque nec Æneas vidit me Troius unquam,  
 Nec Libyam advenit classibus Iliacis.  
 Sed furias fugiens atque arma procacis Iarbæ,  
 Servavi, fateor, morte pudicitiam,  
 Pectore transfixo : castus quod perculit ensis,  
 Non furor, aut læso crudus amore dolor.  
 Sic cecidisse juvat : vixi sine vulnere famæ.  
 Ulta virum, positis mœnibus, oppetii.  
 Invida cur in me stimulasti Musa Maronem,  
 Fingeret ut nostræ damna pudicitiae ?  
 Vos magis historicis, lectores, credite de me,  
 Quam qui furta Deûm concubitusque canunt  
 Falsidici vates ; temerant qui carmine verum,  
 Humanisque Deos assimilant vitiis.

Ausonius. *Ep. 118.*

Quam cernis, vera est magnæ Didonis imago,  
 Hæc Paphiam formæ vincit honore Deam.  
 Talem me Tyrii quondam genuere parentes ;  
 Nec mea, quem credis, corda perussit amor.

Nunquam etenim Æneam vidi, neque tempore eodem,

Quo cecidit Priami regia, Byrsa fuit.

Ipsa mihi, ne me Libycus poteretur Hyarbas,

Conscivi mortem fortiter ausa manu.

At vos impuro Musæ favisse Maroni

Non pudet, et tantum sustinuisse nefas?

P. Angelius Bargæus.

*Didone dipinta.*

In questa viva immagine

Vedi la Tiria Dido,

Che di valor, di grazia

Sparsa già tanto grido.

L' arte trionfa ingenua

Nella beltà del volto;

Ma il bello più pregevole

Fu dall' error sconvolto.

Del pio figliuol di Venere

Dido non mai s' accese.

Fu Troja eran già secoli,

Allorchè in Libia scese.

Sol per fuggire il talamo

Dell' amator Numida

S' immerse in core intrepida

La sua spada omicida.

Muse, e al cantor di Mantova

Spiraste un sì bel foco

Perchè la donna Punica

Volgesse a turpe gioco?

Felici.

Yo soy la casta Dido celebrada,

Y no que Virgilio infama en vano,

Porque jamas me vio Eneas Troyano,

Ni a Libia descendì su Teucra armada.

No fue lascivo amor, fue casta espada

La que me hirì por Hiarbas el tyrano.

Vivi, y mateme con mi propria mano,

Mis muros levantados, y vengada.

Pues yo vivi sin ofender las glorias,

De mi fama, y hazañas, porque infamas

Mi castidad, Virgilio, en versos tales?

Pero creed los que leys historias

Que no es mucho disfame humanas famas

Quien se atreve a los Dioses celestiales.

Lope de Vega Carpio.

Diesß ist, Wandrer, die wahre Gestalt der gefeyerten Dido;

Schönheit göttlicher Art strahlt von dem holden Geßiß.

Wie du mich siehst, so war ich vordem; was aber von meinem

Sinne du hörtest, erfand mich zu verleumben der Neid.





So lazy is Pantænetus, to all the gods he prayed,  
His fever they would never cure, nor set him on his legs.  
And now perforce recover'd, he does nothing but upbraid  
The partial gods, whose cruel ears are deaf to all he begs.

W.

CCCCXCI.

ΔΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ. 81. 245.

Οἱ τοῖχοι, Διόφαντε, τὰ κύματα πάντα δέχονται,  
Καὶ διὰ τῶν θυρίδων Ὀκεανὸς φέρεται.  
Δελφίνων δ' ἀγέλαι, καὶ Νηρέος ἀγλαὰ τέκνα  
Ἐν τῷ πλοίῳ σου νηχόμενα βλέπεται.  
Ἄν δ' ἀναμείνωμεν, πλεύσει τάχα· καὶ τις ἐν ἡμῖν  
Οὐ γὰρ ἔνεστιν ὕδωρ οὐκέτι τῷ πελάγει.

LUCILLII.

En quassum, Diophante, omnes latus accipit undas,  
Perque foros laxos æquora tota ruunt.  
Delphinumque greges, et Nerei lucida proles  
Nant per navigium luxuriantque tuum.  
Utque expectemus, cito navita velificabit  
Per nostram, pelago deficiente, ratem.

G. S.

Ueber die Wände des Schiffs, Diophantos, stürzt der Meer schwall;  
Und der Okeanos dringt wild zu den Fenstern herein.  
Nereus wimmelnde Brut und des Delphins glänzende Heerden,  
Schwimmen in deinem Gefäß munter hinauf und hinab.  
Warten wir nur, so segelt auch wohl noch ein Schiff in dem unsern;  
Denn es beginnt schon, Freund, Wasser zu mangeln im Meer.

Jacobs.

Through your timbers, Diophantus, not a wave but freely goes,  
In and out, and through your hatches Ocean pouring ebbs and flows,  
While you see the shoals of Dolphins and the beauteous Nereid train  
Swim about in all directions in your ship as in the main.  
Wait a little, and some other ships will sail in us may-be,  
For there *can* be no more water left to float them in the sea.

W.

## CCCCXCII.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ. IV. 151.

Ποῦ τὸ περιβλεπτον κάλλος σέο, Δωρὶ Κόρινθε ;  
 Ποῦ στεφάναι πύργων ; ποῦ τὰ πάλαι κτέανα ;  
 Ποῦ νηοὶ μακάρων, ποῦ δώματα, ποῦ δὲ δάμαρτες  
 Σισύφιαι, λαῶν θ' αἶ ποτε μυριάδες ;  
 Οὐδὲ γὰρ οὐδ' ἔχρος, πολυκάμμορε, σείο λέλειπται,  
 Πάντα δὲ συμμάρψας ἐξέφαγεν πόλεμος.  
 Μοῦναι ἀπόρθητοι Νηρηίδες, Ὀκεανοῖο  
 Κοῦραι, σὼν ἀχέων μίμνομεν ἀλκυόνες.

## ANTIPATRI.

Heu ! ubi conspicuæ, tua Dorica mœnia, turres ?  
 Heu ! veteres ubi opes, pulchra Corinthe, tuxæ ?  
 Fana Deûm, atque ædes, et Sisypheiæ Matronæ,  
 Et, quæ nunc nulla est, maxima turba fori ?  
 Cuncta quidem, miseræ nec enim vestigia restant,  
 Absumpsit Mavors improbus ingluvie.  
 Nos solæ indomitæ Nereides Oceaninæ,  
 Tantâ strage tuâ, linquimur Halcyones.

G. F. D. T.

## Das zerstörte Corinth.

Dorische Schöne, wo bist du hin, du hohe Corinthus ?  
 Wo ist dein Thurmhaupt jetzt ? deine so reiche Gestalt ?  
 Wo die Tempel der Götter und deine stolzen Palläste ?  
 Myriaden von Volk, Sisyphus' altes Geschlecht ?  
 Keine Spuren, o Arme, sind von dir übergeblieben ;  
 Alle vertilgete sie wüthend der grausame Krieg.  
 Uns nur schont' er, die Nereiden, Oceanus Tochter,  
 Und mit der Welle Geräusch klagen wir immer um dich.

Herder.

Where is thy grandeur, Corinth ! shrunk from sight,  
 Thy ancient treasures, and thy ramparts' height ;  
 Thy god-like fanes and palaces ! Oh where  
 Thy mighty myriads, and majestic fair !  
 Relentless war has pour'd around thy wall,  
 And hardly spared the traces of thy fall !

Edward Dodwell.

Where are thy splendours, Dorian Corinth, where  
 Thy crested turrets, thy ancestral goods,  
 The temples of the blest, the dwellings fair,  
 The high-born dames, the myriad multitudes?  
 There's not a trace of thee, sad doom'd one, left,  
 By rav'ning war at once of all bereft.  
 We the sad Nereids, offspring of the surge,  
 Alone are spared, to chaunt thy halcyon dirge.

W.

*Paraphrase.*

Where, Corinth, are thy glories now,  
 Thy ancient wealth, thy castled brow,  
 Thy solemn fanes, thy halls of state,  
 Thy high-born dames, thy crowded gate?  
 There's not a ruin left to tell,  
 Where Corinth stood, how Corinth fell.  
 The Nereids of thy double sea  
 Alone remain to wail for thee.

G. S.

CCCCXCIII.

ΑΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ. XI. 208.

\**Ἦν βραδὺς Εὐτυχίδας σταδιοδρόμος, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ δείπνῳ*  
*Ἐτρεχεν, ὥστε λέγειν Εὐτυχίδας πέταται.*

LUCILLII.

Eutychides cursu tardus fuit; at celer idem  
 Cænipeta, ut dicas: en volat Eutychides.

Grotius.

Eutychides tardus cursu: sed currere novit  
 Ad mensam, ut dicas, jam volat Eutychides.

Obsopæus.

Pigro alla lizza è Coridon: se mai  
 Lo inviti a cena, un volator vedrai.

Pagnini.

Sangsam war als Läufer Eutychides; aber zur Mahlzeit  
 Tief er, und wer ihn sah, sagte: Eutychides flegt.

Jacobs.

Eutychides was no swift runner. True;  
 But as a diner-out you'd say he flew.

W.

## CCCCXCIV.

ΓΕΜΙΝΟΥ. *Ἡρακλῆος, ὁ πρὸς τὸν ἑλπίου, ὁ πρὸς τὸν ἑλπίου, ὁ πρὸς τὸν ἑλπίου.*

Εἰς ἀγαλμα Ἡρακλείους.

Ἡρακλες, ποῦ σοι πτόρθος μέγας, ἥ τε Νέμειος  
 Χλαῖνα, καὶ ἡ τόξων ἔμπλεος ἰοδόκη;  
 Ποῦ σοβαρὸν βρίμημα; τί σ' ἐπλασεν ὧδε κατηφῆ  
 Δύσιππος, χαλκῷ τ' ἐγκατέμειξ' ὀδύνην;  
 Ἀχθῇ γυμνωθεὶς ὅπλων σέο· τίς δέ σ' ἐπερσεν;  
 Ὁ πτερόεις, ὄντως εἰς βαρὺς ἀθλος, Ἔρως.

GEMINI.

*De Herculis imagine.*

Alcide, quo clava tibi, telisque pharetra  
 Dives, et e Nemea raptus amictus abit?  
 Fastus ubi? quis te tam tristi fronte figurat?  
 Lysippus. Paret multus in ære dolor.  
 Arma tibi mœres detracta. Quis abstulit illa?  
 Unum certamen, sed grave, præpes Amor.

Grotius.

*Viandante ed Ercole.*

V. Ercole ov' è la tua gran clava e il manto  
 Nemeo? ove di strali il pien turcasso?  
 Ov' è sparito ogni tuo fasto e vanto?  
 Chi ti foggìò sì gramo, afflitto e lasso?  
 E. Lisippo fu ch' esprese  
 Nel rame di mia sorte il rio tenore.  
 Tolse a me l' armi, e sì mi vinse e oppresse  
 Quel fero volatore,  
 Quel più penoso mio travaglio, Amore.

Pagnini.

Ἡρακλῆς, wo nur hast du die mächtige Keule gelassen;  
 Köcher und Bogen und Pfeil, und das Nemeische Fell?  
 Wo dein drohender Blick? Weshalb nur formte Lysippos  
 Dich so niedergebrückt, mischend die Schaam mit dem Erz?  
 Aber du trauerst der Waffen entblößt.—Wer hat dich geplündert?—  
 Erös, den du allein nicht zu besiegen vermocht.

Jacobs.

*Dialogue between Hercules and a Traveller.*

TRA. Where now the club by great Alcides borne?  
 The skin from the Nemean lion torn?  
 Where, the bent bow? The full-fraught quiver, where?  
 The walk majestic, and disdainful air?  
 Who dar'd the mighty Hercules debase,  
 With abject posture and dejected face?

HER. In molten brass Lysippus made me bow,  
 And cast this cloud of sorrow on my brow.

TRA. Spoil'd of your arms, you mourn the secret shame!  
 But who the mighty son of Jove could tame?

HER. Love of his arms the son of Jove despoils;  
 The only heavy toil of all my Toils.

Ogle.

## CCCCXCV.

[Herc. P. 164] ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΥ.

Εἰς ἀγαλμα Ἑρακλέους.

Ἥρῃ τοῦτ' ἄρα λοιπὸν ἐβούλετο, πᾶσιν ἐπ' ἄθλοις  
 Ὀπλῶν γυμνὸν ἰδεῖν τὸν θρασὺν Ἑρακλέα.  
 Πού χλαῖνωμα λέοντος, ὃ τ' εὐροζήτητος ἐπ' ὤμοις  
 Ἴος, καὶ βαρύπους ὄζος ὁ θηρολέτης;  
 Πάντα σ' Ἔρως ἀπέδυσσε καὶ οὐ ξένον, εἰ, Δία κύκνον  
 Ποιήσας, ὅπλων νοσφίσας Ἑρακλέα.

PHILIPPI.

Cernere præ cunctis certamen maluit unum

Alciden armis Juno carere suis.

Illa sonans humeris pharetra, exuviaeque leonis,

Clavaque monstrorum sanguine turpis, ubi?

Despoliavit Amor: qui de Jove fecit olorem,

Quid mirum nato si rapit arma Jovis.

Grotius.

Dieß nur wünschte die Gattin des Zeus, nach der Thaten Vollendung

Nacht und Waffenberaubt Herakles' Schultern zu sehn.

Wo denn hast du die Hülle des Leun, und des Klirrenden Röhers

Pfeil', und der Keule Gewicht, welche den Löwen erschlug?

Eros plünderte dich. Er, welcher zum Schwane den Zeus schuf,

Mochte die Waffen dir wohl, Sohn der Alkmene, entziehn.

Jaco bs.

Each toil attempted, and each toil surpast,  
 Juno reserv'd this Labor for the last.  
 Spoil'd of his arms she wish'd him : and she view'd,  
 And smil'd to see, the son of Jove subdu'd.  
 No more Alcides formidably drest,  
 Arms with the lion's skin his milder breast.  
 His winged quiver seems an useless freight !  
 Nor feels he, of his club the force, but weight !  
 Depos'd by Love, apart each weapon lies.  
 Nor wonder thou, dread empress of the skies !  
 If Jove was humbled to a swan by Love ;  
 Why may not Love disarm the *son* of Jove.

Ogle.

## CCCCXCVI.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν . Ι Χ . 47.

Εἰς αἶγα θηλάζουσαν λύκον.

Τὸν λύκον ἐξ ἰδίων μαζῶν τρέφω οὐκ ἐθέλουσα,  
 Ἀλλὰ μ' ἀναγκάζει ποιμένος ἀφροσύνη  
 Αὐξηθεὶς δ' ὑπ' ἐμοῦ, κατ' ἐμοῦ πάλι θηρίον ἔσται.  
 Η ΧΑΡΙΣ ΑΛΛΑΞΑΙ ΤΗΝ ΦΥΣΙΝ ΟΤ ΔΥΝΑΤΑΙ.

INCERTI.

Fœtum invita lupæ sed jussu nutrit herili,  
 Et sua lacte suo pignora fraudat ovis :  
 Scilicet ut meritam bene de se perdat adultus ;  
 Mutare ingenium gratia nulla potest.

Lud. Ariostus.

Ecce capella lupum non sponte hunc ubere pasco,  
 Mens pastoris heri sic malesana jubet :  
 Lacte meo nutritus ut in me sæviat olim.  
 Mutare ingenium gratia nulla potest.

G. S.

Da l' inuman desio  
 Del mio pastor forzata,  
 Lupa di fresco nata  
 Nudrii del latte mio.

Meco ella crebbe, e fiera  
 Visse così com' era ;  
 Che un amorosa cura  
 Non fa cangiar natura.

Averardo de' Medici.

À un loup, malgré moi, je donne nourriture ;  
 À cela me contraint le vouloir d'un pasteur ;  
 Car l'ayant allaité, je lui serai pâture.  
 Le bienfait ne peut pas changer un méchant cœur.

Tarnisier.

I' allaite un louveteau. Berger, quelle folie !  
 Malgré moi tu le veux. Mon lait le fortifie.  
 Bientôt c'est tout mon sang qu'il boira, le cruel !  
 Les bienfaits peuvent-ils changer le naturel ?

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Das Schaf, das einen Wolf nährt.

Wozu zwingest du mich ? mit meinen friedlichen Brüsten,  
 Soll ich mein Lamm nicht mehr, muss ich ernähren den Wolf.  
 Hirte, du wirst's erfahren, wenn Du, wenn ich erzogen :  
 Keine Wohlthat und Gunst ändert des Bösen Natur.

Herder.

Ungern nähr' ich den Wolf an dem schwellenden Euter und säug' ihn ;  
 Aber mich zwinget des Herrn thörichter Wille dazu,  
 Jetztso erwächst er durch mich ; dann wird er sich gegen mich richten ;  
 Kein Wohlthun noch Gunst ändert die schlimme Natur.

Jacobs.

A wolf reluctant with my milk I feed,  
 Obedient to a cruel master's will ;  
 By him I nourish'd soon condemned to bleed,  
 For stubborn nature will be nature still.

Bland.

## CCCCXCVII.

ΑΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΜΕΝΕΚΡΑΤΟΥΣ ΣΑΜΙΟΥ.

Εἰ τις γηράσας ζῆν εὖχεται, ἄξίως ἐστὶ  
 Γηράσκειν πολλῶν εἰς ἐτέων δεκάδας.

LUCILLII, VEL MENEKRATIS SAMII.

Optârit quicunque senex sibi longius ævum,  
 Dignus qui multa in lustra senescat, erit.

Sam. Johnson.

Le vieillard que cent ans n'ont pu rassasier,  
 Mérite de vieillir encore un siècle entier.

Poan-Saint-Simon

When dotards pray for further life, they should  
 Go through ten thousand years' decrepitude.

W.



CCCCXCVIII.

ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ. V. 70.

Κάλλος ἔχεις Κύπριδος, Πειθοῦς στόμα, σῶμα καὶ ἀκμὴν  
 Εἰαρινῶν Ὠρῶν, φθέγμα δὲ Καλλιόπης,  
 Νοῦν καὶ σωφροσύνην Θέμιδος, καὶ χεῖρας Ἀθήνης·  
 Σὺν σοὶ δ' αἱ Χάριτες τέσσαρές εἰσι, Φίλη.

RUFINI.

Os Suadæ; Veneris species tibi; corpus in Horis  
 Quale viget vernis; vox tibi Calliopes :  
 Sancta, Phile, Themidis mens, et manus ipsa Minervæ,  
 Teque sibi quartam Gratia terna vocat.

Grotius. *Met. 3. p. 249.*

La beltà della diva di Citera,  
 Della Suasion la bocca, i membri  
 E il fior dell' Ore hai tu di primavera,  
 Il senno ed i pensier di Temi, il suono  
 Di Calliope, e le mani di Minerva :  
 Quattro, o cara, con te le Grazie sono.

Pompei.

Vous avez de Vénus la beauté ravissante ;  
 La bouche que fait voir la Persuasion,  
 D' une Muse la voix touchante,  
 L' éclat de la Saison naissante,  
 De Thémis la prudence et la discretion.  
 Les mains de Minerve elle même ;  
 Des Graces l' on vous voit enfin la quatrième.

Longepierre.

Kypriens Schönheit hast du, der Peitho Lippen, der Horen  
 Frühlingsblüth' und Gestalt; auch der Kalliope Ton;  
 Themis Sinn und sittliches Maass, und die Hände der Pallas.  
 Sezt sind also mit dir, Folge, der Chariten vier.

Jacobs..

Persuasion's lips, the bloom of beauty's queen ;  
 Calliope's sweet voice ; the spring's gay mien ;  
 Minerva's hands are yours, and Themis' mind ;  
 Four are the Graces to my charmer join'd.

John Addison.

Cypris in beauty, Persuasion in tone,  
 Fresh as the Hours in exuberant May,  
 Endued with a voice like Calliope's own,  
 Prudent as Themis thy counsel to weigh,  
 Nimble at work as Athene! 'tis clear  
 The Graces are four for the future, my dear.

G. C. S.

CCCCXCIX.

A Δ Η Λ Ο Ν. / x. / 27.

\* *Ἀν περιλειφθῇ μικρὸν ἐν ἄγγεσιν ἡδέος οἶνου,  
 Εἰς ὃξὺ τρέπεται τοῦτο τὸ λειπόμενον.  
 Οὕτω ἀπαντήσας τὸν ὄλον βίον εἰς βαθὺ δ' ἐλθὼν  
 Γῆρας ὁ πρεσβύτης, γίγνεται ὀξύχολος.*

INCERTI.

Exiguum vini servat si testa relictī,  
 Acre fit hoc, dulcis cui fuit ante sapor :  
 Sic, prius exhausta vitæ dulcedine, fæcem  
 Qui tetigit, querulo fit jecur acre seni.

G. B.

Quando entro a' vasi il dolce vin finisce,  
 Quel poco che rimanvi inacetisce.  
 Così brusco diviene e pien d' asprezza  
 Uom che al colmo arrivò della vecchiezza.

Pagnini.

Qu' on laisse dans un vase un reste de bon vin,  
 Il se change en vinaigre. Hélas ! c' est notre image.  
 La vitale liqueur chez nous s' épuise enfin :  
 Le fond qui tourne à l' aigre, est le lot du vieil âge.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

In chalice left the sweetest wine  
 To sourest vinegar will change.  
 So hearts of men when years decline  
 From sweet to sour too surely range.

T. P. R.

If in the cask some generous drops remain ;  
 To vinegar 'twill turn from sweetest wine.  
 And thus, if to the dregs life's joy thou drain,  
 The peevishness of sour old age is thine.

W.

Ὡλλ. 8. D.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ.

Εἰς Ὀρφέα.

Οὐκέτι θελγομένας, Ὀρφεῦ, δρύας, οὐκέτι πέτρας  
 Ἄξεις, οὐ θηρῶν αὐτονόμους ἀγέλας·  
 Οὐκέτι κοιμάσεις ἀνέμων βρόμον, οὐχὶ χάλαζαν,  
 Οὐ νιφετῶν συρμούς, οὐ παταγεύσαν ἄλα.  
 Ὡλεο γάρ· σέ δὲ πολλὰ κατωδύραντο θύγατρες  
 Μναμοσύνας, μάτηρ δ' ἔξοχα Καλλιόπα.  
 Τί φθιμένοις στοναχεῦμεν ἐφ' υἰάσι, ἀνίκ' ἀλαλκεῖν  
 Τῶν παίδων Ἀἴδην οὐδὲ θεοῖς δύναμις.

ANTIPATRI SIDONII.

Non quercus posthac, Orpheu, non saxa movebis,  
 Non festinantes ad tua fila feras :  
 Non nivibus, non insanis cum grandine ventis,  
 Non somnum æquoreæ conciliabis aquæ !  
 Interiisti etenim. Leto gemuere Camœnæ,  
 Ante alias mater Calliopea, tuo.  
 Quid natos flemus nostros ? avertere natis  
 Fatalem Superi non potuere diem.

Petrus Francius.

Non più selve e sassi e fere	Tu se' morto. Di Parnaso
Trarti appresso, Orfeo, ti lice	Versò lagrime ogni Dea,
Con le note lusinghiere	E più ch' altra al duro caso
Della Diva genitrice ;	La tua madre Calliopea.
Nè arrestar del ciel crucciato	Ahi de' figli il tristo fato
Stretto nembo o rio vapore,	Ahi che giova il pianger tanto,
Nè dell' Euro procelloso,	Se a chi pur de' Numi è nato
O del mar l' insano orrore.	Non giovò de' Numi il pianto !

Felici.

Nicht mehr wirfst du die Eichen, nicht mehr die Felsen, o Orpheus  
 Nicht das horchende Wild lenken mit süßem Gesang ;  
 Nicht besängstigen mehr der Winde Brausen, des Hagels  
 Schwarzen, woltigen Zug, an das erzürnete Meer.  
 Der du bist todt ! Es weinen um dich des Gedächtnisses Töchter  
 Alle ; doch bitterer weint um dich Calliope jetzt  
 Deine Mutter. O wir, wir Sterbliche klagen der Unsem  
 Lob, der selber ja auch Söhne der Götter nicht schon.

Herder.

Ach, nun lockt nicht mehr dein Zauber die Eichen o Orpheus!  
 Und den Fels und des Hains freie Bewohner um dich!  
 Ach, nun hemmst du den Hagel nicht mehr, und die Güsse der Wolken,  
 Schweißest den brausenden Sturm, ach! und die Wogen nicht mehr!  
 Ach, du starbst, du göttlicher Seher! da flossen der Mäusen  
 Thränen, und bitterer Gram füllte Calliope's Herz!  
 Und wir murren bei'm Tode der Unsern, da selber der Götter  
 Macht vor Schicksal und Tod ihre Söhne nicht schützt?

Christian von Stolberg

Nicht mehr wirfst du hinfort anflauschende Bäume, den Fels nicht,  
 Orpheus, rufen, und nicht irrender Thiere Geschlecht.  
 Nicht mehr zähmst du des Sturms lautlosendes Rauschen, des Hagels  
 Heftigen Sturz, und den Schnee, oder das hallende Meer;  
 Denn du erblickst. Laut weinten um dich der Mnemosyne Töchter;  
 Aber Calliope weint lauter als alle dem Sohn.  
 Sollen wir denn noch trauern um Sterbliche, während der Götter  
 Allmacht selber den Tod nicht von den Söhnen entfernt?

Jacobs.

No longer, Orpheus, shall thy sacred strains  
 Lead stones, and trees, and beasts along the plains;  
 No longer sooth the boist'rous winds to sleep,  
 Or still the billows of the raging deep:  
 For thou art gone: the Muses mourn'd thy fall  
 In solemn strains; thy mother most of all.  
 Ye mortals, idly for your sons ye moan,  
 If thus a goddess could not save her own.

Anon. Spectator.

Orpheus, 'tis thine no more the charmed wood,  
 Nor rocks, nor herds of wild beasts unsubdued  
 To lead with minstrelsy;  
 No more to lay in sleep the pelting hail,  
 Or howling winds, or snows that sweep the vale,  
 Or lull the roaring sea.  
 For thou art gone; and o'er thee tears were shed:  
 For Memory's daughters wept the minstrel dead;  
 Wept most Calliope,  
 Thy mother. Why then mourn our sons that die,  
 When not the children e'en of gods can fly  
 From Pluto's destiny?

T. P. R.



*On the image of Bacchus and Hercules.*

Both sons of Jove ; both Thebans ; in the field  
Mighty, the thyrsus or the club to wield ;  
Their pillars coupled ; their accoutrements,  
The fawn's or lion's hide ; their instruments,  
Cymbals and rattles ; how their fates conspire !  
From earth to heav'n, both, spite of Juno's ire,  
Ascend immortal through the cleaving fire.

W.

DII.

ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΥ. Χ. 330.

Ἐκλήθην ἐχθές, Δημήτριε· σήμερον ἦλθον  
Δειπνεῖν. μὴ μεμψῇ, κλίμακ' ἔχεις μεγάλην.  
Ἐν ταύτῃ πεποίηκα πολλὸν χρόνον· οὐδ' ἂν ἐσώθην  
Σήμερον, ἀλλ' ἀνέβην κέρκον ὄνου κατέχων.  
Ἡψαι τῶν ἀστρων. Ζεὺς ἦνίκα τὸν Γανυμήδην  
Ἥρπασε, τῇδ' αὐτόν, φαίνεται, ἔχων ἀνέβη.  
Ἐνθεν δ' εἰς Ἀἶδην πότ' ἀφίξεαι ; οὐκ ἀφυγὸς εἶ·  
Εὐρηκας τέχνην πῶς ἔσθ' ἀθάνατος.

NICARCHI.

Ad cœnam quod heri, Demetrie parce, vocatus  
Nunc venio, in scalis est ea culpa tuis.  
Longa via et durus labor est : asinique tenerem  
Cum caudam, scandi sic quoque vix hodie.

Grotius. 7

'Twas yesterday, Demetrius, you bade me come and dine :  
I'm come to-day, as you observe : the fault was none of mine.  
'Twas that unending flight of stairs of yours that made me fail :  
Nor had I reached the top to-day ; but by an ass's tail  
I held when all my breath was gone. Why, sir, you're in the sky :  
This way, I think, the bird of Jove with Ganymede did fly.  
So low as Hades from this height you'll never surely fall :  
So you're immortal it would seem. Sharp fellow after all !

G. C. S.

## DIII.

ΙΟΥΛΙΑΝΟΥ ΑΝΤΙΚΕΝΣΟΡΟΣ. x. 338.

Ἀμητὸς πολὺς ἐστὶ τετὴν κατὰ δάσκιον ὄψιν  
Τφ σε χρὴ δρεπάνοισι, καὶ οὐ ψαλλίδεσσι καρῆναι.

JULIANI ANTECESSORIS.

Tam gravis hirsuto surgit tibi messis in ore,  
Ut te non valeat tondere novacula, sed falx.

Grotius. *Ecce. Vol. I. p. 7.*

With such a crop your muzzle is o'ergrown,  
You cannot shave yourself; you must be mown.

W.

## DIV.

ΕΙΣ ΤΗΝ ΕΙΚΟΝΑ ΝΕΙΑΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ. *Πλαν. α. 12. 12. 102.*

Eis eikóna Satýrou apò ψηφίδος ἐν Ἀντιοχείᾳ.

- A. Πάντες μὲν Σάτυροι φιλοκέρτομοι· εἰπέ δὲ καὶ σύ,  
Τί πρὸς ἕκαστον ὁρῶν τόνδε γέλωτα χέεις;  
B. Θάμβος ἔχων γελῶ, πῶς ἐκ λίθου ἄλλοθεν ἄλλης  
Συμπερτός, γενόμην ἐξαπλῆς Σάτυρος.

NILI.

Semper amat risum Satyrorum turba: sed ejus  
Materia est ut quem conspicias ecqua tibi?  
Miror tesserulis qui de tot et undique lectis  
Compositus, factus tam cito sim Satyrus.

Grotius.

- A. Tutti i Satiri son burlieri assai;  
Ma tu di che ad ognun ridendo vai?  
B. Rido di maraviglia, come a un tratto  
Di piu ciottoli un Satiro son fatto.

M.

Auf das Bild eines lachenden Satyrs,  
das aus vielen Steinen zusammen gesetzt war.

Alles, was Satyr heist, ist Spötter; aber warum doch  
Sage mir, Satyr, warum lachst du auch immer für dich?  
"Wandrer, ich staune mich an, wie aus der Menge von Steinen  
Ich zum Bilde gedieh und nun ein Satyr bin."

Herder.

Der lachende Satyr.

Alle Satyre zwar sind Schäferer; sage mir dennoch,  
Warum blickst du auf uns so mit Gelächter umher?  
"Vor Verwunderung lacht' ich, wie schön aus mancherlei Steinen  
Ich zusammengefügt plötzlich zum Satyre ward."

Voss.

A. Zwar Spottlust hegt jeder von euch; doch sage mir, Satyr,  
Was dich zum Lachen bewegt, wen du auch immer erblickst?  
B. Muss ich nicht staunen und lachen zugleich, dass aus Steinen und wieder  
Steinen zusammengefügt, plötzlich zum Satyr ich ward?

Jacobs.

A. Satyrs deal in pert grimaces;  
Saucy Satyr, prithee say,  
Why you look in all our faces,  
Thus to laughter giving way?  
B. When was such a laughing-matter,  
When was such a wonder known?  
All at once I'm grown a Satyr,  
Out of these odd bits of stone.

W.

DV.

ΦΩΚΥΛΙΔΟΥ ΜΙΑΗΣΙΟΥ. *Strabo, x. (p. 467 c).*

Καὶ τότε Φωκυλίδεω Λέριοι κακοί· οὐχ ὁ μὲν, δὲ δ' οὐ  
Πάντες, πλὴν Προκλέους· καὶ Προκλῆς Λέριος.

PHOCYLIDIS.

Pessima gens Leria est: non partim; pessima tota.  
Excipio Procleem: sed Proclees Lerius.

G. S.

ἐστὶ Παρφδία.  
Νήιδες ~~εἰς~~ μέτρων ~~αὖ~~ Τεύτωνες· οὐχ ὁ μὲν, δὲ δ' οὐ  
Πάντες· πλὴν Ἑρμαννος· ὁ δ' Ἑρμαννος μέγα Τεύτων.

R. Porson.

The Germans in Greek  
Are sadly to seek:  
Not five in five score  
But ninety-five more;  
All, ~~but Hermann~~ Hermann,  
And Hermann's a German.

*save only*

R. Porson.



## DVI.

Α Δ Η Λ Ο Ν. γ' 338,

Ἄδε τοι, Ἀρχίου υἱέ, Περικλέες, ἅ λιβίνα ἔγω

Ἔστακα στάλα, μνᾶμα κυναγεσίας

Πάντα δέ τοι περὶ σᾶμα τετεύχεται, ἵπποι, ἄκοντες,

Αἱ κύνες, αἱ στάλικες, δίκτυ' ὑπὲρ σταλίκων,

Αἷ, αἷ, λάϊνα πάντα· περιτροχάουσι δὲ θῆρες·

Αὐτὸς δ' εἰκοσέτας νήγρετον ὕπνον ἔχεις.

INCERTI.

Hic lapis, Archiada, Pericles, tibi ponitur, artem

Venandi referens militiamque tuam.

Omnia, quicquid erat, circa stant, spicula, equique,

Amite cum levi retia juncta, canes.

Ast heu! saxea cuncta; feræ circum undique cursant;

Te viginti annos natum habet alta quies.

G. S.

Des Jägers Grab.

Dir, o Archias Sohn Periklees, ward ich errichtet,

Eine Seule von Stein, als ein Gedächtniß der Jagd.

Alles bereite man um das Denkmal: Pferd' und Geschosse,

Hund' und Gassen und Netz', über die Gassen gespannt.

Aber von Stein ist alles! Wie viel des Gewildes umherläuft;

Du, ein Zwanziger, schläfst ach! unerwecklichen Schlaf!

Voss.

Dir, o Perikles, Archias Sohn, ragt hier mit des Waidmanns

Zeichen geschmückt, dieß Mal, deinem Gedächtniß geweiht.

Alle Geräthe der Jagd umringen es, flüchtige Rosse,

Lanzen und Hund' und Gestäng; neben den Stangen das Netz;

Aber ach! Alles von Stein. Dreist irrt das Gewild um das Grabmal,

Und du, Jüngling, schläfst nimmer erwecklichen Schlaf.

Jacobs.

To thee, O son of Archias,

In token that the chace,

Periclees, thy pastime was,

This tomb of stone we place.

And all around thy monument

We've carved thy hunting-gear,

The dogs, the steeds, each implement,

The pole, the net, the spear;

All, all, of stone, alas ! un-scared  
 The deer run tripping by ;  
 Whilst thou, for twenty brief years spared,  
 Sleep'st here eternally !

W.

## DVII.

Α Ε Ω Ν Ι Δ Α Τ Α Ρ Α Ν Τ Ι Ν Ο Υ . VII. 652.

Ἦχῆεσσα θάλασσα, τί τὸν Τιμάρεος οὔτως  
 Πλώοντ' οὐ πολλῇ νηὶ Τελευταγόρην,  
 Ἀγρία χειμήνασα, κατεπρηνώσας πόντος  
 Σὺν φόρτῳ, λάβρον κύμ' ἐπιχευαμένη ;  
 Χῶ μὲν που καύηξι καὶ ἰχθυόροις λαρίδεσσιν  
 Τεθρήνητ' ἄπνους εὐρεῖ ἐν αἰγιαλῷ  
 Τιμάρης δὲ κενὸν τέκνου κεκλαυμένου ἄθρων  
 Τύμβον, δακρύει παῖδα Τελευταγόρην.

LEONIDÆ TARENTINI.

Cur ita Timaris, resonum mare, per freta prolem  
 Tam modica vectum nave Teleutagoram  
 Præcipitem egisti violenta desuper unda,  
 Sæva furens, tenues et leve pondus opes ?  
 Littore quem vasto, mergi fulicæve, marinæ  
 Exanimem luxit nil nisi clangor avis.  
 Sed, vacuum nati spectans lacrymabile bustum,  
 Flet pater erepti fata Teleutagoræ.

G. B.

Wherefore, ye sounding seas, in tempest wild,  
 On that small bark that bore Timares' child,  
 With all its freight, hurl down th' impetuous surge ?  
 Breathless he lies on some lone beach, his dirge  
 The cormorant and rav'ning sea-mew's cry ;  
 Whilst poor Timares gazing on the bier,  
 Where Teleutagoras, his child, should lie,  
 Pours on his empty tomb full many a tear.

W.

## DVIII.

ΚΑΛΛΙΜΑΧΟΥ. VII. 451.

Τῇδε Σάων, ὁ Δίκωνος, Ἀκάνθιος ἱερὸν ὕπνον  
 Κοιμᾶται. θνήσκειν μὴ λέγε τοὺς ἀγαθοὺς.

CALLIMACHI.

Hac tellure Saon requiescit Acanthius, ortus  
 Patre Dicone: mori dicere turpe bonos.

N. Frischlinus.

Hic sacro fruitur somno Sao, civis Acanthi,  
 Patre Dicone; bonos parce putare mori.

Grotius. *Ant. Gr. 2. p. 11.*

Patre Dicone Saon prognatus; civis Acanthi,  
 Hic placide dormit. Vir bonus haud moritur.

G. S.

Compiuto alfine il suo mortal viaggio,  
 D'anni e di merti carco  
 Qui riposa Clearco:  
 Io morto nol dirò: non muore il saggio.

Cesare Montalti.

Saon Acanzio, di Dione il figlio,  
 Chiuso in pio sonno il ciglio,  
 Qui dorme: indegno fora  
 Il dir che un buono mora.

M.

Cy gît Saon. Tranquillement il dort.  
 Il fut homme de bien. Ne dis pas qu' il est mort.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

Saon, Difons Sohn, der Akanthier, schlummert den heil'gen  
 Schlaf hier; nenne ja nie Tod des Redlichen Schlaf.

Herder.

Hier schläft Saon heiligen Schlaf! Daff der Redliche sterbe  
 Sage nicht! denn der Tod eines Gerechten ist Schlaf!

Christian von Stolberg.

Saon, Difons Sohn, der Akanthier, schlummert im Grab hier  
 Heiligen Schlaf; nicht Tod nenne der Seligen Ruß.

Jacobs.

With sacred slumbers bless'd, here Saon lies;  
 For think not, reader, that the good man dies.

Graves.

Here Saon, wrapp'd in holy slumber, lies:  
 Thou canst not say, the just and virtuous dies.

Merivale.

Beneath this tomb Acanthian Saon lies  
In holy sleep : the good man never dies.

F. H.

Here Dicon's son Acanthian Saon lies  
In blessed sleep : say not, the good man dies.

W.

*Parody.*

Here sleeps Sam Dickonson, of Thorney.  
You must not say he's dead, I warn ye ;  
Its actionable, and he's an attorney.

DIX.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν. /x.v.2α

Τίνας ἂν εἶποι λόγους Κλυταιμνήστρα Ὀρέστου μέλλοντος αὐτὴν σφάζει.

Πῇ ξίφος ἰθύνεις ; κατὰ γαστέρος, ἢ κατὰ μαζῶν ;  
Γαστήρ ἢ σ' ἐλόχευσεν, ἀνεθρέψαντο δὲ μαζοί.

INCERTI.

In ventremne tuum vel mammas dirigis ensem ?

Hæc te mamma aluit, venter at iste tulit.

Janus Pannonius.

En mamam ! En ventrem ! Sævum quo verteris ensem ?

Hæc te mamma aluit, tulit hic te venter, Orestes.

G. S.

Dove portar t' appresti

Quel ferro ? Al ventre, o al sen ? Dal ventre l'essere,

Dal seno il latte avesti.

M.

Ou frapperont tes mains cruelles,

Par le ventre ou par les mammelles ?

Le ventre, Oreste, t' a porté,

Les mammelles t' ont allaité.

La Fresnaye.

Κλυταιμνήστρα zu Orestes.

Wohin fährst du das Schwert ? Zum Leib ? Er hat dich geboren.

Oder zur Brust ? Es hat, Mörder, die Brust dich genährt.

Herder.

Where wilt thou point the deadly steel ?

Shall breast or womb thy vengeance feel ?

The womb that bare thee, or the breast

To which thy infant lips were prest ?

E. S.

## DX.

ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ. VI. 338.

Eis ἄγαλμα Μουσῶν.

Ἵμῶν τοῦτο, Θεαί, κεχαρισμένον ἄνθετο πάσαις  
 Τῷγαλμα Ξενοκλῆς, τοῦτο τὸ μαρμάρινον,  
 Μουσικός· οὐχ ἑτέρως τις ἐρεῖ. σοφία δ' ἐπὶ τᾷδε  
 Αἶνον ἔχων, Μουσέων οὐκ ἐπιλανθάνεται.

THEOCRITI.

Hanc vobis Xenocles statuam de marmore puro  
 Dedicat, Aonides, turba novena, Dea,  
 Musicus. Haud quisquam negat hoc, cui parta canendo  
 Fama, Camænarum par meminisse fuit.

Grotius. *Ant. Gr. v. 3. 338.*

A tutte voi questo di marmo eletto  
 Simulacro ha Senocle, o Muse, eretto.  
 Ei Musico, e per tale arte in onore  
 Venuto, non oblia l' Aonie Suore.

M.

*On a monument erected to the Muses.*

Here Xenocles hath rais'd this marble shrine,  
 Skill'd in sweet music, to the tuneful Nine:  
 He from his art acquires immortal fame,  
 And grateful owns the fountain whence it came.

Fawkes.

## DXI.

ΤΡΑΙΑΝΟΥ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΩΣ. XI. 418.

Ἀντίον ἡελίου στήσας ῥίνα καὶ στόμα χάσκον,  
 Δείξεις τὰς ὥρας πᾶσι παρερχομένοις.

TRAJANI IMPERATORIS.

Si tuus ad solem statuatur nasus, hiantē  
 Ore, bene ostendas dentibus, hora quota est.

Th. Mærus.

Si nasum radiis obvertas solis, et hiscas  
 Ore, videbit ibi, qui volet, hora quota est.

Grotius. *Ant. Gr. v. 11. 418.*

Stande with thy nose against the sunne with open chaps,  
 And by thy teeth we shall discerne what 'tis o'clock perhaps.

Turberville.

*To a Nose and Teeth very long.*

Gape 'gainst the sun, and by thy teeth and nose  
'Tis easie to perceive how the day goes.

Anon. Mus. Del.

If open-mouth'd, thy Nose to the sun did stand,  
Wee by thy teeth the houres might understand.

Leximos Uthalmus.

*An Epigram in praise of John Pig's diminutive Nose, in imitation of the  
Emperour Trajan's.*

Well, all the Dyal-makers are undone !  
Let Pig but turn his Nosle to the Sun,  
'Twill serve for both steeple and Weather-cock,  
And on his teeth tell travellers what's a clock.

Charles Goodall.

Let Dick some summer's day expose  
Before the sun his monstrous nose,  
And stretch his giant mouth, to cause  
Its shade to fall upon his jaws :  
With nose so long, and mouth so wide,  
And those twelve grinders side by side,  
Dick, with a very little trial,  
Would make an excellent sun-dial.

Merivale.

DXII.

Θ Ε Ο Δ Ω Ρ Ο Υ . Χ / . 1 7 8 .

*Ἑρμοκράτης τὰς ῥινός· ἐπεὶ τὰν ῥίνα λέγοντες  
'Ερμοκράτους, μικροῖς μακρὰ χαρίζομεθα.*

THEODORI.

Hermocrates nasi. Parvis aptamus iniqui  
Grandia, si nasum dicimus Hermocratis.

U. Velius.

*On John Pig, who was very famous for his great Nose.*

To say the nose of Pig ! that cannot be ;  
There's no comparison, 'tis all Hyperbole !  
But he that would the naked truth expose,  
Must for distinction say, Pig of the Nose !

Charles Goodall.

## DXIII.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ. 1X. 44.

*Χρυσὸν ἀνὴρ εὐρὼν ἔλιπεν βρόχον· αὐτὰρ ὁ χρυσὸν  
 Ὀν λῖπεν οὐχ εὐρὼν, ἦψεν δὲ εὖρε βρόχον.*

PLATONIS.

Thesauro invento qui limina mortis inibat  
 Liquit ovans laqueum quo periturus erat.  
 At qui, quod terra abdiderat, non repperit aurum,  
 Quem laqueum invenit, nexuit: et periit.

Ausonius. *Ep.* 22.

Qui laqueum collo nectebat, repperit aurum:  
 Thesaurique loco deposuit laqueum.  
 At qui condiderat, postquam non repperit aurum:  
 Aptavit collo, quem reperit laqueum.

Ausonius. *Ep.* 23.

Hic, aurum ut reperit, laqueum abjicit, alter ut aurum  
 Non reperit, nectit quem reperit laqueum.

Sam. Johnson. *3. C. XI. p. 116.*

Un che impiccarsi per povertà intende,  
 Trova un tesor: lascia il laccio, e quel prende.  
 L' altro che 'l suo tesor trova furato,  
 Impicca sè col laccio ivi trovato.

L. Alamanni.

Chi strozzar si volea, trovò un tesoro:  
 Se 'l prese, e lasciò il laccio ov' era l' oro.  
 Chi l' oro non trovò quivi lasciato,  
 Col laccio si strozzò da lui trovato.

Pagnini.

Un pobre, de miseria ya aburrido,  
 Se iba á ahorcar; mas encontró un tesoro;  
 Y sacándole alegre, en vez del oro  
 El lazo del cordel dexó escondido.  
 Vino el rico, que oculto le tenia,  
 Gozoso; pero al verse sin dinero,  
 Tomó el cordel, y se ahorcó severo.  
 He aquí como la suerte se varía.

Arroyal.

Un fol attachant à son col  
 Pour s'étrangler, un fier licol,  
 Trouva sous l'arbre, d'aventure,  
 Un beau trésor, en lieu duquel  
 Il jetta le cordeau mortel,  
 Ou jà branloit sa mort future.  
 L'autre venant chercher son or,  
 Trouvant en lieu de son trésor  
 Le licol, le prend et le noue  
 De rage à son col, et soudain  
 S'en pendit de sa propre main.  
 Ainsi de nous le sort se joue.

Maclou de la Haye.

Un qui la corde en main s'en alloit pour se pendre  
 Trouve un riche trésor ; laisse la corde la.  
 Le maître du trésor allant pour le reprendre,  
 Et ne le trouvant plus, du licol s'étrangla.

Tamisier.

Celui qui pauvre s'alloit pendre,  
 Trouve un trésor dans un poteau ;  
 Pour le trésor qu'il alla prendre,  
 Il laissa là son vil cordeau.  
 Mais celui, qui riche avoit mise  
 Sa pécune au poteau fendu,  
 A du pauvre la corde prise,  
 Et, misérable, s'est pendu.

La Fresnaye.

Un jour le malheureux Lindor,  
 Etant sur le point de se pendre,  
 Vint à découvrir un trésor,  
 Qui du coup avec joie eut l'heur de le défendre ;  
 Mais Chrisophon triste et touché  
 De ne plus retrouver l'or qu'il avoit caché  
 Eut bien une autre destinée ;  
 Car ce désespéré, que la fureur surprit,  
 En se mettant au col la corde abandonnée,  
 Serra le nœud dont il périt.

Maultrot.



Un homme allait se pendre. Il découvre un trésor,  
 Jette sa corde, et prend la somme.  
 Le maître vient, ne trouve plus son or,  
 Mais bien la corde. Elle pendit mon homme.

Poan-Saint-Simon.

*Das Gold und der Strick.*

Gold lag hier begraben; ein Dürftiger, der in Verzweiflung  
 Sich schon knüpfte den Tod, fand das begrabene Gold,  
 Nahm's und vergass den Strick, den er zum Tode sich knüpfte.  
 Du, der das Gold begrüß, such' es und finde den Strick.

Herder.

For shamefast harme of great and hatefull nede,  
 In depe dispaire as did a wretch go,  
 With ready corde out of his life to spede,  
 His stumbling foote did finde an horde, lo,  
 Of gold, I say, where he preparde this dede,  
 And in exchange he left the corde tho.

He that had hid the golde, and found it not,  
 Of that he found, he shapt his neck a knot.

Sir Thomas Wyat.

*Of two desperate men.*

A man in deepe despaire with hempe in hand  
 Went out in haste to end his wretched dayes:  
 And where he thought the Gallotree should stand  
 He found a pot of gold: he goes his wayes  
 Therewith eftsoone, and in exchaunge he left  
 The rope wherewith he would his breath bereft.

The greedie carle came within a space  
 That ownde the gold and saw the pot behinde  
 Where ruddocks lay, and in the ruddocks place  
 A knottie corde, but ruddocks could not finde.  
 He caught the hemp and hoong himselfe on tree,  
 For grieffe that he his treasure coulede not see.

Turberville.

A man found a treasure, and what's very strange,  
 Running off with the cash left a rope in exchange:  
 The poor owner at missing his gold, full of grief,  
 Hung himself with the rope which was left by the thief.

Sir Alexander Croke.

DXIV.

ΜΑΡΙΑΝΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ. 1X. 626.

Εἰς λουτρὸν ὀνομαζόμενον Ἑρωτα.

*Μητέρα Κύπριν ἔλουσεν Ἑρως ποτὲ τῷδε λοετρῷ,*

*Αὐτὸς ὑποφλέξας λαμπάδι καλὸν ὕδωρ.*

*Ἴδρῶς δ' ἀμβροσίῳ χυθεὶς χροὸς ἄμμυγα λευκοῖς*

*Ἵδασι, φεῦ, πνοιῆς ὅσσον ἀνήψεν ἔαρ·*

*Ἐνθεν αἰὲ ροδόεσσαν ἀναξέλουσιν αὐτμήν,*

*Ὡς ἔτι τῆς χρυσῆς λουομένης Παφίης.*

MARIANI SCHOLASTICI.

*Laverat hoc quondam genitricem fonte Cupido,*

*Subjiciens undis mollibus ipse facem.*

*Ambrosius nitido manans e corpore sudor*

*Quam plenas rosei fecit odoris aquas?*

*Ex illo sic semper aquis ver spirat in illis,*

*Ceu se prolueret nunc quoque pulchra Venus.*

Grotius.

*Amor und Cypris badeten hier in der lieblichen Quelle;*

*Amor schergte darin, tauchte die Fackel hinein,*

*Siehe, da mischten sich Funken der Liebe zur glänzende Welle,*

*Und von der Göttinn floss süßter ambrosischer Duft*

*Zimmer noch blinkt und duftet die Quelle von roßiger Liebe:*

*Amor und Paphia, sie baden noch immer in ihr.*

Herder.

*As in this fount Love wash'd the Cyprian dame,*

*His touch the water tinged with subtle flame;*

*And, while his busy hands his mother lave,*

*Ambrosial dews enrich the silver wave,*

*And all the undulating bason fill;*

*Such dews as her celestial limbs distil.*

*Hence how delicious float these tepid streams!*

*What rosy odours! what nectareous steams!*

*So pure the water, and so soft the air,*

*It seems as if the goddess still were there.*

Ogle.

*Once on a time Love bathed his mother here,*

*First heating with his torch the waters clear.*

*Lo from her goddess form what dews distil!*

*And wake fresh odours in the mingling rill!*

*E'en now, such roseate fumes ascend, you'd swear*

*That golden Venus still was bathing there.*

W.

## DXV.

ΚΑΛΛΙΣΤΡΑΤΟΥ.

Σκόλιον.

Ἐν μύρτου κλαδί τὸ ξίφος φορήσω,  
 "Ὡσπερ Ἀρμόδιος κ' Ἀριστογείτων,  
 "Ὅτε τὸν τύραννον κτανέτην  
 Ἰσονόμους τ' Ἀθήνας ἐποιησάτην.  
 Φίλταθ' Ἀρμόδι', οὐ τί που τέθηκας  
 Νήσοις δ' ἐν μακάρων σέ φασιν εἶναι,  
 "Ἴνα περ ποδώκης Ἀχιλεὺς,  
 Τυδεΐδην τέ φασιν Διομήδεα.  
 Ἐν μύρτου κλαδί τὸ ξίφος φορήσω,  
 "Ὡσπερ Ἀρμόδιος κ' Ἀριστογείτων,  
 "Ὅτ' Ἀθηναίης ἐν θυσίαις  
 Ἄνδρα τύραννον Ἰππαρχον ἐκαινέτην.  
 Ἀεὶ σφῶν κλέος ἔσσεται κατ' αἶαν,  
 Φίλταθ' Ἀρμόδιος κ' Ἀριστογείτων,  
 "Ὅτι τὸν τύραννον κτανέτην,  
 Ἰσονόμους τ' Ἀθήνας ἐποιησάτην.

CALLISTRATI.

*Scolium.*

Harmodii ritu myrto cingam ilicet ense,  
 Rituque Aristogitonis,  
 Libera quàm justâ ferrent nece jura tyranni  
 Legesque Athenis liberas.  
 Harmodii pietas, non te mors occupat atra :  
 Jam per beatorum insulas  
 Crederis ire comes felix velocis Achillei,  
 Tydidis et felix comes.  
 Harmodii ritu myrto cingam ilicet ense,  
 Rituque Aristogitonis,  
 Pallados Hipparchum quando inter sacra tyrannum  
 Demitterent ferro neci.  
 Virtus Harmodii, vivet per secula : vivet,  
 Aristogiton, et tua ;  
 Libera qui justâ tuleris nece jura tyranni,  
 Legesque Athenis liberas.

G. F. D. T.

Ich befränze mein Schwert mit Myrtenzweigen,  
Wie Harmodios that, und Aristogiton,  
Da sie tödteten den Tyrannen, da sie  
Schenkten Athen Gerechtigkeit, und Freiheit !

O, ihr Freiheitgeber, euch hohen Selben  
War der Tod nicht Tod ! in der Seligen Inseln  
Lebt ihr ! dort wo der Göttinn Sohn Achilleus  
Lebt, und der tapfere Lybides Diomedes !

Ich befränze mein Schwert mit Myrtenzweigen,  
Wie Harmodias that, und Aristogiton,  
Da den Tyrannen sie, den Mann Hipparchos  
Tödteten bei Athene's Opferfeste !

Ewig wird auf Erden tönen euer  
Ruhm, Harmodios und Aristogiton,  
Die ihr tödtetet den Tyrannen, die ihr  
Schenktet Athen Gerechtigkeit und Freiheit !

Christian von Stolberg.

I'll wreath my sword in myrtle bough,  
The sword that laid the tyrant low,  
When patriots, burning to be free,  
To Athens gave equality.

Harmodius, hail ! though reft of breath,  
Thou ne'er shalt feel the stroke of death ;  
The heroes' happy isles shall be  
The bright abode allotted thee.

I'll wreath my sword in myrtle bough,  
The sword that laid Hipparchus low,  
When at Minerva's adverse fane  
He knelt, and never rose again.

While Freedom's name is understood,  
You shall delight the wise and good ;  
You dar'd to set your country free,  
And gave her laws equality.

D.

In myrtle my sword will I wreath,  
Like our patriots the noble and brave,  
Who devoted the tyrant to death,  
And to Athens equality gave.

Lov'd Harmodius, thou never shalt die !

The poets exultingly tell,  
That thine is the fulness of joy,  
Where Achilles and Diomed dwell.

In myrtle my sword will I wreath,  
Like our patriots the noble and brave,  
Who devoted Hipparchus to death,  
And buried his pride in the grave.

At the altar the tyrant they seiz'd  
While Minerva he vainly implor'd,  
And the goddess of wisdom was pleas'd  
With the victim of liberty's sword.

May your bliss be immortal on high,  
Among men as your glory shall be !  
Ye doom'd the usurper to die,  
And bade our dear country be free.

D.

*Paraphrase.*

Wreath'd with myrtles be my glave,  
Like the falchion of the brave,  
Death to Athens' lord that gave,  
Death to tyranny !

Yes ! let myrtle-wreaths be round  
Such as then the falchion bound,  
When with deeds the feast was crown'd,  
Done for liberty !

Voiced by Fame eternally,  
Noble pair ! your names shall be,  
For the stroke that made us free,  
When the tyrant fell.

Death, Harmodius ! came not near thee,  
Isles of bliss and brightness cheer thee,  
There heroic breasts revere thee,  
There the mighty-dwell !

D. K. Sandford. in *Edin. Rev.* viii, 66, p. 270.

*See Sandford's Poets, p. 122,  
Edin. Rev. p. 103.*

## DXVI.

Α Λ Κ Α Ι Ο Υ. γλ. 55.

Λοκρίδος ἐν νέμεϊ σκιερῷ νέκυν Ἑσιόδοιο  
 Νύμφαι κρηνίδων λούσαν ἀπὸ σφετέρων,  
 Καὶ τάφον ὑψώσαντο· γάλακτι δὲ ποιμένες αἰγῶν  
 Ἐρῶσαν, ξανθῷ μίξάμενοι μέλιτι·  
 Τοίην γὰρ καὶ γῆρυν ἀπέπνεεν, ἐννέα Μουσέων  
 Ὅ πρέσβυς καθαρῶν γευσάμενος λιβάδων.

ALCÆI.

Hesiodi corpus silvæ sub Locridos umbra  
 Laverunt Nymphæ fonte nitente suo,  
 Et tumulum fecere super, quem lacte rigarunt  
 Pastores, memores addere nectar apis.  
 Fuderat his rebus similes quia pectore voces,  
 Aonidum puro potus ab amne senex.

Grotius, *ad. loc.* 1. 2. 3. 4. 5.

Als im Lokrischen Hain der Hirt Hesiodus abschied,  
 Büschen im klaren Quell Nymphen den heiligen Leib  
 Und errichteten ihm sein Grabmal. Schäfer und Hirten  
 Gossen zum Opfer ihm Milch und Honig hinan :  
 Denn das athmeten einst des Lebenden süsse Gesänge ;  
 Mußen, es trank der Greis euren reinsten Quell.

Herder.

Deep in a shady Locrian glade  
 The wood-nymphs Hesiod's funeral made :  
 They washed his corse, they raised a mound ;  
 While shepherds on that hallowed ground  
 The tide of milk and honey poured  
 To him whom all their hearts adored.  
 For why ? Because the Muses nine  
 Once fed him from their fount divine ;  
 And from that hour the poet's song  
 Like milk and honey flowed along.

J. W. B.







## DXX.

[4. 332]

ΑΓΑΘΙΟΥ ΣΧΟΛΑΣΤΙΚΟΥ. *κ. π. Πλαν.*

Eis eikóna Aiswóπου.

*Lib. 4. Tit. 33. Ep. 7*

Εὖγε ποιῶν, Λύσιππε γέρων, Σικυνώνιε πλάστα,  
 Δείκελον Αἰσώπου στήσας τοῦ Σαμίου  
 Ἑπτὰ σοφῶν ἔμπροσθεν, ἐπεὶ κείνοι μὲν ἀνάγκην  
 Ἐμβαλον, οὐ πειθῶ, φθέγμασι τοῖς σφετέροις·  
 Ὅς δὲ σοφοῖς μύθοις καὶ πλάσμασι καίρια λέξας,  
 Παῖζων ἐν σπουδῇ, πείθει ἔχεφρονέειν.  
 Φευκτὸν δ' ἡ τρηχέια παραίνεσις· ἡ Σαμίου δὲ  
 Τὸ γλυκὺ τοῦ μύθου καλὸν ἔχει δέλεαρ.

## AGATHIÆ.

Ære tuo Septem Sapientes ponere jussus  
 Æsopi effigiem sede priore locas,  
 Et dignè, Lysippe, facis, Sicyonie; ab illis  
 Scilicet invito cogimur esse boni;  
 Ast hic vera joco dicens apteque repertis  
 Fabellis recti suadet inire viam.  
 Admonitus duros fugiendum est: allicit ultro  
 Captum animum Samii fabula blanda senis.

G. S.

## Æsopus im Bilde.

Löblich hast du gethan, o Lysippus, daß du vor alle  
 Sieben Weisen das Bild unsers Æsopus gesetzt.  
 Jene lehren die Pflicht in schwer aufzwingenden Sprüchen;  
 Dieser, fabelnd mit uns, spielet uns Weisheit in's Herz.

Herder.

*On Æsop's statue placed at the head of those of the seven sages of Greece.*

Lysippus, well has your discerning taste,  
 Before yon sages, Æsop's statue plac'd:  
 Our reason they with logic's power assail,  
 And scorn by gentler methods to prevail;  
 Whilst Æsop, with acuteness more refin'd,  
 At once instructs and entertains the mind:  
 Each hearer's pride and fancy he beguiles;  
 Whilst wisdom borrows fiction's airy smiles.

Ph Smyth.

Well done ! old Sicyonian sculptor famous !  
 Well hath Lysippus grouped Æsop of Samus  
 Before the Sages seven, whose sayings stern  
 Oblige, while his persuade, wisdom to learn.  
 By tale or fiction apt, a word in season  
 Draws us, 'twixt play and earnest, back to reason,  
 When counsel rude we'd shun ; with bait more sure  
 The pleasant Samian's fable can allure.

W.

DXXI.

ΝΙΚΙΟΥ. /X. 3/57

*"Ιξεν ὑπ' αἰγέλοιςιν, ἐπεὶ κάμεις, ἐνθάδ' ὀδῖτα,  
 Καὶ πλεῖ θάσσον ἰὼν πίδακος ἀμετέρας·  
 Μνάσαι δὲ κράναν καὶ ἀπόπροθι, τὰν ἐπὶ Γίλλῳ  
 Σίμος ἀποφθιμένῳ παιδί παριδρύεται.*

NICIÆ.

Populea (fessus namque es) requiesce sub umbra,  
 Deque mea potum sume, viator, aqua :  
 Sisque memor fontis longe quoque, flebile Gilli  
 Ad bustum Simus quem pater apposuit.

Grotius.

Grabsschrift am Quell.

Setze dich, auszuruhn, o Wanderer, unter den Pappeln  
 Hier, und schöpfe dir schnell einen erfrischenden Trunk.  
 Aber gedenke des Quells auch ferne noch, welchen am Gilllos  
 Seinem gestorbenen Sohn Simos zur Seite gebaut.

Voss.

Bist du ermüdet, o Wandrer, so setze dich unter die Pappeln,  
 Und von der Quelle Kry stall trinke das Küh lende Nass.  
 Sey auch fern noch des Brunnens gedenk, den neben des Sohnes  
 Gilllos nachdem Grab Simos der Vater gebaut.

Jacobs.

Beneath these poplars rest thee, passer by !  
 And cool thy parch'd lips in my gushing wave :  
 Nor let this fountain fade from Mem'ry's eye,  
 Which Simus built to mark his Gillus' grave !

J. W. B.

## DXXII.

ΠΑΥΛΟΥ ΣΙΛΕΝΤ. VII. 360.

Εἰ καὶ ἐπὶ ξείνης σε, Δεόντιε, γαῖα καλύπτει,  
 Εἰ καὶ ἐρικλαύτων τῇλ' ἔθανες γονέων,  
 Πολλὰ σοι ἐκ βλεφάρων ἐχύθη περιτύμβια φωτῶν  
 Δάκρυα, δυστήνῳ πένθει δαπτομένων.  
 Πᾶσι γὰρ ἦσθα λήν πεφιλημένος, οἷά τε πάντων  
 Ξυνὸς ἐὼν κοῦρος, ξυνὸς ἐὼν ἑταρος.  
 Αἰ αἶ, λευγαλέη καὶ ἀμείλιχος ἔπλετο Μοῖρα,  
 Μηδὲ τείης ἥβης, δύσμορε, φεισαμένη.

PAULI SILENTIARII.

Multa tuo tristes lachrymas fudere sepulchro  
 Lumina: multa ob te pectora luctus habet.  
 Nam cunctis dilectus eras, quasi filius esses  
 Omnibus, aut junctus lege sodaliti.  
 Ah nimium crudelis erat, nimis impia Parca,  
 Ætatem quæ non est miserata tuam.

Grotius... *Græc. 360. 2. p. 210.*

Sæpe tuum in tumultum lachrymarum decidit imber,  
 Quem fundit blando junctus amore dolor;  
 Charus enim cunctis, tanquam, dum vita manebat,  
 Cuique esses natus, cuique sodalis, eras.  
 Heu quam dura preces sprevit, quam surda querelas  
 Parca, juventutem non miserata tuam.

Sam. Johnson. *Vol. XI. p. 425*

Grabsschrift auf einen Jüngling.

Viele Thränen benetzen dein Grab, sie träufeln uns allen,  
 Uns, die der Jammer verzehrt, über die Wangen herab.  
 Allen warest du theuer, und warest allen, o Jüngling,  
 Freund, und Bruder, und Sohn, da du auf Erden noch warst;  
 Ach, es erbarmte sich nicht das unerbittliche Schicksal  
 Deiner Augen, und, ach! unseres Jammers sich nicht.

Christian von Stolberg.

Far from his native land Leontius lies ;  
 Far from his parents' sight he closed his eyes.  
 Yet tears for him, unnumber'd tears were shed ;  
 And many a breaking heart bewailed him, dead.  
 For all in him beheld a loved one's end :  
 A son, the aged ; and the young, a friend.  
 Alas, dear youth ! how stern the doom must be,  
 How cold and stern, which spared not even thee !

J. W. B.

DXXIII.

ΕΥΦΟΡΙΩΝΟΣ. VII. 51.

Οὐ Τρηχὶς λιθιαῖος ἐπ' ὅστέα κείνα καλύπτει,  
 Οὐδ' ἡ κῦάνεον γράμμα λαβοῦσα πέτρη·  
 Ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν δολιχῆς τε καὶ αἰπεινῆς Δρακάνοιο  
 Ἰκάριον ῥήσσει κύμα περὶ κροκάλαις  
 Ἀντὶ δ' ἐγὼ ξενίης πολυμήδεος ἡ κενεὴ χθών  
 Ὠγκώθην Δρυόπων διψάσιν ἐν βοτάναις.

EUPHORIONIS.

Non lapidosa viri Trachis complectitur ossa,  
 Nulla tegunt nigris indita saxa notis ;  
 Sed Drepani in longum surgentia littora circum  
 Icarii volvens conterit unda maris.  
 Me tumulum mœrens hospes congeßit inanem,  
 Pascua ubi Dryopum torrida sole patent.

G. S.

No native Trachis, land of many stones,  
 Nor rock with dark inscription shrouds his bones ;  
 Tall Drepanum, thy promontoried steep  
 Beneath, he welters in th' Icarian deep,  
 And I his cenotaph by friendship's hand  
 Upreared 'mid parch'd Dryopian pastures stand.

G. S.

## DXXIV.

Α Δ Ε Σ Π Ο Τ Ο Ν .

IX. 455.

Τίνας ἂν εἴποι λόγους Ἀπόλλων περὶ Ὀμήραν.

"Ἥειδον μὲν ἐγών, ἐχάρασσε δὲ θεῖος" Ὀμηρος.

INCERTI.

Hæc ego dictabam magnus scribebat Homerus.

G. S.

Omero scrisse : dettò Febo Apollo.

Salvini.

Cantava Apollo : l' udì Omero, e scrisse.

Angelo d' Elci.

Quand Apollon vit le volume  
 Qui sous le nom d' Homère enchantoit l' univers :  
 Je me souviens, dit-il, que j' ai dicté ces vers,  
 Et qu' Homère tenoit la plume.

Charpentier.

*Sur Homère.*

Quand la dernière fois dans le sacré vallon,  
 La troupe des neuf Sœurs, par l' ordre d' Apollon,  
     Leut l' Iliade et l' Odyssée,  
 Chacune à les louer se montrant empressée,  
 Apprenez un secret qu' ignore l' univers,  
     Leur dit alors le Dieu des vers.  
 Jadis avec Homère aux rives du Permesse,  
 Dans ce bois de lauriers, où seul il me suivoit,  
 Je les fis toutes deux, plein d' une douce yvresse.  
     Je chantois ; Homère écrivoit.

Boileau.

J' entonnai le premier ces chansons sur ma lyre,  
 Homère qui m' ouït eut l' art de les écrire.

De la Monnoye.

Voici le double ouvrage en tous lieux si vanté,  
 Homère l' écrivit, c' est moi qui l' ai dicté.

Id.

*A. M. le Marquis de La Fare.*

L' autre jour la Cour du Parnasse  
 Fit assembler tous ses bureaux  
 Pour juger au rapport d' Horace,  
 Du prix de certains vers nouveaux :  
 Après maint arrêt toujours juste  
 Contre mille ouvrages divers,  
 Enfin le courtisan d' Auguste  
 Fit rapport de vos derniers vers.  
 Aussi-tôt le Dieu du Permesse  
 Lui dit : Je connois cette pièce ;  
 Je la fis en ce même endroit.  
 L' Amour avoit monté ma lyre ;  
 Sa mère écoutoit, sans mot dire ;  
 Je chantois, La Fare écrivoit.

J. B. Rousseau.

*A. M. le Marquis d' Aubepin.*

Apollon quittant l' Hippocrène  
 Vint rêver, au doux bruit que fait votre fontaine ;  
 Et le long de ses bords, si rians, si fleuris,  
 Il composa sur sa divine lyre  
 Les vers que vous m' avez fait lire ;  
 Vous ne les avez que transcrits.

Mme La Marquise de Simiane.

*Anacreontic Epistle to Mr. Gay, on his Poems.*

When Fame did o'er the spacious plain  
 The lays she once had learn'd repeat ;  
 All listen'd to the tuneful strain,  
 And wonder'd who could sing so sweet.  
 'Twas thus. The Graces held the lyre,  
 Th' harmonious frame the Muses strung,  
 The Loves and Smiles compos'd the choir,  
 And Gay transcrib'd what Phœbus sung.

Garth.

*The great Macaroni, who only can  
 And to him alone*

*Garth's words*

## DXXV.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ. IX. 376.

*Ἐννέα τὰς Μούσας φασὶν τινες· ὡς ὀλυγώρως.**Ἦνιδε καὶ Σαπφῶ Λεσβόθεν ἡ δεκάτη.*

PLATONIS.

Musas esse novem referunt, sed prorsus aberrant :

Lesbica jam Sappho Pieris est decima.

Th. Morus.

Esse novem quidam Musas dixere, sed errant :

Ecce tibi Sappho Lesbica quæ decima est.

Grotius. *Ant. 2. p. 22.*

Esse novem Musas nonnulli quam temere ! aiunt.

En ! decimam Sappho Lesbica terra dedit.

G. B.

Con poco senno alcuni

Di nove Muse fer l' Aonio coro.

Ve' che Saffo è la decima tra loro.

Pagnini.

How careless they, who say, "Nine Muses," when

With Lesbian Sappho, as you see, they're ten.

W.

"The Muses nine" say some : how rashly ! when

With Lesbian Sappho, here, we see they're ten.

G. B.

## DXXVI.

ΗΓΗΣΙΠΠΟΥ. VII. 320.

*Ὅξεϊαι πάντα περὶ τὸν τάφον εἰσὶν ἄκανθαι**Καὶ σκόλοpes· βλάβεις τοὺς πόδας, ἣν προσίης·**Τίμων μισάνθρωπος ἐνοικέω· ἀλλὰ πάρελθε,**Οἰμῶζειν εἶπας πολλά, πάρελθε μόνον.*

HEGESIPPI.

Hunc circa tumulum surgunt spinæque sudesque,

Si prope sis, referes saucius inde pedem.

I procul hinc : Timon moror hic mortalibus hostis :

Meque jube, si vis, flere, sed i procul hinc.

Grotius. *Ant. 2. p. 87.*

Disteln umstarren das Grab; scharffstechende Dornen verwunden,  
Wandrer, den eilenden Fuß, wenn du zu nähern dich wagst.  
Timon wohnet darunter, der Menschheit Haffer.—Vorbey denn,  
Wandrer! so viel dir beliebt scheltend. Nur gehe vorbey.

Jacobs.

Sharp thorns and stakes beset this tomb all round :  
Stranger, approach it not ; your feet you'll wound.  
Timon the misanthrope dwells here. Pass on :  
And vent your curses as you pass. Begone !

W.

DXXVII.

ΙΩΑΝΝΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΒΑΡΒΟΥΚΑΛΛΟΥ. 18. 627.

Αἶθε σέ, Πίνδαρε, μᾶλλον ἐμοῖς ἐκάθηρα ρέεθροις,  
Καὶ κεν ἄριστον ὕδωρ τοῦμὸν ἔφησθα μόνον.

JOANNIS BARBUCALLI.

Te nostris utinam lavissem, Pindare, lymphis,  
Optima, dixisses, res aqua, me celebrans.

Grotius. *Antiquitates* 2. 2. 1.

Si lavisse meis te, Pindare, dicerer undis,  
Laudasses solas fluminis hujus aquas.

Joh Daniel Schulze

Had my waters been, O Pindar,  
But a bathing-place of thine,  
Surely then, ἄριστον ὕδωρ  
Thou hadst sung of none but mine !

J. W. B.

DXXVIII.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΔΙΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ. 11. 60.

Οἱ συναγωνισταὶ τὸν πύγμαχον ἐνθάδ' ἔθηκαν  
Ἄπιω οὐδένα γὰρ πάποτ' ἐτραυμάτισεν.

LUCILLII, VEL LUCIANI.

Appius hinc pugil est : pugiles posuere sodali ;  
Vulnera quem pugili nulla dedisse ferunt.

G. F. D. T.

Grati locaro i giostrator qui in mostra  
Api, che a nullo mai non nocque in giostra.

Pagnini.

To Apis was this statue rais'd by his com-pugilists,  
No one of whom at any time he damag'd with his fists.

See *Samuel's History of Egypt* 2. 2. 1.

W.



## DXXIX.

ΑΔΗΛΟΝ. VII. 676

Δούλος Ἐπίκτητος γενόμεν, καὶ σῶμ' ἀνάπηρος,  
Καὶ πενήν' Ἴρος, καὶ φίλος ἀθανάτοις.

INCERTI.

Servus, Epictetus, mutilato corpore, vixi,  
Pauperieque Iros, curaque summa Deum.

Sam. Johnson. *3rd ed. xi. p. 412*

Io Epitteto servo fui; storpiato,  
Povero d' Iro al paro,  
E agli Immortali caro.

M.

Ich war Epiktetus, ein Knecht, und hinfend am Fusse;  
Arm wie Iros, und doch waren die Götter mir hold.

Herder.

A slave was Epictetus, who before thee buried lies,  
And a cripple and a beggar, and the favourite of the skies.

G. S.

## , DXXX.

ΚΥΡΙΑΔΟΥ. IX. 367.

Πάγκαλόν ἐστ' ἐπίγραμμα τὸ δίστιχον ἢν δὲ παρέλθῃς  
Τοὺς τρεῖς, ῥαψωδεῖς, κοῦκ ἐπίγραμμα λέγεις.

CYRILLI.

Versibus ex geminis bona sunt epigrammata; quod si  
Tres excedis, epos non epigramma facis.

Grotius. *Ant. Græc. 1. 6. 191.*

Optima, queis bini versûs, epigrammata; trinum  
Si superes, epos est, non epigramma facis.

G. B.

Keep to one couplet; epigrams are good on that condition:  
Exceed three lines; your epigram becomes a composition.

W.

A perfect epigram should lie within a single distich,  
But loses, when beyond three lines, its true characteristic.

W

To make a perfect epigram, your thought within a distich cram!  
Beyond that size, you rhapsodize, and do not write an epigram.

J. W. B.

An epigram, in proper taste composed,  
Should ever be within *two* lines enclosed:  
For epigrams, extended beyond *three*,  
Are more like compositions, as you see.

*See Symonds' Greek Poets, p. 383.* W.

## DXXXI.

ΚΡΑΤΗΤΟΣ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΟΥ. Χ. 104.

Χαίρε θεὰ δέσποινα, ἀνδρῶν ἀγαθῶν ἀγάπημα,  
 Εὐτελής, κλεινῆς ἔργονε Σωφροσύνης·  
 Σὴν ἀρετὴν τιμῶσιν ὅσοι τὰ δίκαι' ἀσκούσιν.

CRATETIS.

Vive, fave, Dea sancta, piis gratissima, frugi  
 Vita, parit nobis quam bona temperies :  
 Te venerantur enim, queis cordi est jusque piumque.

Grotius. 1644. 1653.

Hail, goddess-queen ! whom all good men adore.  
 Thee Temperance, a noble mother, bore :  
 And such thy virtue, o Frugality ;  
 None practise justice but they honour thee.

W. B. P.

Frugality, of glorious Temp'rance sprung,  
 Mistress divine, the good man's favourite,  
 All hail ! Exalted is thy worth among  
 The just, and all whose lives are train'd aright.

W.

## DXXXII.

ΕΥΡΥΘΕΟΥ ΑΝΥΤΗΣ. 1644. 1653.

Φριξοκόμῃ τόδε Πανὶ καὶ αὐλιάσιν θέτο Νύμφαις  
 Δῶρον ὑπὸ σκοπιᾶς Θεύδοτος οἰονόμος.  
 Οὐνεχ' ὑπ' ἀζαλέου θέρεος μέγα κεκμηῶτα  
 Παῦσαν, ὀρέξασαι χερσὶ μελιχρὸν ὕδωρ.

ANYTES.

Ruricolis donum Nymphis, Faunoque piloso,  
 Theudotus upilio rupe sub hac posuit :  
 Propterea quod cum torrente fatisceret æstu  
 Præbuerint manibus pocula dulcis aquæ.

Grotius.

To shaggy Pan, and all the Wood-Nymphs fair,  
 Fast by the rock this grateful offering stands.  
 A shepherd's gift—to those who gave him there  
 Rest, when he fainted in the sultry air ;  
 And reached him sweetest water with their hands.

J. W. B.

DXXXIII.

Catal. Gr. t. 12. p. 57. Στράβων

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ.

Ἄλσος δ' ὡς ἰκόμεσθα βαθύσκιον, εὖρομεν ἔνδον  
 Πορφυρέοις μήλοισιν εἰκότα παῖδα Κυθήρης.  
 Οὐδ' ἔχεν ἰοδόκον φαρέτρην, οὐ καμπύλα τόξα·  
 Ἄλλα τὰ μὲν δένδρεσσιν ὑπ' εὐπετάλοισι κρέμαντο·  
 Αὐτὸς δ' ἐν καλύκεσσι ῥόδων πεπεδημένος ὕπνῳ  
 Εὔδεν μειδιῶν· ξουθαὶ δ' ἐφύπερθε μέλισσαι  
 Κηροχυτοῦσ' ἐντὸς λαγαροῖς ἐπὶ χεῖλεσι βαῖνον.

PLATONIS.

Itur in Idaliæ tractus, felicia regna,  
 Fundit ubi densam myrtea sylvā comam.  
 Intus Amor teneram visus spirare quietem,  
 Dum roseo roseos imprimit ore toros;  
 Sublimem procul a ramis pendere pharetram,  
 Et de languidulâ spicula lapsa manu,  
 Vidimus, et risu molli diducta labella,  
 Murmure quæ assiduo pervolitabat apīs.

Th. Gray.

Einſt, da ich wandert' im ſchattigen Hain, erblickt' ich Kythere's  
 Schönen Knaben, er lag auf Roſen und ſchlummerte lächelnd;  
 Seine Wangen glühten, ſo glühet die Wange des Apfels;  
 Unbewaffnet ruht' er; an wankenden Zweigen der Ulme  
 Hing ſein Köcher, und hing mit ſchlaffer Sehne der Bogen;  
 Um ihn ſchwärmten die ſummennden Bienen, und laſen des Honigs  
 Süßeſte, lauterſte Tropfen auf ſeinen duftenden Lippen.

Christian von Stolberg

Als wir jezo des Hains tieſſchattendes Dunkel betraten,  
 Fanden wir Kypris Knaben, den purpurnen Aepfeln vergleichbar,  
 Nicht mit dem Bogen bewehrt, und dem Pfellumhüllenden Köcher;  
 Sondern es hingen die Waffengeräth' an den laubigen Bäumen.  
 Aber er ſelbſt lag ſchlummernd, auf duftendem Kelche der Roſen,  
 Lächelnd im Arme des Schlafes, und über ihm ſummten die Bienen,  
 Emsig, des Honiges Seim von den thauigen Lippen zu ſammeln.

Jacobs.

To a thick wood we came ; and there we found  
 Young Love, as ruddy apples fair to see,  
 And fast in slumber's silken shackles bound.  
 Nor bow nor quiver full of shafts had he ;  
 Quiver and bow hung on the greenwood tree.  
 The boy himself with rose-leaves cradled round,  
 Lay smiling as he slept with half-closed lip,  
 Whose nectarous juices oft the brown bee stooped to sip.

G. S.

## DXXXIV.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΣΙΜΜΙΟΥ. VII. 47

*"Τοῦτα δὴ τάδ' ἔειπε φίλην ποτὶ μητέρα Γοργῶ  
 Δακρυόεσσα, δέρης χερσὶν ἐφαπτομένα·  
 Αὔθι μένοισ παρὰ πατρί, τέκοις δ' ἐπὶ λῶνι μοίρα  
 Ἄλλαν, σὺ πολὺ γήραϊ καδεμόνα.*

SIMONIDIS, VEL SIMMIÆ.

Colla super, manibus Gorgo complexa tenellis,  
 Hæc matri illacrymans ultima verba dedit :  
 Hic maneat cum patre diu ; sitque altera Gorgo  
 Post me, cui senium sit pia cura tuum.

W.

Flebilis hæc Gorgo caræ dedit ultima matri  
 Verba, simul nexa colla premente manu :  
 Hic maneat cum patre : sit, at meliore sub astro,  
 Nata tibi, canam quæ pia curet anum.

G. B.

Die sterbende Tochter.

Weinend schlang die letzte der Töchter, die sterbende Myrto,  
 Um die Mutter den Arm : " liebende Mutter, o bleib',  
 Bleibe bei meinem Vater und gieb mit besserem Schicksal  
 Ihm eine Tochter, die euch spät noch im Alter erfreu'."

Herder.

Feebly her arms the dying Gorgo laid  
 Upon her mother's neck, and weeping said :  
 Stay with my sire, and bear instead of me  
 A happier child, thine age's prop to be.

G. S.

## DXXXV.

Ἰνὸς Πύργου ΑΔΗΛΟΝ. *Handwritten: Πύργος - 519. 7. 18*

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἀριάδνης.

Οὐ βροτὸς ὁ γλύπτας· οἶαν δέ σε Βάκχος ἐραστὰς  
Εἶδεν, ἵπὲρ πέτρας ἔξεσε κεκλιμέναν.

INCERTI.

Non te mortalis, sed qualem in rupe jacentem  
Vidit amans, saxo rettulit ipse Deus.

G. S.

Non umana arte, no, ma Bacco stesso,  
Bacco amator, che te mirò sedente  
Sul duro masso, egli ha veracemente  
Tue belle forme in questa pietra espresso.

Pagnini.

Keiner der Sterblichen war's, wer dich bildete. Nein, wie entzückt dich  
Sah an den Felsen gestreckt Bromios, stell't er dich dar.

Erichson.

No mortal artist chisell'd thee;  
Bacchus th' enamour'd Deity,  
Such as he view'd thee laid upon the rock,  
Sculptur'd thy living form upon this block.

W.

## DXXXVI.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ.

*Handwritten: Πύργος*

Ἄνθος ὁρᾶς γαίης τό ποθούμενον ἐν στεφέεσσιν·  
Οὔνομα μοι τόδ' ἔφν, Ἵάκινθος ἐνθάδε κείμεναι.

*Handwritten: Comp. ny. Anth. Gr. Pal. III  
lib. ii. 458*

INCERTI.

Si tibi flos notus, sine quo fit nulla corolla,  
Nomen habes nostrum: jaceo hâc Hyacinthus in urnâ.

G. S.

A flow'r of earth, most mourned of flow'rs that die,  
And Hyacinth my name, lo, here I lie!

W.

Name me the flow'r to every garland dear;  
That name I bore; for Hyacinth lies here.

W.

DXXXVII.

[*Arch. 2125*] ΑΡΧΕΛΑΟΥ, οἱ δὲ ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΑΔΟΥ. *Lib. 1. 1. 2. 35*

Εἰς στήλην Ἀλεξάνδρου τοῦ Μακεδόνης.

Τόλμαν Ἀλεξάνδρου καὶ ὄλαν ἀπεμάξατο μορφὰν  
 Λύσιππος. τῶν ὁδὶ χαλκὸς ἔχει δύναμιν ;  
 Αὐδασοῦντι δ' ἔοικεν ὁ χάλκεος ἐς Δία λεύσσων  
 Γὰν ὑπ' ἐμοὶ τίθεμαι· Ζεῦ, σὺ δ' Ὀλυμπον ἔχε.

ARCHELAI, VEL ASCLEPIADIS.

Rettulit audaces animos Lysippus, et omnem  
 Finxit Alexandrum : numquis in ære vigor ?  
 Suspicit ille Jovem, dicturus ut æneus, " orbem  
 Hunc mihi subjeci ; Jupiter, ista tene."

G. B.

Come Alessandro in questo marmo scolto  
 Degli indomiti spirti arde di guerra !  
 E' par che dica, eretto agli astri il volto :  
 O Giove, abbiti il ciel, ch' è mia la terra.

Saverio Bettinelli.

In questo bronzo altier vive e si move  
 Pien di foco Alessandro e gagliardia ;  
 E al ciel rivolto, par che dica : o Giove,  
 Tienti pure il tuo ciel, la terra è mia.

Roncalli.

Alexanders edle Gestalt, sein wagner Muth lebt  
 Ganz im Bilde Lysipps. Königlich mächtiges Erz !  
 Auf blickt er gen Himmel, als spräch' er zum Gotte des Himmels :  
 " Mein ist die Erd' o Zeus ! habe du deinen Olymp !"

Herder.

What power, Lysippus, hath thy bronze ! The conqueror's daring mien,  
 All Alexander's glorious self embodied here is seen.  
 The living metal seems to say with eyes uplift to Jove :  
 Mine are the realms of earth below, thine be the realms above.

G. S.

## DXXXVIII.

ΑΔΕΣΠΟΤΟΝ. IX. 17.

Ἑλπίς καὶ σύ, Τύχη, μέγα χαίρετε τὸν λιμέν' εὐρόν.

Οὐδὲν ἐμοὶ χυμῶν παίζετε τοὺς μετ' ἐμέ.

INCERTI.

Inveni portum ; Spes et Fortuna valet :

Nil mihi vobiscum, ludite nunc alios.

G. Lilius.

Ave te multum, Spesque, Forsque ; sum in vado.

Qui ponè sint illudite : haud mea interest.

G. F. D. T

Speme e Fortuna, addio ; ch'è in porto entrai.

Schernite gli altri, ch' io vi spregio omai.

L. Alamanni.

Glück, nicht kümmerst du mich ; ich entsage dir, leibige Hoffnung.

Jegliche Täuschung schwand, seit ich zum Hafen gelangt.

Jacobs.

Mine haven's found ; Fortune and Hope adieu,

Mock others now, for I have done with you.

Burton. C. 2. C. 3. c. 6.

*Paraphrase.*

At length to Fortune, and to you,

Delusive Hope ! a last adieu.

The charm that once beguiled is o'er,

And I have reached my destined shore.

Away ! away ! your flattering arts

May now betray some simpler hearts ;

And you will smile at their believing,

And they shall weep at your deceiving !

T. Moore. p. 56.

Fortune and Hope, a long adieu !

I've entered into port :

I've nothing more to do with you ;

Make others now your sport.

W.

5. new ed. of Johnson's "Greek Anthology - Prose & Verse"  
p. 19 - & leaves int. at begin. p. 11.

11. in Schenck's - Prose & Verse, p. 84.

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 Uthalmus, Leximos, (*Author of Fasciculus Florum*, Lond. 1636,) *Lat.* 248, 251. *Eng.* 172, 186, 315.  
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 West, Richard, (b. 1716 ; d. 1742,) *Lat.* 78.  
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 W. L. v. Linwood.  
 Wrangham, Francis, (b. 1770 ; d. 1843,) *Eng.* 19, 41, 171, 178, 229, 270, 275, 278.  
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